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NEW GUINEA

TOIL, TRAVEL, AND DISCOVER

IN

BRITISH NEW GUIN

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BY

THEODORE F. BEVAN, F.R.G.S.

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TO

THOMAS BEVAN, Esq.,

A WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC MAN AND MERCHANT OF

THE CITY OF LONDON,

WHO ENDEAVOURED TO INSTIL INTO THE

AUTHOR OF THE PRESENT WORK

THE TWIN VIRTUES OF SELF-RELIANCE AND SELF-RESTRAINT,

THIS SHORT AND IMPERFECT VOLUME

IS DEDICATED,

WITH EVERY TRIBUTE OF DEEP AND LASTING RESPECT,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE NEPHEW,

THEODORE BEVAN.

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NEW GUINEA.

It is written, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed;—whereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, *founding new habitable colonies*, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night? Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER I.

PORT MORESBY AND THE PAPUANS.

IT seems to me to be the first and most obvious duty of an autobiographer to endeavour to place himself "in touch," so to speak, with his reader, and that this can be best attempted by some brief allusion to the events of his life-history leading up to that period which he more particularly essays to describe. Although not personally

Upon inquiry I found that the only way of getting to New Guinea was by some chance *bêche-de-mer* trader, sailing from North Queensland; and by means of a good coastal steamer service I duly reached the snug little port of Cooktown, named after the great circumnavigator of immortal memory—plain James Cook—one of the early discoverers of Australia; a reef off Cape Tribulation being pointed out as the spot where, one night in 1770, his little 320-ton barque, the *Endeavour*, ran hard and fast aground, and was afterwards careened for repairs in the estuary of the Endeavour river, which forms the present harbour of Cooktown. There I had the good fortune to fall in with a Chinese *bêche-de-mer* fisher, Ah Gim by name, who was just about to make a voyage to Port Moresby, New Guinea (distant some three hundred and fifty miles in a north-easterly direction), in a rather crazy-looking ketch-rigged junk of some thirty tons register, the *Wong Hing*, and arranged with him for a passage.

Two weeks after the stipulated time the *Wong Hing* unfurled her canvas to the breeze, and, on November 19, 1884, shaped a course between islands and reefs innumerable, past the Lizards, and then out through an opening in the Great Barrier Reef into the South Pacific.

Almost every one of these islands has its story, tragic or pathetic. In addition to the statue of Cook, a modest little obelisk in Cooktown keeps green the memory of Mrs. Watson, who, left alone on the Lizards with her baby and a Chinaman, was attacked by blacks, and, to escape their hands, put afloat with her charge in an iron tank (used for boiling down the fish by her husband, who was engaged in the *bêche-de-mer* industry, and temporarily

absent) and reached a neighbouring island, where, after suffering pangs indescribable, as her diary testifies, they died of thirst. Next day, when the search-party found the remains of the sufferers, the tank was filled with sweet rain-water, which must have commenced falling just as the heroic soul drew her last breath.

When the bold outline of the Queensland coast had vanished into thin air, one had time to take stock of the junk and its inmates. The navigation of the *Wong Hing* was of a type that no respectable Marine Board could possibly endorse. Steering was done solely by compass, for Captain Ah Gim had neither the instruments nor the knowledge to take solar or lunar observations. Another reason why his passages were usually long, and why he made the land at some considerable distance from his destination, and that his vessels were not unfrequently lost, was that, in spite of all his threats and efforts, he could not keep his crew of three Chinamen awake when they were singly on duty at the helm at night. In proof of this, when stumbling upon deck in the dark, I was myself not unfrequently shocked to find the ship two or three points off her course, the sails flapping, and the head of the pig-tailed steersman nodding in happy oblivion within a few inches of the planks. This somnolence was, no doubt, greatly due to the asphyxiating effects of immoderate opium-smoking. Opium was their universal panacea. It not only kept colds and fevers away, so they said, but their pipe was the magician's wand whereby they could fly away from a hard work-a-day world into Elysium —even when at the helm.

I had a fellow-passenger, one Ned Snow, a "wandering

digger" by profession, who said he could not stand much of the Chinamen's "hubble-bubble"—it made him sick; though I do not think the poppy fumes were much more rank than those which escaped from the combustion of his particular brand of tobacco. At all events, both combined were not sufficiently noxious to disperse the great white ants and cockroaches which crawled over one every night while trying to sleep.

There were five mongrel curs on deck, carried as some fancied protection from the natives. Every time the junk altered her tack, a pig-tailed Chinaman, wearing light sandals and habited in a gaudy vest and oil-silk pyjamas, blue, green, or yellow, and with a face that I cannot desist from likening, on account of its resemblance, to that of a frog or newt, would have an animated struggle with the tiller, a stout pole about six feet long. Under the impression, no doubt, that it was all a game of play, the dogs would rush at the steersman in a body, and then—high above the "thrum" of the gale in the stiff cordage—din of yelping curs, and jarring imprecations of the disciple of Confucius, would arise, till the *mêlée* would terminate for the time in one resplendent whirligig of limbs, garments, and rope's-end, leaving (as a finale) the dogs to creep into corners and lick their wounds, and the Chinaman to seize the first spare opportunity to sew up the rents in his "pants."

The very name of New Guinea in those days conjured up to my eager mind a vision of some garden of the Hesperides—or shall we say New Fortunate Islands?—a vague, vast wonderland, where, in one form or another, the adventures of the Arthurian age might be eclipsed in this prosaic nineteenth century. What Jack's beanstalk

was to him in the way of opportunity this chance trip was to be to me, and I pestered my companions with anticipations innumerable.

At the time of which I write (1884) that half of New Guinea westward of the 141st meridian of east longitude had long been under the nominal suzerainty of the Dutch, while the eastern half remained unclaimed by any civilized power.

So far back as 1793, New Guinea was actually annexed by officers of the old East India Company, and an island named Manasvari, situated in Geelvink Bay, was occupied for a period by English troops. The annexation was, however, disapproved. In 1873, Captain Moresby took possession of islands in China Straits, at the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea, in the name of Queen Victoria. Like the annexation of eighty years earlier, this action of Captain Moresby's was not endorsed in England.

Ten years later, in 1883, the objection of the British Government of the day to acquire more territory led to a still more marked repudiation of efforts to secure annexation. For in that year, acting under the instructions of Sir Thomas McIlwraith, Premier of Queensland, Mr. Chester, the resident magistrate at Thursday Island, proceeded to New Guinea, and there formally annexed the island to Great Britain. The news of this bold action was received in London with some surprise, and Lord Derby thought it to be his duty to disavow the annexation.

The decisive conduct of Sir Thomas McIlwraith, although not endorsed by the home authorities, paved the way, or rather made it compulsory, for steps to be taken in the direction, if not to the extent desired by the colonies.

And at the close of 1884, on the colonies guaranteeing to pay £15,000 a year towards the expenses, it was decided by the English Government to proclaim a protectorate over the southern littoral of New Guinea, excepting, of course, that portion already claimed by the Dutch.

Before the *Wong Hing* had left Cooktown it was reported that five British men-of-war, including Commodore Erskine's flagship, the *Nelson*, had already left for Port Moresby for the purpose of proclaiming the protectorate.

At daylight on November 24, the welcome cry of "Land ho!" was first heard, which, when near enough, proved to be Redscar Head. At early morn the mountain tops were shrouded in clouds and vapour, and all we could see was a faint outline of long-drawn aisles of seemingly island peaks melting into a sea of gloom. A few hours afterwards the lower, or Astrolabe, range came into view, and later still their majesties of the higher altitudes unveiled as, for a distance of fifty miles, every serrated peak and towering summit (of the ten thousand feet mountains of the Owen Stanley range) was clearly marked against a cloudless sky of watery blue.

It was a peculiarity of the *Wong Hing's* rudder that it projected some two feet below her keel. The first occasion on which we touched land on this trip was when (about two miles from the coast proper) the tiller gave a sudden jump into the air, not a little to the surprise of the steersman, whom it partially lifted from the deck, as the junk grazed off a coral rock, over emerald shallows, into intense blue depths.

While sailing along the fine bold coast (characterized by lofty headlands, interspersed with lovely little coves and

deep, delicious-looking bays) I, for the first time, beheld rich groves of the feathery coco-nut palm, overshadowing native villages which nestled at the foot of grassy, round-topped, swelling hills, and could feast my eyes on a wealth of tropical form and colouring never before imagined, not even in my most vivid dreams of the isles of the Southern Seas. A truly beautiful picture, with the sun shining upon it there; a right fair home for an ever-vexed race.

On the day following we found a good entrance between bold headlands into the spacious harbour of Port Moresby. On either side the land rises to a range of hills several hundred feet in height, covered with trees in part, patched with cultivated clearings here and there, and (save occasionally in the dry months, June to September) covered with refreshing verdure. The variegated waters of the bay, the quaint Lacustrine dwellings of the Motu natives, set off by a background of lofty palms, complete a landscape of singularly savage beauty.

No sooner had we anchored in the amphitheatre-shaped harbour of Port Moresby, at 11.30 a.m. on November 25, 1884, than a boat's crew came alongside the junk from H.M.S. *Harrier*, and we were *ordered*—I use the word advisedly—on no account to land, but to report ourselves to Mr. Deputy-Commissioner Romilly, on the decks of the *Harrier*, at one p.m. sharp. The boatswain then handed to Captain Ah Gim a copy of the proclamation, from which we learnt that the formal ceremony of proclaiming the protectorate had been celebrated by Commodore Erskine three weeks earlier; and which ran in the following terms:—

"To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—

Whereas it has become essential for the lives and properties of the native inhabitants of New Guinea, and for the purpose of preventing the occupation of portions of that country by persons whose proceedings, unsanctioned by any lawful authority, might tend to injustice, strife, and bloodshed, and who, under the pretence of legitimate trade and intercourse, might endanger the liberties and possess themselves of the lands of such native inhabitants, that a British protectorate should be established over a certain portion of such country and the islands adjacent thereto; and whereas her Majesty, having taken into her gracious consideration the urgent necessity of her protection to such inhabitants, has directed me to proclaim such protection in a formal manner in this place. Now, I, James Elphinstone Erskine, Captain in the Royal Navy and Commodore of the Australian Station, one of her Majesty's naval aides-de-camp, do hereby, in the name of her Most Gracious Majesty, declare and proclaim the establishment of such protectorate over such portions of the coast and the adjacent islands as is more particularly described in the schedule hereunto annexed; and I hereby proclaim and declare that no acquisition of land, whensoever or howsoever acquired, within the limits of the protectorate hereby established, will be recognised by her Majesty; and I do hereby, on behalf of her Majesty, command and enjoin all persons whom it may concern to take notice of this proclamation.

"SCHEDULE.

"All that portion of the southern shores of New Guinea commencing from the boundary of that portion of the

country claimed by the Government of the Netherlands on the 141st meridian of east longitude to East Cape, with all the islands adjacent thereto south of East Cape to Kosman Island, inclusive, together with the islands in the Goschen Straits.

"Given on board her Majesty's ship *Nelson*, at the harbour of Port Moresby, on the 6th day of November, 1884."

At one p.m. Captain Ah Gim, Snow, and myself went on board H.M.S. *Harrier*, as directed, and the following notes of what occurred (as of other conversations and interviews hereafter recorded) were, either at the time or at the first subsequent opportunity, carefully jotted down by me in shorthand in note-books still in my possession.

Mr. Deputy-Commissioner Romilly (a youngish-looking man of huge frame, and complexion naturally dark, rendered even duskier by long exposure to tropical suns) commenced by expressing surprise at our having been allowed to clear from any Queensland port for New Guinea, seeing that no regulations had been framed for the admission of Europeans. He then interrogated us as to our intentions, and stated that we had no right to be there at all; that under the proclamation no settlement of any kind would be allowed; and further characterized the reported prevalent idea in Australia of future settlement being permitted as, in his opinion, *very delusive*.

It had hitherto seemed to me that a freeborn Briton could boast with the ruling race of old, *Civis Romanus sum*, and wander free and unchecked at his own sweet will over the wide, wide world; but now all my hopes and plans seemed shattered with sledge-hammer force, and that,

too, when at the very goal of my ambition. Had the gates of Paradise been shut in my face I could scarcely have felt the blow more keenly.

Poor Ned Snow told Mr. Romilly he had been to New Guinea three times before, had all his worldly gear with him, and that no one could say anything against his treatment of the natives.

Mr. Romilly finally said that he would consider our case. In the mean time we must hold ourselves ready to leave if required; at all events, we must go back when the *Wong Hing* returned; and he would relax the restrictions so far as to allow us to land on that distinct understanding.

Excepting a few Maoris and Australian nomads, I had never before seen the noble savage, save in pictorial representations, or in those children-scaring lifelike groups of models in the courts of the Crystal Palace. As I now for the first time walked through the native village (which was alive with dusky brown forms), the women were for the most part seated on the soft sand—some busily moulding and others baking pottery, some being shaved with pieces of glass,* while such of the men as were preoccupied sat

* Description taken from "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, 1855–6":—"A married woman must have her head shaved. This is done quickly and cleanly by means of a splinter of glass. We saw three or four people undergoing this operation at Port Moresby. At other places where glass cannot be obtained, flint or obsidian serves the purpose. The sudden transition to perfect baldness must be extremely trying (on exposure to the sun), for their immense heads of hair form a perfect protection, yet they do not seem to be affected in the least by it. The men have their eyebrows and all the hair of the face pulled out by the roots. This is done in a very simple manner. A native holds three threads stretched between the thumb and forefinger of each hand; these threads are laid upon the

or their verandahs fashioning fishing-nets or weapons. The air was heavy with the fumes of burning coco-nut husks, and with the other odours inseparable from native communities. A single glance around (whether at the substantial pile-supported dwellings on the beach—seemingly afloat at high water; or at the fenced-in-gardens—green with sugar-cane, bananas, and yams; or the stout canoes for fishing or purposes of travel) served to illustrate the vast gulf of material prosperity and well-being which separates the ingenious Papuan from the poor Australian nomad.

The latter, separated from the former by a streak of blue water only, remains content to wander, and for ever wander, living precariously on a few wild fruits, grubs, or fish, or such chance animals as fall to his spear or boomerang.

Stopping at a spacious store (substantially built of wood and galvanized iron), Snow introduced me to a New Guinea pioneer of European reputation, Andrew Goldie by name (born at Largs, Ayrshire, in 1840), who happened to be standing in the doorway. Mr. Goldie is a middle-sized man, with somewhat of a stoop, and rather a weary look in his pale blue eyes, who exchanged greetings in a soft Scotch accent.

During the five or six weeks that we remained, on and off, at Port Moresby during this trip, I was fortunate enough to be able to arrange to stay with Mr. Goldie, and to hear from his own lips his most interesting reminiscences (a

face, a rolling motion is given to the threads by the finger of one hand, by which means a small quantity of hair is entangled, and pulled out by the roots by a sudden jerk. This must be a very painful operation, but I saw no movement whatever made by the man who was being operated on."

liberal education in New Guinea affairs in itself), and of profiting by his large experience of the country and natives. Coming as a botanist to New Guinea almost contemporaneously with the missionaries, he had seen quite as much of it as they had; and was, moreover, free from many of their prejudices and much of their bias. The germs of any after-prowess of mine as an explorer may have been sown as we sat conversing at nights on a verandah overlooking the native village, while the great moon rose behind the hill, casting dark shadows of lofty palms across the huts, which looked like strange spider-legged monsters creeping black and threatening from the sea. And then, as the Queen of Night climbed higher into the heavens, moving figures and dwellings stood boldly forth as if carved in ebony, strange-shaped canoes almost seemed to sigh as they gently heaved on a sea of liquid silver, while anon the village wood-fires threw a ruddy glare over the whole savage scene; their garish rays growing wan and grey as they rose against the moonlight, which, reflected from myriads of curious shells and fragments of coral, made the beach look as if strewn with brilliants.

In such weird and beautiful scenes one's mind would unconsciously revert to the legends and folklore handed down in one form or another through the long-drawn centuries to present generations of Christian and heathen peoples alike—legends of the Valley of Diamonds, and of the great Roc's egg; of Sinbad the Sailor, and Aladdin's lamp—all as classical now as when they charmed the infancy of the human race in Persian cradle-lands.

From such vagaries one would be rudely recalled by a shriek as of fiends in pain; a diapason of dogs, or rather

village dingoes, taken up in concert, which vibrated in one's ears and reverberated amongst the hills till it died away into a silence—unbroken save by the lip-lap of the waves against canoes or house-piles; or occasional sounds of raised native voices reminding one, by their indistinctness, of the street-cries of dear old London.

Mr. Goldie told me that when Commodore Erskine arrived at the beginning of November, he was greatly annoyed to find that Mr. Romilly (through some misapprehension) had already proclaimed the protectorate, and went through the ceremony over again. In his speech on that occasion, as interpreted by the missionaries, Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers, Commodore Erskine informed the natives that they would be protected from "bad and evil-disposed men," and their lands secured to them. While approving of the latter provision (that is to say, within due limitations), Mr. Goldie and other respectable traders greatly resented the quasi-reflection upon themselves, and attributed it to the fact of the commodore being a simple dupe in the hands of the missionaries. In other ways the occasion had been signalized by gifts of tomahawks, calico, and tobacco to the natives—about the only feature of these rather numerous annexations, by-the-by, that they really did comprehend. At night they had been childishly frightened by displays of limelight, electric light, and fireworks from H.M.S. *Nelson*, and scared especially by blasts from the big ship's fog-horn; for (mistaking it for the barking of a great dog) they all ran away into the bush to hide, panic-struck.

Boi Vagi, a mission native (who had no real influence), had been constituted titular "king," and was given

a naval officer's uniform and staff of office. It was, of course, very ridiculous to see a person so accoutred come crying up to one, with bare black feet, for "a bit of tobacco."

Mr. Goldie had arrived in New Guinea about twelve years previously, and had carried out some extensive explorations and trading trips up and down the coast, discovering Alice Meade lagoon, Millport Harbour, Port Glasgow, and other prominent landmarks. He had also made some inland tours, being the first to discover auriferous indications (in the basin of the Goldie river in 1878)—a prospect, however, which did not warrant the small diggers' rush which took place. To him also are due many new birds, beasts, fishes, and flowers added to science; and *he* has been unquestionably the chief instrument in supplying the world's museums with exhibits of Papuan ethnology. For the last few years Mr. Goldie's health had been slowly giving way, and—owning some grazing land in the vicinity partially stocked with horses—he had settled down in Port Moresby and opened a store (the first, by the way, established in any part of New Guinea).

Mr. Goldie is not a man to mince matters, and said that the protectorate had so far been a blow to the country, as *the missionaries wished to prevent settlement.* To the fact of their having seemingly all their own way he ascribed the prohibition embodied in the proclamation, and which was injuring the *bêche-de-mer* industry. In fact, there were scarcely a dozen Europeans to be found in the whole of British New Guinea. But Mr. Goldie was decidedly of opinion that there could not always remain a break there

in the circulation of the world's commerce, and this sanguine view was supported by our receiving a copy of the *Australasian* of October 18, 1884, which contained the special telegraphic announcement from London (on the authority of the *Times*) that "when the High Commissioner has framed regulations for the control of the settlers and the protection of the natives, genuine settlement will be permitted in New Guinea"—an opinion which Mr. Romilly, as previously recorded, had dubbed "very delusive."

One habit in which Mr. Goldie and his followers indulged was to sit after tea for a while on the fence at the bottom of his clearing. I well recollect that on one such occasion, when we were all perched upon the rail like a lot of owls, an old native named Ibori happened to pass by, and Mr. Goldie, pointing to a man-of-war then in port (H.M.S. *Espiègle*, I think), asked him, "*Whose* ship is that?" Old Ibori promptly replied, "*Tamate lakatoi*" (Chalmers the missionary's ship). Goldie remarked, "A straw shows which way the wind blows."

The many failures of many explorers, especially in the attempt to reach Mount Owen Stanley (13,205 feet), distant only some forty odd miles in a right line from Port Moresby, Mr. Goldie attributed in part of course to individual incapacity; but also to such causes as the inconceivably rugged nature of the country, mountain torrents, and no less the frequent rains than the tropical sun. "It is," he said, "the water-work that puts a set on exploration. One is never dry, and gives way in the knees." Then, too, there was the seemingly insurmountable difficulty in respect of transport in country too rough for horses. The natives

would only act as porters within their own district—a radius, say, of some half a dozen miles or so, as a rule. Tribe was at war against tribe; and even if that were not the case, either their superstitions or their thievish propensities would baulk your efforts, and render them as mischievous as monkeys. They would only travel when the omens were favourable; and if sickness occurred during your stay in a native village, it was attributed to the white man's spirit, and "compensation had to be paid." Another difficulty in the way of mountaineering was that these aggravating and benighted blacks hold that certain peaks —of which Owen Stanley is one—are the "*Seremagoro*" (home of their departed relatives); also that, on the highest summits, the *devil's villages are to be seen.** Consequently no power upon earth would induce them to set one foot in that inverted terrestrial hades. Goldie added, "Pioneers in this country must be prepared to face death, dangers, and difficulties quite unknown to Australian explorers."

I remember that one night D'Albertis, and his adventurous voyages up the Fly river, formed the subject of discussion, and reference was made to his large two-volumed work, in which he states, "It is easier to ascend the highest peaks of the European Alps with an alpenstock than to cross an ordinary hill in New Guinea." We did not, of course, take him to mean this *verbatim et literatim*, but glossed over it as a pardonable exaggeration, intended to indicate the exceptionally arduous nature of bush-work in so rugged a country.

Goldie once visited Sydney with him, and describes the

* *Vide* appendices to report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner for British New Guinea for 1887.

great Italian naturalist-explorer as a most passionate man. On one occasion, when they were in a *café* together, a person flung a beefsteak which (missing its object, the waiter) hit D'Albertis fair on the cheek. The fiery Italian absolutely foamed with rage, and, grasping a bottle, stood erect in the centre of the room, demanding to know who threw it, protesting that he would *smash his skull!* Mr. Goldie was not sure which afforded him the most trouble, whether to keep his own countenance, or to get D'Albertis to leave the premises without "creating a breach of the peace."

After a week or two spent at Port Moresby, Ah Gim and I took a small boat and cruised some fifty miles to the eastward as far as Kerapuno (in Hood Bay), visiting numerous coast villages *en route*. Very singular are the sacred temples * seen in parts of this coast district.

Both speargrass and the heat are adverse to sheep-farming along this part of the littoral of New Guinea,

* Description given in "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, 1885-6":—"The village proper is about a hundred yards square, divided by streets at right angles to each other, and is well shaded by the dense forest on three sides at least, the fourth side being along the beach. All the houses are built on piles with a platform in front of each. Three or four tall spires about forty feet high give a quaint old-fashioned appearance to the place—they denote the position of some of the principal houses and of the sacred temple or *dubu*. The *dubu* is supported on stout posts about eighteen inches in diameter and six feet high, each post being more or less carved, one carving representing an alligator. High sharp-pointed poles are arranged around the platforms for the purpose of exhibiting any stray human head which may be deemed worthy of such an exalted position. Attached to the projecting roof are skulls and bones of fish, birds, wallaby, etc., and from the apex, suspended by a long line, clusters of shells, bones, tufts of grass, or some fibre swing to the breeze."

but behind the coast range, in the undulating open forest country, dotted with stunted Australian gum and abounding in wallabies (a small species of kangaroo), horses do wonderfully well; and where they succeed, cattle may reasonably be expected to thrive.

The river banks are almost invariably thickly timbered with a joint Australian-Malayan flora, in which the presence of the banyan, mango, casuarinas, Eucalyptus (*Papuanus*), acacias, *Banksia dentata*, Leichardt pine, white cedar, the feathery bamboo, also very numerous palms and cycads, testify to the suitability of the soil of these rich scrub-lands (when *cleared*) for the growth of tropical products, including sugar-cane, should inducements be offered by the abolition of the European sugar bounties.

This part of the country is unsurpassed for natural beauty and romantic formation; hills, ranges, peaks, and mamelon-shaped bluffs alternating with open forests, thick rich scrubs, sloping spurs, splendid rolling downs—covered with fine young grass in abundance—and broad, well-watered valleys, clothed in perpetual glossy green. The soil is of the very finest description (deep black friable loam to the very tops of the hills), covered with the most luxuriant growth of kangaroo grass, often breast high. Slender spiral columns of smoke here and there betray the presence of man; and behind this lovely scenery (at a distance of ten to twenty miles) the steep and rocky cliffs of the Astrolabe range, like frowning battlements, may be seen projecting clear cut against the skyline; while the sun may be counted upon to shine on some portion of this panorama during part at least of every day in the year.

Limestone and basalt constitute the coast formations in the Port Moresby district; and a rough sedimentary conglomerate (in which abundant pot-stones are found, and the spaces left vacant by trees that have rotted out) the Astrolabe range; while Silurian slates and granite boulders characterize the Owen Stanley, or main range. It is interesting in this connection to note that while the Papuan tropical-alpine ranges attain to three times the height of the loftiest Australian peaks, still the geological formation is continuous, that is to say, from sultry New Guinea to temperate Tasmania.

With reference to my first impressions of the much-maligned climate, I may say that (after nearly twenty years of life in bleak, rainy, foggy London) these bright, balmy days, with the glass seldom registering less than 70° Fahrenheit, seemed to me simply Elysian, and gave no presage of fever and ague, too surely by-and-by to come. Even when the thermometer indicated 100° and over (in the noonday heat), light airy clothing of white duck or drill, and the shelter of an awning, obviated any feeling of oppression, especially if one were fanned by the cool sea-breeze. Between the hours of midnight and early morning heavy dews fall, and a light blanket becomes a luxury.

No doubt much of the malaria that prevails in unhealthy spots (owing to the presence of swamps, and the decomposition of a too dense and rapid vegetation) will vanish as the country gets opened up and cultivated, just as fever and ague have within a dozen years, and often less, disappeared from many parts of North Queensland.

One thing, however, is quite certain, namely, that

Europeans will never be able to undertake much manual labour on the humid "lower levels" in New Guinea; but at a height of three thousand feet on the Astrolabe range the average temperature is 60°, and between that elevation and the snow mountains of the north-western interior a climate may possibly be found that will not only permit European settlement, but also the perpetuation of the species in the full flower of its development.

New Guinea is the very antipodes, so to speak, of its near neighbour, Australia. While the latter is too often dry and parched, but has nevertheless a healthy heat, Papua has a moist "forcing-house" climate, with a rainfall varying, according to district, from one hundred to three hundred inches per annum.

But, you may ask, what of the present inhabitants? Save for their superstitions and intertribal feuds they would be the true lotus-eaters, basking in that cheerful sunshine, with the meat and drink of the coco-nut waving above their heads, the savoury food of bread-fruit, banana, and sugar-cane hanging rich and ripe within reach, and the waters of the bay "jumping" with fish.

Although the origin of these aboriginals is as yet hid in obscurity, that the Papuan is of mixed race is proved by his variety of form and feature. His hair is "fuzzy" or "frizzy," instead of being straight like the Malays; and his complexion varies from nearly black to the light yellow tint of the Chinese. In noticing the singular whiteness of the palms and soles of these otherwise dusky savages, one is led to speculate as to what extent the sun may be a factor in influencing their hue.

The Papuan has much of the Malay and probably more

of the Polynesian in his constitution. On the whole, he leads a quiet sort of life—the men fishing, hunting, making canoes and weapons; while the women, in addition to doing the housework, carry burdens, do the field-work and cultivation,—in short, most of that heavy labour which, in Malayan communities, is performed by the men.

The only clothing worn as a rule by the males is a T-bandage, or single tape, one inch wide, strapped tightly round the waist, one end of which is passed beneath the body and fastened up in front. The females wear a fringed grass girdle, some fifteen inches deep, and often prettily coloured, encircling the loins. At the southern extremity of New Guinea a sacred importance is attached to these petticoats. Even the lives of prisoners have been saved by the women flinging them over the intended victim.*

The males almost invariably have the septum of the nose pierced for the purpose of inserting a pencil of wood or shell crosswise; also the lobes of both ears perforated and largely distended by means of a circular piece of ratan, bark, or bamboo. The young men frequently wear a plaiting of white cowrie shells tightly bound round the forehead; sections of white "cone" shell, as armlets; and plumes of cassowary, or the red wire-tailed Bird of Paradise, feathers on their heads. The old men as a rule dispense with such vanities. Some of the women are most extensively and exquisitely tattooed in lacework patterns, and in that respect would compare even with the Japanese. The New Guinea females also delight in white shell ornaments, especially in the crescent-shaped pearl-shell

* *Vide* appendices to Her Majesty's Special Commissioners' Report for 1887.

breastplate; and the young of both sexes love to decorate their persons with gaudy flowers, preferably the scarlet hibiscus. Males and females alike smoke tobacco from long bamboo inhalers; and chew betel, *i.e.* areca nut, pepperstick, and lime burnt from shells and coral. Although this latter vice stains their teeth and crimsons their mouths, it makes their stomachs "feel comfortable," so they say.

In addition to a considerable variety of vegetable food (including bread-fruit, pandanus fruit, mangoes, figs, bananas, yams, taro, sugar-cane, papaw, sago, arrowroot, and cocoanut) there is also a variety of animal food—since pigs, dogs, wallaby, fish, fowls, phalangers, lizards, crustacea and mollusca, sundry grubs, rats, mice, and snakes taste not amiss to Papuan palates.

Their instruments are made from wood, stone, shell, or bone; and they are skilful in knitting bags and fishing-nets (shaped like the English seine) with cord woven from the fibre of a small nettle-like plant.

When out hunting they first collect the wallabies near the hollows, and then set fire to the undergrowth in such a manner as to drive the game up the mountains, where it falls a prey to an ambuscade of nets and hunters prepared in readiness for the battue.

Owing chiefly to entire ignorance of metals, their life was in many ways a hard one before they came in contact with Europeans, their three chief difficulties being:—1st. To clear the dense scrub previously to laying out gardens. 2nd. To cut timber for house-building purposes. 3rd. To fell and hollow out tree-trunks for canoes.

To aid them in effecting these great engineering opera-

tions, the only agents they possessed were fire and stone; the latter in the shape of greenstone chips, ground to a smooth and polished surface, and well-bevelled but brittle edge, by weeks of patient water-aided friction against harder stone. By means of this rude instrument, either with or without a handle of wood, a puncture would be made in the tree stem, to which incision a firestick would then be applied, followed by an easier chipping away of the charred timber on another application of the stone. Firestick and stone would continue to be used turn and turn about until the same result was effected as is now obtained, at a fractional part of the time and labour, with the assistance of the invaluable steel hatchet. This introduction of the tomahawk has been indeed a blessing to the natives, whose gardens are in consequence numerous, canoes plentiful, and social condition greatly ameliorated. By a curious irony of fate, this is the weapon usually selected by the Papuan, with characteristic ingratitude, when he wishes to destroy his white benefactor.

The method adopted in preparing their lands for planting is not only ingenious, but an interesting sight to witness. The men assemble in numbers, each provided with a heavy sharp-pointed stick. Standing in a row, they dig or "jump" the sticks several inches into the ground, and then, by a simultaneous movement (receiving time from a head man), they turn a long strip of the soil over. This is done with regularity, and by this means a large plot of land is dug up in a short space of time. When finished, the women take possession of the ground, and attend to the planting and sowing. The men are not allowed to interfere in this part of the work.

The Papuan is a born trader. Much of his time is spent in preparing goods for barter with other tribes. Take for instance the Port Moresby people, who half the year are making pottery to exchange with the inhabitants of the Papuan Gulf for sago; or the coast village of Kaile, the natives of which hold a weekly market, trading fish for vegetables grown by bush tribes.

Though often generous in their dealings with one another (doubtless from a feeling of insecurity), they are mercenary to a degree in their dealings with Europeans. If a white man were starving it is doubtful whether a New Guinea native would *give* him anything.

Perfect harmony reigns in families. I have only once seen a village quarrel, and on that occasion the contestants —two women—indulged in a good deal of "tall" language, and dealt a few round-arm blows at each other's loins. But with tribes it is different. From ten to twenty miles is often the boundary of a district, and outside that is to the Papuan frequently a *terra incognita*, inhabited by a people speaking a changed dialect, and with whom he is not unfrequently warring about the merest trifles. On this my first trip, while at Port Moresby, some Koiarians came in from the hills, and reported that Monokieri had attacked Rabadom (two villages half a dozen miles apart), with the result that two men had been killed and several wounded; the *casus belli* being that the sorcerers of the latter village had prevented any rainfall at the former.

The Papuan believes in ghosts, witchcraft, and sorcery; indeed, lives in a perfect atmosphere of the supernatural, which too often renders his life a misery to himself and baleful to others. For in his creed there are as many aerial,

aquatic, and terrestrial devils as are made mention of in the Talmud.

One of the most powerful Koitapuan spirits (when reluctantly dug up by its owner) proved to be a potsherd and two round stones. To the hereditary sorcerers who controlled this fetish, a tribute of stone hatchets and arm-shells had been paid for generations for a supply of rain and abundant crops. In the netted bags which nearly every man carries over his shoulder you are almost sure to find some charms. These vary from little phials of bamboo containing liquids or solids, to pieces of threaded bark, or tastefully designed mosaics in brilliant crabs' claws.

The sorcerer himself is, no doubt, the dupe of hereditary custom; and he has this happy immunity, that, while he issues policies of assurance in the way of these trifling charms against all forms of accidents, he incurs practically no responsibility. It is so easy for him to saddle any misfortune on the back of some new and unforeseen spirit, or unoffending European.

With the Papuan and Australian nomad alike, the common mode of affording relief from pain is to make a long incision over the abdomen. It naturally follows that so drastic a remedy is not unfrequently more deadly in its effects than the disease. In other cases a medicine man is consulted, who sucks the wound, and pretends to draw stones and chips of wood, etc., from the part affected, talking gibberish to the spirit meanwhile. All disease is regarded as bewitchment. Broken limbs but rarely occur. These, however, the natives set in splints; not forgetting also to perform incantations, and the rites of sorcery, over the wounded limb.

Probably the most common source of trouble between these natives and Europeans is the abominably thievish propensities of the former, developed to one of the fine arts.

It has also been the custom to attribute many of these disputes to intercourse between Europeans and native women; and interested persons have not hesitated to stir up popular resentment against, and condonement of massacres of, their countrymen by this cry, which is too often but false and misleading.* For there is none of that chivalry about the New Guinea native that has been occasionally noticed in the Maori and Red Indian. With the former matrimony is principally a matter of purchase; and the poor female drudge stands too low in the estimation of her lord and master for a quarrel to ensue over such a matter, always providing, of course, that the concurrence of the mercenary sterner sex has been *bought*.

A curious custom in vogue among the fishing tribes on the coast is that of the mother who plunges with her new-born child into the sea, to make it fearless of the sea, it is said.

After a short but most enjoyable visit, we had to leave, in accordance with the stipulations of the protectorate.

The return voyage was saddened by the suicide of poor Ned Snow, who (disheartened at not finding work, and having reasons for not wishing to return so soon to Cooktown) terminated his existence by jumping overboard shortly after ten p.m. on January 3, 1885—one of the first of the very numerous European victims of the miscalled protectorate. The Chinese on duty allowed several

* Vide appendices to Her Majesty's Special Commissioners' Report for 1887.

minutes to elapse before I was awakened, and when the *Wong Hing* was put about and sailed over and around the fatal spot, no trace of poor Ned Snow was to be seen. He was of a bold and restless type which has contributed largely to Australian progress: a typical "wandering digger," *ætat* 50, who, with no other friend than his pick and shovel, had tramped almost the length and breadth of Australia. Snow had first accompanied the unsuccessful digger's "rush" to the Goldie river (behind Port Moresby) in 1878, and afterwards started with Morrison on the latter's abortive expedition to Mount Owen Stanley. One prediction of Snow's, that gold would be found in the Mount Yule district, has since been verified.

This sad calamity had a horrible concomitant of truly ghastly and terrific appearance, as seen under such circumstances. For, shortly after the junk had resumed her course, a vivid and greenish phosphorescent glare, at a depth of a few fathoms, apprised us of the presence of a huge shark, doubtless attracted alongside by the tragic event.

A singular superstition of the Chinese received colour by means of this suicide. They hold that if a dog dies on a voyage, a human death is sure to follow, and one dog did die just after we left Port Moresby. On a former occasion the same thing happened, and one of the crew dropped down dead upon landing in Cooktown; but still they carried dogs.

Morning light brought the welcome cry of "Land ho!" and soon the Lizards came in sight, and by night of January 4 we were again on Queensland shores, safe and well.

From Cooktown I travelled thirteen hundred miles south to Sydney. I have previously referred to the steps which led up to the proclamation in November, 1884, of a British protectorate over a narrow fringe of the south-eastern littoral of New Guinea. That action of the home authorities, however, gave only a limited satisfaction to the Australian colonies. It was the whole of New Guinea—excepting the Dutch portion—and all of the adjacent islands that the British Government was pressed to take possession of, and that by "absolute annexation." Public feeling in certain colonies became quite excited, and very strong and urgent representations were made to Lord Derby with a view to induce him to extend the protectorate. This Lord Derby declined to do, and declared that it would be considered "*an unfriendly act*" to England if any other nation took possession of the unannexed territory, and it was further stated that "there was no fear of German interference."

Events, however, proved that the fears of the colonists were well founded, for about six weeks after the proclamation of Commodore Erskine, telegrams arrived to the effect that Germany had taken possession of the north-eastern coast of New Guinea, as well as of the important islands of New Britain and New Ireland.

In spite of the irritation and exasperation thereby caused to the colonists, the efforts of the Colonial Office were powerless to influence the Germans to dispossess themselves, and the annexation was finally acquiesced in. Accordingly, in April, 1885, the boundary between the British and German protectorates in New Guinea was determined by means of the following conventional lines:—

"Starting from the coast near Mitre Rock on the 8th parallel of south latitude, it would follow that parallel until it is intersected by the meridian of 147° east longitude; would proceed thence in a straight line in a north-westerly direction to the point of intersection of the 6th parallel of south latitude, with the 144th meridian of east longitude, and would continue thence in a west-north-westerly direction until it meets the point of intersection of the 5th parallel of south latitude with the 141st meridian of east longitude.

"This line would give an area on the German side of about 67,000, on the English side of about 63,000, square miles, and would nearly approach the water-parting line, or natural boundary."

In Sydney I met Major-General Scratchley, who had recently been appointed Her Majesty's High Commissioner for British New Guinea. His position was in some respects an unenviable one, for he was almost absolutely without definite instructions. His principal task at first was to arrange a scheme of control of New Guinea which alike would meet the wishes of the various contributing colonies and the home authorities.

When I first asked General Scratchley for a permit, in order to avoid any further obstacles being put in my way by Mr. Romilly at Port Moresby, the High Commissioner replied that such was unnecessary, because he regretted to find that he had "not the power to keep traders out of New Guinea."

CHAPTER II.

VISIT TO QUIBO.

AFTER making the necessary arrangements down south for another trip to Papua, I took passage northwards, and in ten days' time again landed late one night in Cooktown; and was horrified to hear that the *Pride of the Logan* (a little schooner which Ah Gim's owners had recently bought in lieu of the *Wong Hing*) had already sailed. This alarmist report, however, fortunately proved untrue. It appeared that the local customs authorities had received some instructions of a nature which put difficulties in the way of vessels clearing for New Guinea.

On the road up I had taken the precaution to interview the Colonial Treasurer and Collector of Customs in Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, and when this hitch occurred, soon removed it by telegraphing my troubles to them. Then the ship's agent would not permit a clearance *on account* of an overdue promissory note; and finally it transpired that the crew of the *Wong Hing* had not been paid off, and the shipping master would not allow Ah Gim to ship a new crew until he had discharged his obligations in respect of his former crew.

There had been a few recent massacres reported from the parts we were about to visit, and I noticed that quite a host of "Job's comforters" bade me adieu. Among these may be mentioned a Sydney pressman, who, as a parting souvenir and solatium, gratuitously promised me a favourable "obituary notice;" while a seafaring man, to whom I had remarked that the Chinaman (Ah Gim) did not understand navigation, and had already lost several vessels, somewhat rudely interjected, "Yes, and so he will again!" Here in Cooktown a legal friend (by virtue of numerous apt illustrations) insisted upon the necessity of my making a will; while another, to whom I entrusted a gold watch, desired definite instructions as to its disposal —"in case, etc.," as "on the last occasion when a man left jewellery with him and went to the South Seas, that man never returned, but two years later his brother turned up and claimed it, and gave him a lot of trouble."

Anchor was weighed on Friday, February 27, 1885, and we started for Port Moresby, there to report to Mr. Deputy-Commissioner Romilly before sailing to our fishing ground at the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea, or the "east end," as it is locally called.

It really did seem as though there were something, after all, in the sailors' superstition about sailing on a Friday. For we had gales and heavy weather all the way across, during which we were driven down into the Papuan Gulf; and afterwards, right throughout, events were quite in keeping. But one must not anticipate. The voyage was a great trial to Ah Gim's patience, as the foremast was "sprung," and the *Pride of the Logan* required "pumping out" day and night, while, in spite of all, the pig-tailed

Chinese would sleep when on duty at night at the wheel. At last, the evening of March 7 saw us quietly and safely sailing up under the lee of the Great Barrier Reef, outside which a sea "mountains high" was running, breaking on the coral shoals in a wall of snow-white foam. And then the long-pent-up feelings of the "boss" Chinaman found vent, and seeing two of his countrymen "humbugging," as he called it, with the ropes, he gesticulated and imprecated wildly in the language of Confucius, adding, in lingo more suited for my enjoyment, "Loose away, you —— ——"! "Cut your —— head off!" Ah Gim's threats, however much they frightened the dogs (which cowered away under the nearest lumber), were not taken *au serieux* by his crew, who paid him back with interest in his own coin.

On the morning of the next day, immediately upon our arrival in Port Moresby, a boat came alongside with instructions for us to go on shore with the ship's clearance and papers. On appearing before Mr. Deputy-Commissioner Romilly, who was living at the Mission bungalow, that gentleman said it was the first he had heard of any alterations in the regulations prohibiting traders, and that he would require a written declaration from me that I had obtained General Scratchley's permission.

I had previously remarked, for Mr. Romilly's guidance, that Mr. Fahey, the sub-collector of Customs in Cooktown, had expressed it as his opinion that any one who went to New Guinea for ordinary trading purposes, and was turned away, "would have a very good action at law." *

* Extract from Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner for British New Guinea for 1885 ;—"With reference to the authority and

While we were talking, the missionary, Mr. Chalmers, ran in, and said he could see the fleet of Ilema 'sago vessels approaching. Simultaneously great commotion became visible in the villages, all the natives swarming like ants to the nearest "coigns of vantage," to catch the first sight of their annual visitors. Some one remarked that these latter were a "terribly rough lot;" and that the Motu women would run away and hide in the bush, until these Gulf Papuans had gone home again.

At Port Moresby we heard of, and I wrote for publication in the Sydney press an account of, the then recent massacre of Captain Webb, his wife, two Queensland blacks, and a Malay, by natives of Millport Harbour, which lies between Amazon and Orangerie bays (about two hundred miles south-easterly). The late Captain Webb was a *bêche-de-mer* fisher of the old rough-and-ready school, with his good and bad points alike, and was formerly sailing in, and part owner of, the schooner *Pride of the Logan.* It appears that he was fishing off Toulon Island, near Millport Harbour, and wished to proceed to the mainland, either to buy provisions, or to build a small curing shed, and fish on a small reef which is known to exist on the north-west side of the harbour. The islanders cautioned him against

status of the Special Commissioner, the following is the conclusion of a legal opinion obtained from the Hon. Mr. Griffith, Q.C., Queensland, given as Q.C. and not as Premier:—

"'I am therefore of opinion that General Scratchley has at present no legal jurisdiction and authority of any kind, except such as he can exercise as a Deputy-Commissioner for the Western Pacific; and in particular that he has no power to make any regulations having the force of law, or to impose or collect any taxes or license fees upon exports or imports, or otherwise to exercise any legislative or judicial functions in the protectorate.'"

going, saying that the natives were very bad. However, he replied that he had "got a gun," and left with his small party in the cutter *Marion*. The next heard of them was through an Aroma native, who brought news to Port Moresby that all were massacred. Her Majesty's gunboat *Swinger* forthwith proceeded to Toulon Island, and picked up a few natives as guides. She then left for the mainland, and Lieutenant Marx, with the ship's doctor and one or two others, walked up the beach under cover of the guns of a boat's crew. In two recently made graves were discovered the headless remains of Captain Webb and his wife (an inoffensive Irishwoman), also of the two Queensland natives, and the head of the Malay, with a broken spear-point piercing the right eye through to the ear. All were in a state of decomposition. The thigh-bones of man and wife, the head of the Malay, and fragments of the cutter were removed to be taken to Port Moresby for purposes of identification.

While examining these relics the landing party were suddenly greeted with a volley of stones, and found that they had been almost surrounded by natives, who had crept upon them unawares, and were first observed from the ship. So great was the forbearance of the commander, that he is reported to have called out that any man firing before he gave the order would be degraded into the second class, but it soon became necessary to fire a volley over the heads of the natives, who are said to have rushed into the water after the boat with their spears and shields. The *Swinger* now moved round to a position whence she could command the village, which is situated on a promontory in country rough beyond description. There was still

enough light left to see that the village was alive with natives, rushing about in the greatest state of excitement. Conspicuous among the other houses was one unusually large residence, surrounded by a wide verandah, and probably belonging to a chief. Sighting at sixteen hundred yards with six degrees of elevation, a shell was prettily dropped, apparently right through the roof of this building, and was followed up with another shell, which seemed to take effect, as, when the *Swinger* steamed away in the shades of evening, one part of the village is said to have been in flames. Owing to its being nearly dark at the time, it is impossible to say what amount of, if any, execution was done.* It is stated that the gallant commander was desirous to return to Millport Harbour from Port Moresby, to deal out a more certain retribution, but was prevented, pending the receipt of further orders.

The actuating motives of the murderers were no doubt plunder, and desire to possess the skulls of their victims. It seems a pity to have to take native life, but the inhabitants of that part of the coast, especially on the mainland in Cloudy Bay, have always borne a bad name, even in the estimation of other natives, as barbarous skull-hunters, murderers, and, in some instances, cannibals. If no notice were taken by the authorities of such outrages, further massacres would of course be perpetrated whenever and wherever opportunity presented, and the natives of other safe and friendly parts of the coast would become infected with their old murderous instincts; whereas, if a terrible vengeance were wrought on these barbarous skull-hunters, it

* Subsequent investigation unfortunately proved that the guilty natives escaped "scot-free."

would strike terror also into the breasts of the wild wretches in Cloudy and Amazon bays. News of such a reprisal spreads like wildfire along the whole coast, and has undoubtedly an excellent moral effect. In illustration of this, take the case of Kalo, where, in 1881, a massacre of native teachers and their wives took place, and in return the village was attacked some six months later, at break of day, by landing parties from the *Wolverine*, on which occasion the guilty chief and several natives were shot, and his quarter of the village devastated by flames. In the case of Kalo, the natives had a grievance, because their London Missionary Society's coloured teacher's wife had some few months previously thrust the wife of this particular chief off her verandah, where she had been begging for tobacco, with such violence, that a fracture of the ankle or knee was caused, and the opportunity of revenge was silently waited for, and was at last taken when the teacher was embarking for Port Moresby with his fever-sick wife and some other teachers, also on their way westward. However, the *Wolverine* took summary vengeance for this massacre, and now Kalo is almost as safe as Port Moresby. It would seem a pity that the protectorate recently proclaimed was not celebrated in a few notoriously bad localities, as the opportunity afforded by the presence of so many of her Majesty's vessels on this coast may never occur again, and an ostentatious display of British power in Cloudy and Amazon bays, instead of, or in addition to, Port Moresby and other places, where it was quite unnecessary, so far as moral effect on natives was concerned, would probably have gone far to prevent such a massacre as this of Captain Webb and party in the *Marion*.

The late Captain Webb, who was past the prime of life, had led a singularly bold and adventurous career, and portions from his history, which unfortunately dies with him, would probably read like chapters from romances. In his earlier years he is said to have served in the Mexican war, and then to have turned up in the South Seas in connection with the kidnapping trade. For the last seven or eight years he had been chiefly fishing at the east end of New Guinea; had had several encounters with hostile natives, and was wanted on more than one occasion to answer charges of shooting natives. The recent massacre was probably entirely unprovoked, and that he should trust himself with so weak a party in the hands of these barbarous skull-hunters is a fitting illustration of the recklessness and bold courage which distinguished and guided his whole career.

We left Port Moresby on March 11, 1885, and sailed easterly. On arrival off Kalo we were soon boarded by Tau, the native teacher, and learnt that since our last visit in December there had been a great conflagration, originating in a grass fire ignited by sparks from a woman's bamboo pipe. Shortly afterwards we rounded the sandspit at the entrance to the Kemp Welch river in the dinghy, and rowed across the beautiful lagoon where the native teachers were murdered in 1881; thence a walk of a few minutes took us into Kalo, shut in by stately palm groves, and giving one the impression that it is miles away from the sea. Alas! its glory has departed. Three months ago it was a city of wooden temples; now, with but few exceptions, it is a village of wooden shanties. The former huge, massive dwellings were built so high as a protection from bushmen.

I was determined to visit Quibo while here, and, as I could not get any companions from the ship or from Hula or Kalo, set out with four unarmed Kerapuno natives whom fortune had thrown in my way. These four were powerful and hardy fellows, and carried all day a "swag" of some fifteen or twenty pounds apiece, as well as forty pounds of tobacco. I remembered the same boys as having surrounded our whaleboat as we pushed off through the shallow water on my previous visit to Kerapuno, stealing stone-heads from the native tomahawks I had already purchased, and selling them to me again. They were notorious thieves; but one often has not much choice of tools, especially in New Guinea, where you must be thankful for small mercies. After calling at Tau's house and seeing that my boys fully understood what was expected of them, we rowed up the river for about a mile, and landed on the opposite shore from Kalo in open country. In our course up the river we glided by stately palm groves, succeeded by patches of grass, relieved by occasional shrubs or palm top in the background away towards where the woodland we were approaching blended with that we had passed, and in turn died away, giving place to the plantations of cane, banana, and other food growths; while on the other shore of the Kemp Welch river is primæval tropical jungle, through which we had to force our arduous way on the return journey. Leaving behind gigantic trees covered with verdant and flowering creepers and clematis hanging in graceful festoons from their lofty branches, with an undergrowth of acacias, bamboos, ratans, and the like, we passed a small island clad in greenery of tropical forms, and passing another and yet another looking like artificial

wildernesses and bowers of soft green drapery, we glided close by a native garden—now, after the late rains, converted into a sort of floating island with waterways instead of paths—containing plants any horticulturist might covet, dracænas, begonias, verbenas, and variegated red, orange, and green crotons, growing amidst cane, taro, and bananas; and then, taking a sudden bend to the right between an island and the farther shore, we rowed past snags, roots, and stems of huge trees obstructing the course of the river, which "swishes" by in narrowed channels, and came upon graceful forms of boys and men standing motionless on their canoes, and on fern and flower covered snags; and soon left behind the timber-getters who were taking advantage of the havoc wrought among the trees by the floods, and "making hay while the sun shines," by securing logs, poles, and rafters wherewith to rebuild Kalo.

We walked about two miles across the plain through kangaroo and "tussocky" grass reaching above our heads, and then commenced the ascent of low round-topped or conical hills. These were also grassed up to one's knees. In intermediate valleys we found plenty of foliage, and occasionally came to a strip of sparsely wooded pandanus and tree-fern country with an undergrowth of blue grass. We travelled over miles and miles of country under kangaroo, blue, and spear grasses, and other varieties of suitable herbage for cattle. It was not till we were some six miles inland and near our destination that we came to a knoll dotted with a few stunted gums.

After having walked for two hours our track led over a summit covered with limestone scoria, and we next reached a valley where amid dense dank foliage a dark

stream purled over rocks, and we had to wade over gnarled and twisted roots before tackling the maze of creepers and tropical luxuriance on the farther bank. From the neck of the next rise we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country and sea. On our left was Hood Lagoon, and farther away still Keppel Point, and sea and country towards Cloudy Bay; in front of us was Kalo, and at Hood Point on our right Hula, with Round Head almost visible in the distance. Truly the blue sea, fringe of deep palm groves skirting the coast, green grass plains at our feet, verdant hills stretching away in gentle undulations till lost in a blue haze under the shadow of a dark-green chain of mountains in the distance, partly wrapped in clouds, made up a panorama once seen never to be forgotten. Here on the hills the grass was up to our knees, instead of topping our heads as that we had passed through after leaving the woodlands back of Kalo. We now came to unfenced patches under cultivation of the inevitable sugar-cane, banana, sweet potatoes, and yams; while in the valley on the banks of another stream were coco-nut palms. All of a sudden, one of the Kerapuno boys utters a "hist," then makes a little to the left, and I see the head of a native down below us, and on proceeding to the spot find two or three men armed with spears and a woman and child drawing water from a few pools in the hollows of great boulders of metamorphic rock over which a stream purls. There is some "jabber" between the two parties of natives, and I begin to fear a hitch has occurred, as the word "*daeka*" (bad) is uttered. Right above us to our left is a high ridge and two or three conical hills, well wooded, strangely enough at their very crests, higher than

any we have yet come to among those which now shut us in in every direction. To the right of the dark-green foliage is a ridge, and above this natural rampart a dozen heads and spear-tips show in relief against the sky line. We now commence the ascent of the hill to our right, so as to approach the villages from their rear, and after having rested for one or two "breathers" during the climb, also to feast the eye on land and sea scape, we pass through a clump of fig and acacia trees, and are in a little village of eight houses in the form of a parallelogram, part of, but detached from, Quibo. My boys slap their thighs, and the villagers follow suit—I suppose indicating amity and good-fellowship. We proceed to the end house, where I am introduced to the chief, and invited to squat down on the verandah, and notice that under the eaves at the side of the house next to us is a row of human and pig skulls. After smoking the *bau-bau*, and finding "*karvee keytch, eclar, eikena*" (I spell the words, which mean "clubs, shields, tomahawks there are none," as nearly as possible phonetically to give a better idea of the pronunciation), we cross the ridge where we had seen heads and spear-tips from below, and, traversing a clump of trees, find ourselves in a much larger village of the same general aspect, save that, in addition to two rows of houses, there are others built on rocks commanding the main street beneath. Midway up on the left-hand side is a fine large residence with an overhanging spire. A little to its right are four roughly carved posts in the form of a square, firmly planted in the sand, with streamers of sago-palm fibre floating from slight perpendicular wands. One pole, twenty feet high, in the centre of this enclosure has on its

tip a coco-nut husk transfixed. In this place, so far as I could make out, Mapokoloo's murdered son was buried, and on this tall pole, where the husk now is, the head of Saul had been publicly exposed. In front of the dwelling are floating coco-nut husks, just showing green sprouts suspended by streamers made fast to the peak of the superstructure, thirty feet high, each husk denoting where an enemy's head had been hung. At the side of the house, some six feet from the ground, is a rough shelf, on which are placed half a dozen human skulls and as many skulls of pigs slaughtered in honour of the successful foray or defence, at which the enemy's heads had been obtained. On the verandah running out beyond and under the sloping eaves sits, surrounded by women and children, an infirm, bent, and diseased old man. This is the "big" chief Mapokoloo, who gave "Saul," the great fighting chief and "strong man" of Kalo, the *coup de grâce*.

I may preface my remarks on this head, by saying that two or three years earlier Kalo and Quibo were good friends. Now there is an unquenchable blood-feud between them, whereas formerly Kalo and Quibo used conjointly to fight Kerapuno. The war first commenced in this way: Mapokoloo came down from his mountain fastness with retainers, and a quarrel took place between a Kalo native and Mapokoloo's son, resulting in the homicide or murder of the latter. The father's tribesmen now lost no opportunity of retaliation, lying in wait for Kalo villagers when out hunting kangaroo in the plains, tending their outlying plantations of sago and coco-nut palms on the other side of the Kemp Welch river, and many a man was quietly 'removed" in this way, and Mapokoloo had "blood for

"blood" to repletion, but was still remorseless and insatiable. At least half-a-dozen or more expeditions have left Kalo to retaliate within the last few months, and each time Quibo has had the best of it, and their opponents have returned crestfallen, with several killed and wounded. The unique position of the mountain villages accounts for this result, as the attacking party from below have to fight against the laws of gravitation, in addition to the dexterous spearmen hidden behind their natural ramparts, or running to the very crest to hurl down their barbed and heavy weapons. Such a keen watch is maintained in Quibo that a surprise is next to impossible, and we found our presence noticed long before I was even aware of proximity to our destination.

Well, to recur to the death of Saul. It happened that this chief and twenty followers went out to hunt in the plains at the foot of the mountains, armed merely with short kangaroo spears, and minus shields. Not finding game on the Kalo side of the Kemp Welch, they crossed over, and just as Saul was launching his spear at a kangaroo he found a better use for the weapon, as fifty Quibo warriors, hitherto concealed in the tall rank grass, sprang up, and with vindictive shouts launched their spears at him and at his followers, the latter of whom turned and fled. The chief, however, emulating the courage of his Scriptural namesake, stood his ground till prostrated by a spear-wound, and then Mapokoloo, still insatiable for the loss of his son, drew his keen-edged bamboo knife and severed Saul's head, and sliced off the skin of the back from the loins up to the shoulders. Returning to Quibo, according to custom when a redoubtable enemy falls into their

hands, the head was placed up in a tree to be scoffed at and held in derision until a pig was killed and cooked, and feasting, laughing, and beating of drums commenced, and was continued far into the night. I can fancy Mapokoloo, whose nose and mouth are almost eaten off with a horrible disease, doing the honours with fiendish gusto. The head was afterwards suspended in front of the chief's house, resting on a husk hanging from a streamer, and finally was placed on the shelf with other similar relics of Kalo and Kerapuno warriors who had fallen before the superior prowess of Quibo. On the plains Saul's runaway followers lingered under cover till the enemy was seen to ascend the opposite hills, and then carefully they approached and bore away their late chief's headless and mutilated corpse. On its arrival at Kalo there was loud lamentation of female dependents, who shortly after went into mourning, *i.e.* anointed their bodies with a black mixture of charcoal and oil; a feast was also held, and drums were beaten at the "wake."

To return to Mapokoloo. I found this surly barbarian squatting on his verandah, and the disease which disfigured his face did not seem to improve his temper any more than his appearance. Here, as in the former village, there were no curios to be obtained; and the question arose, would obstacles be placed in the way of our return? as the whole population was aware by this time what those square blocks were, and had opened their mouths wide in wonder and awe at the wealth displayed when it became necessary to open a bag to get out a fig or two of tobacco with which to present each of the six "low" chiefs. I thought it advisable to conciliate the "big" chief, especially as

I could not entirely rely on the fidelity of my four attendants; so, in addition to the gift of a couple of figs of tobacco, I brought out a second-hand scarlet militia coat, with the word "Manchester" printed in white letters on the flap where epaulets would be, and after first putting it on myself, handed it to Mapokoloo, my boys explaining to him that it was a present from their *Beritani luia pata* (British chief) to the great chief of Quibo. The old man seemed stiff, if not partly paralysed, and after getting one arm through a sleeve with difficulty, right up to the shoulder, naturally found that the other could not follow suit. I now had it pulled off, and, turning my back to him, put my arms just into the sleeves, and so worked it on to my shoulders. I then mounted the verandah, and slipped it on to the old boy in much the same way, but his right hand was of so great a size that it stuck in the sleeve. However, this difficulty was overcome when he quite understood that the coat was for him, and then, as the old chief squatted down, the cynosure of admiring eyes, I detected one slight and transitory smile flit across his sable visage. One thing was quite evident, viz. that he thought no "small beer" of himself for his past exploits in the field.

We now pushed on to the top village, as I was anxious to get back to Kalo, some seven miles distant, over rough country, before dark. Passing along a slope and through trees as before, we arrived at Kaakaa, similar in shape and size to Quibo proper, save that at the far end the houses led right up to the crest of the high ridge, commanding a sweeping view of surrounding country for a great distance. After being introduced to one chief, a pleasant,

gentlemanly old man, with a bright and kindly eyed wife, we scrambled over huge boulders of metamorphic rock till we reached the last house, close up to the crest of the hill, where I was made acquainted with the young and friendly chief Marinaboolarla, and had to mount his long and dark verandah under the leaves, while a surging and excited crowd of natives pressed round the house in every direction. We stayed here half an hour, and got a few clubs, drums, and plumes. I am pretty well certain that some unpleasant propositions were made, judging from the looks and glances which passed, and a few familiar words dropped here and there as to the appropriation of my forty pounds of tobacco, and, perhaps, as to adding my head to the other ghastly trophies grinning from the chief's hut and other houses. The Kerapuno boys, however, remembered my visit to their waterside villages in the previous December, and my acquaintance with their chief Kiniope, and remained staunch, being satisfied with the American tomahawk apiece, and tobacco they knew awaited their return. In each village, as we walked through, warriors armed with spears had hovered about the tobacco-bags, and tried in one way and another to détain us after I found that they did not intend to trade and consequently wished to get away, as time was short, and I did not wish to keep the ship waiting another day. Both Kaakaa and Quibo proper—the middle village—appeared to me to be situated either on ground previously rent by earthquakes, or else on landslips from volcanic cones which had undergone great denudation. A few steps took us to the summit of the ridge, the greatest altitude we had yet attained, and whence we had a truly glorious view of serrated hills,

rolling away into a dim distance of cloudland shadowed by black mountains of Alpine grandeur. In front green grass flats, at the foot of verdant hills, reminded me of the cabbage-tree dotted Canterbury Plains of New Zealand, as seen from the Southern Alps. Taking one last lingering look at the enchanting view, I trotted down the deep declivity till the first level was reached, and then one of my four burdened boys beckoned me to look up at the ridge we had just left, which was literally swarming with armed men and curious women and children. One of the boys signed to me to fire the Snider he was carrying, brought in case we got a shot at a kangaroo, and I produced my six-chambered Colt, which it is sometimes advisable to carry loaded and at "safety," if not at full cock, in travelling by land in New Guinea, and fired one shot up in the air. My attendant then raised his arm to the sky again, and I fired as before, up in the air, and pointing away from the two hundred natives or more on the skyline. The women and children uttered cries of alarm, and fled.

We then took a somewhat different route, and shortly got "bushed" in a maze of tall grass, creepers, palms, and bamboos in the first valley, where we came upon an old deserted house over a slippery watercourse, and backed by a swamp and impenetrable thicket. Therein we had an excessively rough piece of travelling, during which we were always liable to ambuscade, and this was why the Kerapuno boys wished me to fire off the gun to "frighten" the Quibo natives, who could not understand how one could fire off two or more shots from the smaller weapon at once. Most of these mountaineers had probably never

heard the sound of firearms before, but would know by repute of their deadly properties what time the *Wolverine* took vengeance on Kalo. When I was at Kalo in December, 1884, the chief Kil-o-ka and one of his followers had just fallen additional victims to Quibo during a senseless and, of course, unsuccessful attack on that seemingly impregnable fortalice. This want of success is not to be wondered at when it is taken into consideration that the population of the three villages designated as Quibo is equal to that of Kalo, and the physique of the mountaineers is not likely to be inferior to that of the dwellers on the plains. I noticed in Quibo none of that hacking cough which is heard occasionally in Kalo, and was struck with the brightness of eye and sprightliness of the men, women, and children. These hillmen had plenty of weapons, but did not care to part with their clubs, tomahawks, and shields, possibly for fear of denuding themselves of arms, and thereby falling a prey to now insatiable Kalo. Indeed, hearing from the Kerapuno boys that the vessel I came in was lying off Kalo, they possibly thought that I came as an emissary from the latter place with some such motive. Arrived at the spring in the valley, where we first met Quibo natives, we found another group, and stayed to quench our thirst. Two of these men accompanied us for a mile further, when one ran down to his unfenced plantation to tear the broad leaves off, and pluck up sugar-cane for our refection. This was ringed at the joints with a sharp knife, broken into chunks, the casing peeled off, and the juicy fibre chewed. The other fellow made for the hollow where palm tops showed over thick scrub, and soon we heard the heavy thud of falling coco-nuts, and were

drinking the grateful and refreshing milk. This and the like was the only nourishment we had to carry us through the day's journey of altogether close on twenty miles of rough country. All the hills were clothed in grasses young and sweet, reaching to our knees, and water was plentiful. The chief difficulty in the way of turning the thousands of square miles of this well grassed and watered country into cattle runs would be that the few native plantations scattered about are mostly unfenced. It is possible, however, that in the future arrangements might be made whereby cattle could be depastured on what at present is little else than a vast hunting-field for kangaroos, by paying the bush and coast villages an annual rent in return for the use of intervening country, and the labour expended in putting up and keeping in repair strong post and rail fences round the native reserves.

On the crest and slopes of the hills there was a fresh breeze from the sea, but in the valleys, and especially in the gardens, when the sun shone the heat was great, and there were swarms of mosquitoes, whose number and pertinacity I have never seen equalled. Unlike the ordinary Australian mosquito, which generally evades all efforts to catch him, this New Guinea insect takes your blood, and is so loth to leave it, that, rather than fly, he allows you to bleed him by flattening him out on your face and skin. My face and hands were speedily quite mottled with their venom. Every time we stopped, the mosquitoes buzzed around us like flies round a honey-pot, and my boys tore off twigs or plucked off tufts of grass with which to brush them off. As we descended the last slope into the plains, near where Saul was caught in ambush and killed, it com-

menced to drizzle, and we took a track through coarse grass reaching up to and above our heads, the rebound of which, if striking the face, made one's eyes water. Very soon my clothes were wringing wet with the damp and rain. On breaking out suddenly on to the river—hidden by tall "tussocky" grass—had it not been for the boy in front, I should have certainly walked over the brink. There was no sign of a canoe within "cooee," and when I made a sign, as much as to say, "Will you swim across?" the Kerapuno boy shook his head and bit his arm in allusion to the alligators concealed in the turbid stretch of water beneath us. Since my previous visit a Kalo boy, bathing at the usual place in the lagoon, where I have had more than one swim, was seized by the head and shoulders by a cayman. A sturdy onlooker rushed into the water and seized the alligator, who gave a flourish of his tail and swish of the head which sent the brave fellow sprawling on his back. The head and one hand of the unfortunate boy were recovered on the following day. A few weeks later, a native had gone to the opposite shore to get timber wherewith to make a canoe, and was shoving a trunk into the water, when he, too, was seized by a "big fellow" alligator, drawn under, and nothing more was ever seen of him.

We now hurried away from the river again, stumbling in the cold rain through grass fully ten feet high, and on reaching the scrub had a terrible scramble over gnarled and twisted roots in all manner of fantastic forms, through thickets of stiff bamboos, where it was almost impossible to force a passage, or bending double passed under stout ropes of creepers hanging across our track. Every few

yards, as might be expected, one of us became a "sprawler" and got his flesh torn and scratched by the numerous thorns. I was struck with the wonderful luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, and size of leaf and flower; one leaf I noticed on the ground, resembling rhubarb in shape, was fully six feet long, while other fan-like varieties and lily leaves were even of greater magnitude. It is a wonder to me how the Kerapuno boys got through this maze at all, considering the *impedimenta* they carried in the shape of clubs, cane, and swags; but they kept their cheerfulness throughout, and were almost as fresh at the finish as at the start. These four fellows, ordinary specimens of Hood Lagoon natives, owe their hardihood, doubtless, to hunting and fishing pursuits. In size they are considerably above the European standard, and possess first-class stamina, activity, and intelligence. One becomes quite attached to them with their dark-brown kindly eyes and clean nut-brown skins, types of primitive hunters and wild men of the woods. Three times we came to the river brink and had to turn back again (there being no signs of canoes to ferry us across) into the jungle of stately timber, among which I noticed a tree or two of red and white cedar, and gigantic fig-trees (Banyans), with an undergrowth of creepers, acacias, thorns, bamboos, ferns, and reeds. In a small clearing we stopped to pick up and eat the fruit of the fig, similar in flavour, but of smaller size than the English wall-fruit, and my boys broke away the husks off old coco-nuts with the hafts of clubs, and cracking the shell, filled with a soft sweet sponge, handed it to me to eat. In a few weeks more a green shoot would have appeared through the thick husk which contained the

germs of an infant palm. I stooped to pick up a wide-winged butterfly of an extraordinarily beautiful tint of emerald-green with black markings, but even as I touched the wing it crumbled to pieces and disclosed a swarm of small black ants. Overhead brilliant-hued parrots were screeching and flying.

After more of this weary scramble through the tanglement of tropical luxuriance, wherein my boys kept straggling, I am afraid with the intention of "planting" some of the tobacco they were carrying, we came suddenly on another clearing close to the river, and were soon surrounded by a group of friendly Kalo natives who had crossed the water to visit their plantations, and now gathered round to see and hear the men who had "bearded the lion in his den," and escaped scatheless. A still more welcome sight was their double river canoe, minus outrigger. There was yet another delay while the boys broke down cane, for forming whips of grass into a zone, with which they encircled their ankles, leaving just a little play, swarmed up coco-nut palms to throw down food and drink to our feet. After breaking off the husk and boring a hole through one of the eyes with a twig, the young fruit, full of milk, was handed me to drink. We were then ferried across and down the river, stained with a tint of delicious rose-colour in the partial twilight. Between the stems of slender and stately palms, glimpses of distant pink and carmine cloudlets of ethereal beauty were visible. We landed in the dark, and then, as I was limping along, to the no small amusement of my companions (though my lameness was caused not so much from stiffness consequent on the day's rough travelling, as

that my feet, previously bared and exposed to the sun for some period on shipboard, were barked by the hard shoe-leather), a kindly young fellow came, and taking hold of me firmly but gently by the arm, chuckling the while, guided me along a dark and slippery track, with swamps on either side, and over four long palm lengths, three trees abreast, bridging a sheet of water, off the first plank of which a snake glided on our approach, and disappeared into the scrub. This track brought us out at the far end of Kalo, in a part which had not suffered so much from the late conflagration. Very weird was the sight of the fires reflected through lattices of the pile dwellings or on the ground beneath, from around which natives, dogs, and pigs moved away on our approach. The "kindly" native now stopped me, after relinquishing his grasp on my arm, and made a request for *kuku* (*i.e.* tobacco). Not caring to untie the bag, I stopped the huge Kerapuno boy nearest to me, who was plodding along bravely under his load of cane, tobacco, drums, and clubs, and made him take out a piece of "twist" from his neatly plaited black grass armlet, worn near the shoulder and used as a kind of purse, wherewith to satisfy the demand. I was glad to notice the foundations of at least one new and huge residence, consisting of massive piles twenty feet high, with planks laid crosswise on top, over which will be reared a verandah and sleeping compartment. And now we passed the high-peaked dwelling of redoubtable Kelukooreer, and came to Tau's house, where the boys put down their swags and squatted on the doorstep and sill to answer the volley of eager questions from the Kalo and Hula teachers, the latter of whom, Etama, came over on hearing of our arrival at Kalo, and

stayed till my safe return from Quibo. I dismissed the boys for the night with a piece of tobacco for their *bau-baus* (pipes), and an assurance of reward on the morrow, and was soon sitting down to a pork chop, yams, and a comfortable cup of tea.

CHAPTER III.

A CRUISE FROM KALO TO MORESBY ISLAND.

AFTER saying good-bye to Kalo, we were still detained in Hood Bay by a calm; and Kiniope (chief of Kerapuno) coming one morning alongside in charge of a dozen women, who were conveying fish, turtles, eggs, etc., to Kamali and Papaka, two unimportant bush villages some seven miles from Kerapuno, and situated on the mainland, between and a little behind Kalo and Hula, having nothing better to do I went with him. After buying chunks of kangaroo, shark, and devil-fish, also fish sandwiched between two sticks and roasted in embers, for the crew, I jumped down into their big canoe, and was quickly paddled ashore by the women, who hauled up their conveyance above tide-mark, and shouldering heavy loads, filed after us along a track near by the sea, over sand dunes almost hidden by flowering convolvulus, and skirted by grasses and pandanus-trees.

Striking inland, about a mile up the beach, after crossing sand hillocks, we soon came to sylvan shades—moss, ferns, lichens, and bright green foliage around us; overhead, arches of sago fronds, or slender stems of palms,

topped with feathery plumes, clearly defined against an azure sky. It was a perfect Paradise of orchids, ferns, bright-hued birds and butterflies, all glorified by golden light from the morning sun, filtering down cool and clear through a canopy green and lofty. Peeping out from nooks and crannies of forest trees, high-perched on decaying stems, overgrowing fallen trunks, or springing from velvety moss, strewn with red and orange dying leaves underfoot, were ferns in the greatest variety, rarity, and exuberance.

About a mile from the beach we came to a clearing, in which stood the rude and straggling dwellings of Kamali. Kiniope and his companion proceeded to one of the end houses, and mounting a verandah, shook hands with the chief, while the women scattered about to gossip, preparatory to exchanging their marine produce for *rabia* (sago) and odds and ends. Remaining himself at Kamali, Kiniope sent his two nice-looking, well-made young wives, or daughters, whichever they were, alone with me as guides to Papaka. It would have been just as easy for him to have substituted Kamali boys instead, and I was pleased with such a mark of confidence in a young Englishman. Pursuing a devious course through forest glades for rather under a mile, we soon saw roofs of houses between the trees, but our passage was suddenly checked by a sheet of muddy water, through which, on our near approach, a herd of swine rushed. It was not till we had climbed over several high and fragile plantation railings that we emerged at a corner of the village half under water, in which, as we crashed through surrounding obstacles in semi-darkness, we heard beating

of drums and barking of dogs. It did not take long to exhaust the sight-seeing in Papaka, a village of about a dozen old houses similar in shape, size, and construction to those of Hula. Taking a different route through clearings—skirted by groves—where tall grasses waved their silvery plumes, we returned to Kamali; the two girls flowery-kirtled with scarlet hibiscus. I wanted to return immediately to the ship, but Kiniope uttered the imperative word "*Anniannì*" (*i.e.* eat), meaning that we must have dinner first; and shortly was served up to me, in a neatly made wooden trough, a sweet and tender fish floating in a little sea of coco-nut milk, covering four sago dumplings delicately flavoured with pared coco-nut. I partook of this ambrosial dish with my fingers—enjoying it none the less—to an accompaniment of music (?) made by drawing a bone notched like a file backwards and forwards through the mouth of a gourd, curiously marked, with bone rim for mouthpiece, also notched. For a small consideration in tobacco I secured this relic of a memorable repast, and was pleased to see by his facial expression and laughter that its former owner thought he had the best of the bargain. Dinner over, we started back to the coast, and I desired to relieve the two girls of some part of the heavy loads they were carrying, resting against the back, with arms bent over the head, elbows pointing upwards. Although appreciating my politeness, they laughed at the idea of allowing their *luia* (chief), about twice their size, if not strength, to carry anything. By the time we reached the shore the cerulean sky of morning had been swept away by heavy storm-clouds; and casting a hurried anxious glance to where but a few hours previously the little

schooner had been securely anchored, nothing now was to be seen save white rollers, while the wind hissed, and sea seethed, in sympathy with my misgivings, but in spite of which Kiniope and his girls would lag, lag, lag behind. Passing natives gave me scant encouragement, leading me to suppose that the ship had gone clean away. On reaching a bend in the shore by-and-by, I discerned through a rift in the clouds an indefinite object—what I scarcely knew or dared to hope—away on the Kerapuno side of the bay; but on being stopped by the Kalo river, I had the satisfaction of seeing the little schooner return and anchor some two miles off, near the beach, and sheltered from rollers occasioned by the squall. On the opposite bank of the Kalo river was the canoe, to which the women had returned after their marketing, and moving it round had gone on shore to light a fire, lunch, and gossip. When the proprietor caught me up, the big canoe, chock-a-block with bags of sago, coco-nuts, cane, and sundries, was sent over to ferry us across. I wanted to continue the journey along the beach at once to the ship, but had to wait till the heavy canoe was hauled up above tide-mark—wind and sea being adverse to its use—and then for a still further delay while poles, paddles, pots, pans, and everything loose, except the edibles, were carefully secreted in the adjoining scrub. To me it is a funny sight to see New Guinea women on a journey; they delight in stoppages, gossip, lighting of fires, boiling the billy—an earthenware vessel—smoking of *bau-baus*—with all the importance and more than the bustle and activity of dowagers and mothers-in-law at home, with neither of whom, I am quite sure, had they the option, would they change place. In this district, one often sees

a canoe being paddled away merrily by chattering women for sole crew, bound on a "shopping" expedition—minus gold, silver, and copper, but with coco-nuts, fish, or vegetables instead.

On the following evening we dropped anchor between Kerapuno and Keppel Point, in a very narrow passage with green and brown waters over the reef on either side. A *vanaki*, manned by two natives, steered alongside with fish caught in well-made seine nets, with shells instead of leads, and wooden floats. Amidships, and triced double by a stoutly made rope of native manufacture, was a twelve-foot shark, which one would have thought could easily have upset the slender canoe before being captured in the net. I do not know to what variety of the genus the huge fish belonged, but its broad, short snout considerably overlapped the lip beneath. Fish which shared the brilliant tints of the gorgeous sunsets and twilights—crawfish, large blue and green parrot-fish, yellow and pink varieties in all manner of odd shapes and sizes—were sold us for bits of tobacco. That evening the boys fished from the ship, and soon had secured over one hundred-weight of red schnapper, weighing four to six pounds each, which, if salted down and fried, are truly delicious.

Next morning, before the sun was fully up, a foolish course was taken right across where green water had been seen on the previous day, with the natural result that the sickly sensation caused by the vessel's dragging, bumping, and grating over a coral patch was soon experienced. Down sails and out oars, but all without avail, as we were right in among boulders, whose heads nearly cropping to the surface in transparent water displayed sponges, ex-

quisite shells, and madrepores like huge marine mushrooms, fungi, and lichens of tints varying from ivory whiteness to the crimson of blood. We poled the schooner off one patch, and hoisted jib and mainsail, but only to again "ground." All this time there was a strong tide running out, and unless we got off before low water, which was every minute getting less, the vessel would in all probability be lost. An anchor and strong rope made fast to the ship were lowered into the dinghy, and dropped some distance off into supposed deep water; but we had only progressed a few yards with the help of the windlass, when the cable parted, and the anchor was not subsequently recovered. A "kedge" was now run with the sheet anchor and chain cable, and dropped some twenty yards away, but on reaching the spot the schooner stuck again. In the mean time Kerapuno canoes came alongside, from which a dozen sturdy naked fellows slipped into the water, and, swimming with their legs low down behind rudder and stern-post—coming every minute to the surface to breathe—soon pushed her off. Directly she began to move they clambered on board to use their long canoe poles, and with this help the hateful coral patch was shortly left astern; and after rewarding before casting adrift our kind and able assistants, we skirted the Barrier Reef, and were soon skimming over bottomless depths outside with plenty of sea-room. At right angles with us on the most eastward of the hills towards Keppel Point was Animarupu. There dwell a formidable race of warriors. When Mr. Page and his party of cedar-getters not so long ago camped in the plain beneath, word was sent them "to move on," otherwise they would be made to. This threat was notified to Koapeena,

to whom tribute paid made it worth while to keep friendly, and that great chief promptly came with two hundred followers and camped alongside, sending word to Anima-rupu that he was ready to meet them. But the bushmen had thought better of it, and did not put in an appearance, so the Aromaites made for their village, which was found deserted save for one "low" chief, who was innocently delving in his garden, and behind whom Koapeena, tomahawk in hand, crept, and gave his skull a compound fracture. This method of homicide they call "steal-fight."

That evening we put into Keppel Point, some two miles from the nearest of the several villages, called by the natives Paramatta, yclept Aroma. Here, some five years previously to my first visit, a massacre of Chinamen occurred, of which I will give the gist, as narrated to me by an acquaintance and fellow-countryman of those who fell. There were fourteen Chinamen in a junk anchored near the shore, on which they had a curing-house for fish caught on the reefs. When they got familiar with the natives, many of whom they employed, the Chinese began to take liberties with the married women, to the great offence of their male relations, who were not "compensated." For the men they had a supreme contempt, and to demonstrate the superiority of their firearms over spears, stones, clubs, and tomahawks, one day set up on shore a piece of galvanized iron, eight feet by three feet, thirty yards distant, at which each Oriental fired ten shots without once hitting the target. The Aromaites then essayed their skill, and launching spears with unerring aim, each time scored "bull's-eyes" and "inners." The catastrophe was now near at hand. Although cautioned

both by chief and teachers, these foolish men made light of all warnings, and continued their malpractices. On an ensuing afternoon a party of incensed natives made a hostile descent to the beach opposite the junk, to meet whom some of the younger Chinamen, taking their fire-arms, rowed ashore. The natives made "gammon" that they were afraid, and ran into the bush, but only to take the rash and unfortunate Orientals in the rear, who, after firing one ineffectual volley, were all killed—speared, tomahawked, or both, by the justly incensed Paramattans. The survivors, seeing canoes making for their junk, deserted the vessel, and escaped in a whaleboat. The junk was subsequently taken to Kerapuno, and Captain Fryer coming up the coast, having lost his own vessel, took it across after the Chinamen to Queensland.

Once when the *Ellengowan* came to Aroma, in the early days, with missionaries on board, the skipper and boat's crew proceeded ashore to buy provisions. On his return the natives would not let the boat go, but hauled it up again on to the beach. In this emergency a happy inspiration occurred, and taking up handfuls of small red beads, he cast them in among the excited crowd; and during the confusion and scramble which ensued his escape passed unnoticed till he was out of reach.

Putting right out to sea, we were next morning in sight of Cloudy Bay, where we anchored in the afternoon. From here we could see under a few coco-nut palms a little terrace, on which two or three years ago the late Captain Webb had a curing-shed, and here lost his first wife and seven men under the following circumstances, narrated to me by one of our hands who was with him at the time.

Some natives came down to the beach—in Cloudy Bay they do not build their villages on shore, but in the bush, through which they have good roads—to see what was going on, and the mate fired his gun to frighten them, whereupon all ran away; but he foolishly fired another shot after them. Shortly after, Webb was away for the day with two or three men fishing on the reef, and on returning that night saw a big fire on shore, which turned out to be his curing-shed in flames. Approaching the vessel, they became aware from the deathly stillness on board that something was wrong, and on cautiously reaching the deck found all loose ironwork had been taken, and chain-plates and windlass removed. Naturally enough, the small party did not hastily venture below, where they thought natives were concealed; but Webb, light in hand, finally descended and found the ship had been ransacked, stores, provisions, tobacco, and "trade" stolen. All ever learnt of what had taken place, I believe, was that natives had surprised five men at the curing-shed, and after killing them had gone off to the ship—the same schooner that I am now writing from—and despatched Webb's wife, the cook, and another. It is needless to say that the escapees made sail for Aroma, and Webb, during the rest of his life, gave a wide berth to Cloudy Bay.

The place is well named—hill rises above hill from near the seaboard right back to the mountain range, the whole thickly wooded down to a beach, relieved here and there by a short strip of golden sand; green terrace topped by stately trees; or sail of canoe. On the slopes and crests of the nearer hills a few lordly trees—probably cedar—tower conspicuously above the scrub.

Overhead was cerulean sky and burning sun ; but over the bend of the bay, veiling all but outlines of nearer hills, were lowering clouds, varying in density from gossamer drift to heavy fuliginous folds, rimmed every few minutes by sheet lightning playing at the foot of invisible ranges ; vapours and thick darkness ;—truly fitting canopy for the tree-dwellings of bloodthirsty savages ; fit shroud for horrid orgies and deeds of darkness which make the blood run cold.

We anchored close in to the shore in Cloudy Bay, and that afternoon there was a great furbishing up of quaint Chinese weapons, and dusting of shields—ten feet in circumference, of circular bent bamboos—which before now have done good service in warding off spear-points in New Guinea. This shield is slung on the left arm, and under it you crouch, and roll over if necessary. The knack consists in sufficient quickness of eye to enable you to detect the proximity of the spear and give a dexterous twist of the shield at the proper moment, off which the weapon then glides harmless. The few Chinamen and Malays had each been served with a Snider, while the Chinese skipper and myself had our own weapons—one a repeating rifle of seventeenfold power, as good as ten men.

In the twilight yarn on deck, a Murray Island boy, who was formerly in mission employ, told us how the *Ellengowan* once came to Cloudy Bay, and anchored at the small island we see to our left in the bosom of the bay. A few of the boat's crew were then sent on shore, with instructions not to take anything without paying for it, and approached near to two seemingly deserted villages.

Returning to the river brink without having seen any natives, one boy lit a fire to boil his billy, when John (the Murray Island boy), hearing a snapping of twigs, hastily recalled him, and only just in time, for as he reached his friends and the boat was pushed off, a spear was thrown, and a native emerging from the scrub threw a second, which, alighting within a foot of the boat, caused the missionaries to give the order to fire, and the native dropped mortally wounded in the forehead. The crack of the rifle was followed by a stampede as of wild cattle, on the part of the numerous natives artfully concealed in the bush, who had probably never seen white men before, and the spear-throwing was the inarticulate expression of the sentiment conveyed in the words, "trespassers will be prosecuted."

Next morning, anchor was weighed about 7.30, but there was not enough wind to fill our sails, and the tubby little schooner remained almost stationary. Where we were, the sea was as smooth as oil, without a ripple on the surface; only a faint heave, in which the reflection of the land was curved and bent, but not broken. Between verdantly wooded Grange Island to our front, with its strip of sandy beach glowing like burnished gold under the blue sky and hot sun, and the eastward horn of the bay, we descried the sails of several canoes—very large *elliptical*-shaped *mat-sails* (looking like *waterspouts* in the distance, only infinitely more graceful). Simultaneously a dozen more issued from a pond some mile or so to windward, where they had been concealed, and two or three paddle-canoes shot out from the shore at right angles towards us. Half an hour later our passage was completely barred by twenty-three large sailing canoes, spread out like a crescent. The

captain was up in the rigging, nervously watching the approaching fleet, and admitted that he did not like the look of things. Once before, when on the east coast of New Guinea, up towards New Britain, in a calm, seventy long canoes, full of weaponed natives, paddled outward from the shore to seize his "cranky" junk, as they thought it, because it could not sail, and which they regarded in the light of a windfall. The first native to climb on to the gunwale "laughed" as he saw only one man—the steersman—at whom he would have hurled a spear, but that moment a gun was fired, and the baffled savage fell wounded into the sea, "laughing at the other side of his mouth." In reply to the first shot from the junk, hundreds of spears were ineffectually hurled at the Chinamen, both concealed and protected by their shields and bulwarks; these latter then opened fire, and shot thirty natives before the rest were disheartened and, leaving their canoes, swam towards the shore, from which presently other canoes came to pick up the dead and wounded.

As I before said, Ah Gim did not like the way these canoes approached us, and the less because of the locality, recent massacre, and fact that the fleet, probably numbering two hundred souls or more, belonged to Milo, a large ill-affected district extending down past Millport Harbour. Breakfast was served, and the cook grumbled at, much as usual; before the things were cleared away, shields and rifles were brought on deck as the six vanward canoes to windward, what with sails, paddles, and tide, had rapidly neared us. When within a hundred yards the skipper fired a shot in that direction to ascertain their intentions—peace or war. One native immediately dived overboard, emerging

unhurt. His compatriots now seemed to hesitate, and one displayed a piece of white calico as an emblem of peace, while others shouted "*Tyack!*" (bird of paradise) and "Aroma!" but the captain, thinking this might be mere inveiglement, answered by another shot. Seeing our determination, these canoes were now suffered to drift listlessly by. Ten minutes later, two canoes to leeward lowered sail and paddled towards us. Men stood up displaying sago made up in packages of palm leaves, neatly ringed and fastened, and shouted "*Rabeea!*" We did not want their sago, but threw each canoe a fig of tobacco to show amity, and they left well pleased, shouting, "*Kŧyōue!*" (farewell), for Grange Island, where several of the canoes had beached, while others proceeded outside the reef to fish. Over that small uninhabited island was a veritable cloud; the air was black with flying foxes (*Pteropus*)—which prey on the small rats found there in abundance—disturbed by the arrival of the canoes and uproar of the natives.

Our passage through the fleet, as above recorded, occurred at a time when, in striking contrast to the imposing naval demonstration consequent on the proclamation of a British protectorate, *over far too small a portion of New Guinea*, the coast was without a single man-of-war.

Natives, apart from the rocks, reefs, and sandbanks with which this coast abounds, are the chief source of danger. Once get crippled close in on these thickly populated shores, and in not a few localities you will be immediately overwhelmed by myriads of excited savages, fiercely lusting after blood and plunder. Fortunately, as a general rule, they have no bonds of union amongst them-

selves—village is divided against village—and different dialects are spoken. Were this not so, it would indeed be precarious work for small craft to beat up and down these coasts—liable then to fall a prey at any moment to organized combinations of native wreckers. Why not sail outside? you say; why go close inshore? Firstly, because until past Cloudy Bay you have the sheltered waters inside the Barrier Reef; the landmarks and safe anchorages at night are also useful aids to uncertificated navigators; and then who would not prefer the charm of beautiful coast scenery and villages, and have pointed out sites rendered notorious or historic—especially when novelty throws additional interest over all—to the wearisome monotony of the great deep?

We next came to Table Bay with its hills like the rest of this coast from past Aroma to the far south, all thickly wooded and in general cloud-covered. Once or twice we tacked close in to a shore skirted by beautiful trees, and here and there at their base—back of the edge of a clean sandy beach—shrubs like bright green footstools. After anchoring for the night near the eastward bend of the bay, we perceived men walking along the shore who soon approached us in their canoes, and after considerable hesitation, when within a stone's-throw, came alongside with sugar-cane and a few curios. One of these natives had the very smallest head I ever saw, and the body of a harlequin stained with ivory-black, varied with streaks of yellow ochre on his face and clean-shaven head. Slung on his back was what may be called a "champing bit," or fighting mouth-piece, usually made with tortoise-shell ornamented with bright feather flap, and a device in scarlet

seeds, used both as a charm, also for extra fierceness of appearance (when at war it is worn in the teeth).

We weighed anchor at one a.m., but with head wind and tide had to put in again without making progress, reaching almost the same spot at nine a.m. The sunrise on the razor-backed hills and ridges was a glorious sight. This hill scenery is most lovely and romantic. Picture a wooded shore, with summits of little punchy knobs of hills, patched here and there with verdant grasses, peeping up close behind; in the background, with intermediate gradations, noble ranges rise, alternately gilded by sunlight or obscured by rain-drift, fitting sites for "enchanted castles," appropriate scenery for folk-lore and the fairy-tales of our infancy; yet beyond, when the sky momentarily clears, behold the mountain crest rimmed with silver by the sunbeams, while far below folds of fleecy cloudlets or specks of gossamer relieve the dark green timbered hills.

We were now nearing the country of the Webb massacre, and dimly visible to our right was the bold entrance to the fatal harbour. On the following day we passed between Toulon and Amazon—both fine islands, thickly populated. From the former H.M.S. *Swinger* took natives as guides to Millport Harbour, five miles eastward, but a few weeks prior to our visit. Amazon Island is chiefly remarkable because occasionally it is deserted save by women, who, at other times, have crowds of visitors of the opposite sex coming from as far as Aroma and bringing pigs and *kîkî*, *i.e.* provisions. Then for days and weeks there is feasting, singing, dancing, and what is vulgarly termed a general "going on the spree." That evening we anchored in the inexpressibly beautiful scenery of Mayri

Bay, where it was probably not half a mile through to the site of poor Webb's death. Here we were almost shut in by lofty hills—huge green crystals from Nature's own laboratory—stretching away in all manner of shapes and directions. Seaward, Amazon and Toulon islands were steeped in a twilight effulgence of gold and fire. Perched a thousand feet above us on a picturesque and wooded crag was a little village, of which could be seen winding up to and around its summit a few houses dwarfed by distance. Between the high tilted roof of a topmost house and palm branches waving above it was visible the skyline. With the aid of a glass, one could obtain glimpses, faint and vague in the waning light, of other villages equally romantically situated. Slender columns of blue smoke ascended in the still air, denoting where, to cook the evening meal or chase away damp and mosquitoes, fires were lit. On boulders at the base of hills broken down here and there steep to, or against outlying rocks like huge monoliths, close inshore, or rising up from the sea—as if memorials of Titanic conflict—huge rollers thundered in vain, only to be repulsed or dissipated in jets and great fountains of spray.

Needless to say an anchor watch was kept that night, as prior to the massacre numerous canoes would have put off, bringing garden produce.

Standing out of Mayri Bay next day, we soon approached a high wall of rock, covered with rich greenery down to within a few feet of the spray-splashed boulders at its base. Along this singular line of hills or ridges which stands out prominently in the sea, hiding much of the surrounding country from the view, there is midway

a gap which discloses a basin shut in by thickly wooded hills. This is Millport Harbour. As we tacked across the entrance I was reminded by scenery only a little less grand than Milford Sound of the west coast of New Zealand.

On the western shore is a strip of greensward and sandy beach, where the bodies were found. Above and facing the sea on the top of the ridge on each side of the harbour is a village, that on the left hand, or Port Moresby side, called Oo-ay-lee, its numerous roofs clearly defined against the skyline, none the worse apparently for the ineffectual artillery of H.M.S. *Swinger*. Here dwell the men who massacred the *Marion's* captain, wife, and crew, and against whose hill-dwellings the gunboat late one day discharged two shells; it was thought by some on board with effect, but judging from the fact that the houses appeared to be intact and not new-built, that fires were lighted, and everything went on much as usual during our proximity, it is probable that both shells passed over the village and dropped harmlessly on the other side. The fire that was attributed to the combustible shell was probably due to ignited grass—bush fire, or one that may be seen almost every evening on any part of the coast.

What a grand view these hillmen must have had of the white wings of the little vessel tacking on and off all day in the blue depth!

After leaving the harbour three miles astern we succumbed to the strength of adverse wind and tide, and regretfully put back to the small uninhabited island off the entrance to Millport Harbour, probably not more than one and a half miles from the site of the massacre, though in the clear air it did not look half that distance. Two or

three of us went ashore in the dinghy to look round, getting a few coco-nuts, and also shooting some wild-fowl, with black plumage, red legs, small head and beak, which require boiling overnight and roasting in the morning to diminish their toughness, if required for immediate consumption, when they eat not unlike veal. Next morning we left early, and were beating all day to get to a small island about ten miles distant. Again we enjoyed a wondrous moonless twilight—Amazon Island outlined on a horizon of dead gold and fire, above which, in a setting of sombre clouds, were the most delicate conceivable tints of pink, green, orange, and ethereal blue. Presently these rainbow tints were wind-swept, and there alone remained the deep infinite vault of blue spirit-like night spangled with stars of eye-piercing brightness.

Next day we went ashore early for the boys to get firewood, and, after bathing on the white coral bottom of the shallow water close inshore, shot a few wild-fowl and pigeons. After dinner, thinking the wind had shifted round more to the south, we made sail; but, after going two or three miles, were overpowered by the still adverse and unpropitious elements. Again we went ashore and walked over the reef at low water. My tender feet were painfully excoriated by corals, shells, and myriad sharp points which to my bare extremities made the reef seem like an inverted pincushion. The pools were all-alive-o! with purple star-fish, sea-anemones, *bêche-de-mer*, crustacea, mollusca, and numerous fabulous monsters of the deep reproduced in miniature, such as nereids, ringed worms, black and yellow, diminutive shapes, like infantile cuttle-fish, creeping, crawling, or shooting in and out of seaweed and grasses; and

many a false step I made on the prickly rock to escape amphibious forms, whose slimy touch made the flesh creep. Above the reef on the south-east side of the island a buffalo-headed rock drops down into the sea, disclosing a formation of limestone and jasper, with here and there hanging stalactites like Corinthian pillars. At its base are smooth-surfaced slabs covered with mosaic work—fossilized zoophytes, polyps, and shells. Our New Guinea boys plucked sweet-scented waxlike blossoms, white and yellow, which, strung into garlands, they used to decorate the warm brown skin of their necks and arms. Before returning to the ship we filled another game-bag, including, amongst other things, a beautiful green parrot which, if properly cooked, is of excellent flavour, making a good substitute for chicken broth.

The next morning we set sail at eight o'clock, but were becalmed a little westward. In the mean time a double canoe, paddled by twenty men, fast approached from Amazon Island, but when within bowshot a puff of wind came to carry us seaward; and the skipper, after three and a half days' most wearisome detention off Millport Harbour, was too impatient to wait even a few minutes to see what they wanted. After tacking about all night outside Orangerie Bay in a heavy sea and rainstorm, we anchored next day about five p.m. in Argyle Bay (two hundred miles south-easterly of Port Moresby).

Canoes came off from all points of the compass, and natives gave their version of the Webb affair as follows:—They said that he had gone to Millport Harbour to buy provisions, and taking his cutter too close inshore, it ran aground. Webb landed, accompanied by two Queensland

boys, taking his gun and bag of tobacco cut up into small pieces. Men from Oo-ay-lee came down to the beach with yams, cane, and coco-nuts; and waiting a favourable opportunity, caught hold of his hands, which they firmly held, while others behind felled him with their tomahawks, and then despatched the two boys. The natives then went off to the *Marion*, killed the cook, and took the unfortunate woman ashore prior to killing her. The Argyle Bay people said that to obtain tobacco was the incentive to the crime. The man-of-war had done the village no harm, shot and shell having passed high over Oo-ay-lee.

On April 5, the *Pride of the Logan* anchored at South Cape (Sū-ôw), an important centre of influence, situated in a fine harbour formed by a passage between Stacy Island and the mainland. The principal village is on the island, and consists of a few well-built, pile-supported, saddle-roofed houses. The view in the narrow strait of mountainous scenery set off by a tropical efflorescence is of sublime grandeur.

From South Cape I made many long journeys around Bertha Lagoon, Baxter Harbour, and neighbouring bays, also to many of the mountain villages, and was much interested and pleased with the simple primitive peoples and their curious modes of life. On one cleared mountain top stood a solitary native house, and in front of it a large tree, with a paving of smooth round stones at its roots, and skulls and bones hanging in the branches—denoting that the tree had some sacred or superstitious importance. Upon several hill summits these picturesquely placed, solitary trees may be seen. This tree-worship would appear to supply to the Papuans a similar religious repre-

sentation as did the legend of the Igdrasil, or Ash-tree of Existence, to the Scandinavians.

The South Cape district dialect is both euphonious and resonant, being full of consonants; containing such words as *kommakolli* (plenty), *kargilecui* (small), *dim-dim* (white man), *marmahoy* (true), *neegerly tîtì* ("no savee"), *kargutōki* (thank you), *arsōōpeen* (meal-time), *marhaune tarlassi* (sun-rise), *kîyōhn* or *kîyone* (farewell); also a few onomatopœic words, such as *kallakkakker* (fight), pronounced quickly, and sounding like the clashing of spears, shields, and clubs.

In the lagoons opposite to South Cape there was a large alligator, called by the name of a defunct chief, and affording some shadowy evidence that the theory of trans-migration is occasionally not unknown to them.

On April 15, we anchored near the small villages of Elorlor and Derrina (Leocadie Isles), close to the mainland. At these villages Ah Gim was fishing in 1880, and after procuring eight tons of *bêche-de-mer*, was thinking about returning to Cooktown. He happened to be away one day, collecting fish on a distant reef, and camped for the night on a sandbank. Next day there were signs that something had gone wrong, and the South Cape natives who were with him, pointing to some canoes off the village, intimated to Ah Gim that the intentions of the occupants were unfriendly. He got near enough to the beach, however, to see the bodies of two dead Chinamen lying under a spreading banyan tree (which he pointed out to me), and other corpses were afterwards found on the deck of the vessel, which had first been looted of everything portable, and then partly burnt. The trouble had been occasioned through the stealing of a tomahawk by a young native,

whom the Chinese had caught in the act, and proceeded to punish on the spot by tying a rope round his body and pulling at either end till he bled at the mouth. Ah Gim went for aid to South Cape (some fifteen miles westerly), and returned with the chief Manuaygu and a posse of his retainers, and the two villages were given to the flames.

An additional twenty miles easterly brought us to Dinner Island (Samarai), in China Strait, where the mainland terminates, and archipelagoes of islands trail off to the south-east for nearly two hundred miles, to within a similar distance (two hundred miles) of the Solomon Islands.

Two female natives had recently committed *felo-de-se*, more through pique than ill treatment, and in both cases by *hanging*.

At Dinner Island, Eponisa (a coloured teacher of the London Missionary Society) gave us particulars of several recent massacres, and expressed himself very strongly against the white missionaries (safe and comfortable two hundred miles off in Port Moresby) for not allowing the men-of-war to interfere for the punishment of recreant natives and protection of the whites.

Before quitting Dinner Island I left the following account of the unsettled state of affairs, to be forwarded by first opportunity to Sydney, and which was afterwards duly published in the columns of the daily press :—

"STILL ANOTHER MASSACRE.

"Still the New Guinea shambles reek with human blood! We had no sooner heard, not the last I hope, of the Webb affair (for I hope and trust that prompt and palpable punishment will overtake Oo-ay-lec, also the

other places to be directly mentioned, to demonstrate by 'capital punishment' the sacredness of human life, and thus deter from universal massacre and murder), than fresh atrocities came to our knowledge. The new outrages I refer to are, firstly, the murder of a Frenchman near Brooker Island; secondly, that of Bob, a coloured nondescript, who was fishing for Captain Fryer at Etow, a small island in China Straits, near Hayter and Basilisk islands, and between them and the mainland. He had been cautioned about going there; but perhaps vainly felt additionally protected by the five men-of-war which were cruising about here and hoisted a flag at the neighbouring Dinner Island only a few months ago. So Bob, taking Porooma (a Dinner Island boy) for help, went in his boat with a good stock of tomahawks and tobacco to Etow, and natives from adjoining Basilisk and Hayter islands brought him *bêche-de-mer*, which he cured, and in one week had three-quarters of a ton bagged and ready for the market. Now, on Hayter Island, only two miles from where Eponisa, the London Missionary Society coloured teacher dwelt, on Samarai (Dinner Island) lived two chiefs, Peter (Tokoma) and Ooligenni. The former bore a good character, and the latter a bad one, so when Commodore Erskine was here he appointed Peter chief. This preference for his rival incensed Ooligenni, especially as the title brought with it a present of clothes, tomahawks, tobacco, and armlets. So Ooligenni thought evil in his heart, and said, 'If white men come here I will kill them.'

"Bob, who, as I previously said, was a coloured man, asked Ooligenni to come and fish for him, and it is said that that chief replied, 'If you pay well you will be all

right, but if not you will be killed.' Well, Bob was progressing satisfactorily with his fishing till it came to the question of payment, and then he gave Ooligenni and one other native a tomahawk each, and the others only tobacco. This preference caused an outcry from all the other natives, who each wanted a tomahawk, saying with truth, 'What you give to Ooligenni is no good to me.' Bob, however, was firm, and it is probable that, judging from the scale of payment to natives for *bêche-de-mer*, he was in the right, and that this importunity arose from a predetermination to kill him. Ooligenni now passed sentence of death on Bob, and instructed his men to kill him. Accordingly three men from Saliba (Hayter Island) and two men from Seedeea (Basilisk Island) waited their chance. Now, Bob slept outside the shed, wrapped up in a greatcoat or ulster, and Porooma slept on the boat.

"On Sunday morning, February 26, 1885, at six o'clock, Lowgenoo (who formerly belonged to Mootoona, East Cape) crept up, and opening the coat of the sleeping man, thrust a big spear into his throat which came out at his abdomen. Wok-wok-kooee and Doggay (belonging, like Lowgenoo, to Saliba) then savagely hacked at him with American tomahawks till head and arm were only held to the remaining members by a strip of skin. When these savages had satiated their lust for blood on the shattered corpse, Ooligenni proceeded to distribute the booty, also allotting, curiously enough, to each man the proportion of fish he had brought, which all then threw away into the sea. One Seedeea native in the mean time had taken a spear, and was going to the boat to kill Porooma—on the principle that 'dead men tell no tales'—but this the Saliba

natives would not permit, as the intended victim had friends and relatives among themselves. Then Ooligenni and his associates in crime went into the bush, and camped that night at Sôw-wossa-wogga, and Porooma, taking a small canoe, proceeded to Saliba, and narrated to Peter (the good chief) what had occurred.

"It chanced that Sabbath that Euoka, the teacher at Wokka-wokka (Milne Bay), had gone to Saliba to hold a service, and he, of course, was in turn immediately informed, and, in company with Peter, proceeded to Dinner Island to advise Eponisa. The latter, taking twenty natives from Semelli, went the same day (Sunday) to Sôw-wossa-wogga, on Hayter Island, eight miles distant, and interviewed Ooligenni. From that bad chief he learnt the locality where Bob's remains were to be found at Etow; and thither the teacher proceeded on Monday, passed the marks of carnage, disinterred the body, and, taking it to Samarai, gave it the same day Christian burial."

The peculiar misfortune about Lumse's murder was that he, too, fell an unnecessary sacrifice to the protectorate, or rather to the officious and culpable persons who had to do with the proclaiming of it. For Lumse was turned away from South Cape—a perfectly safe place—by the commander of H.M.S. *Raven*, acting, it was said, on the instructions of Commodore Erskine. One naval officer informed me that the reason of the removal was that Captain Fryer, Lumse's employer, had no clearance for New Guinea; another, who witnessed the ejection, stated that he was turned away in terms of the protectorate. Captain Fryer himself told me that it was because South Cape belonged to the missionaries. The proclama-

tion, however, stated that no acquisition of land retrospectively acquired would be "recognized by her Majesty." However, for whichever of the above reasons, Lumse was cruelly and unjustifiably forced to leave, went to Hayter Island, and as recorded was, within a few days, murdered by natives who had had the benefit of mission instruction for years.

Before Eponisa started for Etow, the following most important conversation occurred, of which this is as nearly as possible a literal rendering :—

"Teacher: 'What for you kill Bob?'

"Ooligenni: 'He too much talk. He tell me pay me; he no pay me good.'

"Teacher: 'Man-of-war will come and fight you.'

"Ooligenni (laughing): '*Elōōpom lakki-lakkina* (You gammon too much). Man-of-war no come and fight. Long time we kill Chinaman at Derrina (towards South Cape). Man-of-war no fight. Long time we kill *dim-dim* (white man) Seedeea (Basilisk Island, referring to the four French and one American ornithologists massacred in 1880). Man-of-war no fight.'

"I would here call attention to the fact that Seedeea is only two miles from Etow, on the adjoining Hayter Island, and that two natives from the latter place were accessories to the crime.

"Teacher (continued): 'Before, Queen Victoria no put flag up, now she finish take New Guinea. You kill white man, by-and-by man-of-war come and kill you.'

"And all the men of Saliba with him said, '*Elōōpom lakki-lakkina!*'

"The teacher reiterated his threat, and then Ooligenni

said, 'Plenty man in Saliba. Fashion belong to man-of-war; he sail about, buy all the things, and look at all the place. He no savee fight; he all the same as woman.'

"To this Eponisa replied: 'By-and-by man-of-war come and, fashion belong to New Guinea, you run away into bush. Now you talk big.'

"And all replied with one accord, 'No, man-of-war no come. Suppose he come, me stay and fight him.'

"Eponisa: 'He will make you pay.' *

"All: '*Elõõpom lakki-lakkina*' (You gammon too much)."

From Dinner Island we sailed to Lydia Island (Nuakatta), distant about thirty miles north-easterly, and anchored in the narrow strait between it and Stonewell Island, on April 18. On the passage both to and from the shore I was twice capsized through the unseaworthy character of the native canoes, and though a fairly good swimmer, being encumbered with clothes, had a narrow escape from drowning.

I was then in ignorance that the labour-ship *Ceara* had been to Lydia Island in 1884, and recruited boys who (according to the finding of the Royal Commission in 1885) were taken on the understanding that they were merely to go to "look out" *bêche-de-mer*, and for a period of two or three months only. This time was much overdue, and the islanders were greatly incensed against all whites in consequence of the non-return of their friends and relations.

I availed myself of the three days we spent there to walk almost all over Lydia Island (some ten square miles in area), dotted with numerous small villages. Thickly

* *i.e.* inflict retribution.

wooded hills alternate with open mamelon-shaped heights, covered with verdant "tussocky" grasses, amongst which might be seen the curious nepenthes plant. From these altitudes, the views obtained were simply charming. In the background a contrast of dark and light greens and purples, and varied palmate forms; below the precipice the light waves curled on to a coral strand; while (over a streak of intensely blue sea) Normanby Island—larger than a medium-sized English county—loomed but a few miles to the north, rising sheer from ocean depths in a great shaggy buffalo-headed mass.

On April 21, when sailing up the northern side of beautiful Moresby Island, I first experienced a mixed sensation of compassion and misgiving, as a canoe (propelled by a great oval-shaped mat-sail, almost as large as our mainsail) sheered alongside to inquire who and what we were. One poor woman wearing a plain grass petticoat held in her hands a new prettily striped red and yellow one. For, thinking that we might have brought her husband back to her, she had intended in that event to have worn it, in honour of the occasion. Ah Gim told me some very painful stories in respect of the kidnapping of natives by the labour vessels which, in 1884, visited the east end of New Guinea and adjacent islands.

Pointing to a little mamelon-shaped grassy knoll on this very Moresby Island, he said that in March of that year he had there beheld a group of women, and heard their wailing and lamentations, which he described as of so pitiful a nature that it nearly made him "cry." Anchored a mile or two off shore was a labour schooner, with a number of recruits on board, and as Ah Gim sailed by it he shouted

to the boys (in their own dialect), "If you go, you will never come back!" and that same night two natives swam ashore, regardless of the sharks.

According to Ah Gim (whose *bêche-de-mer* fishing had been much disturbed by the labour traffic, and who was one of the first to give notice in Queensland of the malpractices resorted to), the way this recruiting was worked was as follows:—Three Teste Island boys had been taken to Townsville, been well treated, and then returned at the end of *three months* with presents of knives, tomahawks, calico, and tobacco, to act as "decoys." These lads were then used as interpreters, and Lydia Island, Moresby Island, Milne Bay, the Louisiades, and many other places were visited; and altogether several hundred natives were persuaded to recruit under the promise of similar terms to the above, or by even shallower inveiglements. In the case of the *Hopeful*, the natives declared that "they did not want to go, but were dragged into the boat, and when brought on board the ship were put below." *

Ten Moresby Island boys so kidnapped, and allotted to the Mourilyan sugar plantation in North Queensland had already, at the time of our visit, escaped to their home, after adventures and vicissitudes equalling those of the

* The Royal Commission (which sat in Queensland in 1885, for the purpose of inquiring into the recruiting of Polynesian labourers in New Guinea and the adjacent islands) found that the six hundred and forty-eight recruits obtained in 1884 by the *Clara*, *Lizzie*, *Hopeful*, *Sybil*, *Forest King*, and *Heath*, were "*seduced on board under false pretences;*" that the nature of their engagements was never fully explained to them; that they had little or no comprehension of the kind of work they had to perform; and that none of them understood that they had agreed to remain and serve on sugar plantations in Queensland for three years."

heroes and heroines of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For, deserting the plantation, they made tracks through the bush to the mouth of the Johnstone river, seized a Chinaman's boat, and sailed northwards.

Had they touched shore in the Gulf of Papua, or many other parts of New Guinea, they would inevitably have been killed and eaten by savages who would not have understood their language. But the hand of Providence guided them (after a most adventurous voyage of several hundred miles) to Murray Island in Torres Strait, and thence they were conveyed to Port Moresby, and returned by H.M.S. *Espiègle* to Moresby Island.

Imbued with a passionate fondness for home (where a steady day's work was a thing unknown), seduced from splendid islands rich in coco-nut groves, upon being driven in gangs to daily toil in Queensland plantations, many soon died of broken heart, and disease brought on by change of diet, and exposure in unaccustomed (and but seldom changed) clothes to alternations of rain, wind, and vertical sun.

It may therefore be readily imagined how the pathetic narrative of these escapees incensed and inflamed the natives of the east end against their white seducers, oppressors, and aggressors. It must also be remembered that in their code the *Lex talionis* demands a white man's skull for every one of themselves so lost; and that in their eyes one white man is the same as another, there being no "statute of limitations." Viewed in conjunction with the recent independent and unnoticed massacres, this climacteric portended grave danger to my Chinese companions and myself.

As we anchored near the most prettily situated little village of Wakorwa, near Mudge Bay, Moresby Island, Ah Sik (a Chinaman) came off with twenty-five bags of *bêche-de-mer*, and reported that three hundred natives had come in from the bush to fight, thinking that it was a "white man's ship." Towards evening, fully fifty natives thronged the *Pride of the Logan*, continually talking of *dim-dim* (white man), and looking gloomily down at me, writing in the cabin. Viewed in the light of after-events, I believe that the only cause of our murder not being attempted (on that and many subsequent occasions) was some suspicion that if they then perpetrated what was in their hearts, some of their friends and relations still working on Queensland plantations might be made to suffer.

These Moresby Islanders (like the natives of the east end generally) are a small, active, copper-coloured race, many of them with rough skins, or, to put it more plainly, "scaly;" and not a few were in mourning for those they had lost, *i.e.* their bodies were anointed with an unguent of charcoal and coco-nut oil.

CHAPTER IV.

A TRIP "UP TO WINDWARD."

ON April 27, we sailed into Milne Bay, one of the finest inlets in the whole of New Guinea (formed by the two fork-shaped peninsulas with which the south-eastern extremity of the mainland terminates). Here, at the Land's End, in sombre forested bluffs, two thousand feet in height, crops up the great Silurian range, which runs thither almost continuously for two thousand miles from the neighbourhood of Borneo in the far north-west, and emerges again in the islands of the Louisiade archipelago—that splendid mountain-chain, which probably attains its greatest height in the twenty thousand feet (*Snow*) mountains, near the confines of Dutch and British territory, in the far interior, and carries through its whole course those metamorphic slates, which may be taken as a pretty sure indication of the proximity of the matrix of the precious metals.

We spent altogether nearly three weeks in Milne Bay, and (while Ah Gim was fishing) I took three or four Wokka-wokka (Discovery Bay) natives for companions, and travelled in canoes some fifty miles round its shores, visiting besides many of the surrounding hill villages.

The *Hopeful* had called at this land of plenty too, and (with the help of the Dinner Island London Missionary Society teacher, Eponisa *) had but a year previously recruited many natives, who neither understood for what purpose or for how long they were to be detained in Queensland. Many eager questions were put to me as to why their boys (taken for "three moons," *i.e.* three *months*), now nine months overdue, had not been returned.

The waters of the bay were teeming with piscine life, from shoals of little whitebait to the large kingfish, which splashes up from submarine depths—"hoist with his own petard"—to a height of twenty feet or more, like Tweed salmon or Australian perch.

Considerable tracts of fairly level land border the shores, and little fenced-in patches denote where, in rich black friable loam, all manner of vegetables grow in rapid and rank luxuriance, in gardens ornamented with variegated crotons and numerous flowering trees and shrubs.

Several native villages, all overshadowed by the feathery palm, loom in the foreground, while slender blue columns betoken that even the hillsides are partially inhabited.

These Milne Bay people are a distinctly fine race; the men being well built and muscular, and the women (the younger ones especially) often possessing not only attractive features, but well-developed busts, smooth skins, and comely forms. Many of their implements display the possession of no small degree of patience and ingenuity, and some even a sense of art. Take for instance the Enalle, or chunam knives (used for withdrawing lime from their

* Since dismissed from the service of the London Missionary Society.

gourds for betel-eating), which often possess skilfully carved handles, in various designs of animal life and artistic forms, with beautifully bevelled blades. Then again, they make and use for various domestic purposes bone needles and thread ; also hatchets with smooth even blades of silica (a prettily veined greenstone slate), and clubs with star-shaped heads of chalcedonic quartz.

The men wear their hair in long matted ringlets over their shoulders, and (as a curious ornament) threaded thereon, the vertebræ of those they have slain.

Unlike the tribes of the Papuan Gulf, the natives of the east end of New Guinea build their canoes with outriggers, and sit down (instead of stand up) to paddle.

Upon the middle one of the three small rivers which disembogue at the head of Milne Bay, the strong village of Mîwala is situated. Here the most noticeable feature is the great boat-houses—larger than their domiciles—in which the sacred war canoes, hewn out of single gigantic cedar logs, are religiously tended. I remember Ah Gim telling me that "he thought one night his ship was dragging its anchor, and that he was passing an island, which on closer inspection proved to be a Mîwala canoe, sixty feet long, and holding forty fighting-men bound on a foray."

Only some fifteen miles west of Mîwala is Mullens Harbour (near Orangerie Bay), a direct journey to which, through level forests, would save a coast voyage of one hundred miles. I essayed to make the passage, but, a few miles inland, found the country in a flooded condition, or as the natives described it, *bigga bigga* (*i.e.* young, soft). This district should be nevertheless eminently suited for rice cultivation.

The two chiefs of Mîwala, namely, Labellellier and Lôwyam (both of fine stalwart physique, unfavourably set off by features repulsive in their savagery), treated me well throughout my stay. The former insisted upon going through the Polynesian ceremonies of rubbing noses and the more agreeable one of exchanging names. He became "Bebban," and I "Labellellier." Neither had I any reason to complain of the Papuan cuisine, when living for several days on fish or birds broiled in embers, and served up with mealy yams, or baked taro and plantains; white sago flavoured with bananas and the pulp of young coco-nuts; the repast liquefied with coco-nut milk—"grateful and comforting." After a meal, water would be brought in a shell for me to rinse my fingers in. It was not so pleasant, however, sleeping in the native houses, in which a fire of green wood was kept smouldering all night long to drive away the ubiquitous mosquitoes or swarms of small Hymenoptera. It was astonishing the number of men that would crowd into one of these compartments. I used to put my bag (containing tobacco for trade purposes, and sundries) under my head (not only for use as a pillow, but for safety from theft), and after the day's exertions could sleep without much uneasiness on the hard, uneven boards; but would often awake under the superincumbent oppression of several pairs of bare legs that had rolled crosswise over mine, and (in the struggle to extricate myself) lean hands and weight on sleeping, upturned faces.

From the head of the bay I journeyed overland, past half a dozen villages to Meeta, and thence on to Whottōō-nōō (near Killerton Islands), over towards East Cape. My pilot Yacōmō was a merry, exuberant fellow, with ever-

rolling cup-shaped eyes, and a great store of fun. As soon as we neared a village he would place both hands to his mouth, and holloa out at the top of his voice, "*Oi . . . ! Ooh . . . ! Dimmy . . . dim ! Tôw gemorr-r-r-r-ah !*" which, being interpreted, meant:—"Hallo! you there; here's a white man come to buy some of your rubbish!"

Our *cortége* kept continually swelling, until at last we formed part of a triumphal procession fully half a mile long. Once my guide stopped under the shade of a spreading banyan tree, as I thought for some solemn purpose; but no, it was only to have a bunch of nettles applied to his bare nut-brown shoulders. Thinking there must be some hidden virtue in this performance, I had my arm similarly treated, but soon called out, "*Bess !*" (Hold! Enough!), and a few minutes later a rash appeared, accompanied by intense irritation. Yacōmō laughed, and said it was an excellent remedy, especially when applied to the forehead of a fever-sick person.

Pleasant as are my recollections of Milne Bay, we did not quit its shores without trouble being nearly occasioned by native idiosyncrasies. One man came alongside, and said he had a "a very fine fellow pig," and asked to see the tomahawk we would exchange for it; which, when handling, he managed to drop into the water—accidentally, of course *not*. However, threats prevailed, and he was at last persuaded to dive for it right away, instead of waiting until after we had gone, as he had intended to do. In all attempts at massacre it is customary for one man to take the initiative. One day, when the deck was crowded with natives, Labellellier, a chief with the torso of a gladiator (to whom I have previously referred), made a rush for the

cabin where the firearms were stored. Ah Gim caught him up in his arms, shook him as though he had been a child, and, after kicking him severely, dropped him over the ship's side.

Shortly thereafter the *Pride of the Logan* sailed for other fishing grounds.

Only those who have lived in dangerous and out-of-the-way parts can fully appreciate the warm feelings of pleasure occasioned by unexpectedly meeting with one's fellows after months of isolation. When again at Moresby Island, on May 14 (anchored off the village of Samow-mor in Fortescue Strait), a cutter was sighted with a whale-boat in tow. The visitors proved to be Nicholas Minister (in the *Dulama*), returning from Port Moresby, and Captain J. Fryer, who had been to Dinner Island on the unsuccessful quest of attempting to get some boys to fish for him on the Kosmann Group.

I had not previously met the renowned Nicholas, of whom it was said the natives of the Louisiades were more frightened than of all the men-of-war in the British navy. They at all events knew him to be a marksman, and had a proper dread of his "bulleter" (as they called his fifteenfold repeating rifle). There were several black stories current about Nicholas, if only half of which were true he might well have been a lineal descendant of the Lambro immortalized in "Don Juan."

Minister was a Greek by birth, of middle height, powerful build, oval face, pleasant resolute features, olive complexion, and finely sparkling hazel eyes. At the age of eleven he was shipwrecked on the coast of Italy, and the only one saved out of a crew of fourteen. Ever since he had led

an adventurous seafaring life; had latterly been engaged in the *bêche-de-mer* industry on his own account; and had previously been boatswain of the Queensland Government schooner *Pearl*, under Captain Pennefather, in which capacity he had had, on more than one occasion, to take part in the capture or punishment of both Australian and Papuan blacks.

A month previous to our meeting, Nicholas had been "tried for" (as he called it) in Hoop-Iron Bay, some half a dozen miles only from Samowmor. Lying at anchor there for the night, his cutter was visited about three a.m. by some natives in a canoe. The native lad that he had with him was first aroused, and coming aft, whispered, "By-and-by you and me be killed." Nicholas rose and, as the would-be assassins stepped on deck, capsized one overboard by putting out his foot, and struck at another with the flat of his sabre. Needless to say that they rapidly dispersed after this rough and ready greeting.*

Nicholas invited me to take a trip "up to windward," and (as I should have been sorry to leave the east end without seeing something of that tragic wonderland, the Louisiades) I cheerfully complied; and after arranging with Ah Gim to rejoin him at South Cape, we set sail.

On the first night out we anchored at Sandfly Bay, Skelton Island, Engineer Group, where I landed, and got some account of the massacre of William Read, which had taken place five months earlier (December 22, 1884),

* One of the aggressors, a mission boy in a shirt, afterwards told Jerry, the London Missionary Society's teacher at Teste Island, that they went to try and get Nicholas' head, thinking that it was a "new" man.

on a neighbouring Slade Island, at the village of Barra-Barragee.

I had already conversed with Ah Sik upon the subject, and now met a native on the beach, who in intelligible pigeon-English gave me the main outline of what had occurred, corroborating Ah Sik's version. It seemed that although Read had shown petulance and ignorance of natives and their ways, he had evidently done nothing to justify his death. When I asked if natives were afraid of men-of-war coming, my interlocutor replied, "No natives think man-of-war come to protect them, take schooners (labour vessels) away, and bring boys back. If he (man-of-war) come, he buy * something; or suppose he fight, cut down a few trees (in reference, no doubt, to the punishment (*sic*) inflicted by the *Wolverine* to Brooker Island after several dastardly massacres had been perpetrated, when some few coco-nut trees were cut down, for every one of which the natives planted fifty to show their disdain), "very good, he come; long time, we kill white man in New Guinea, man-of war come and no make us pay." After having spared no pains or labour to get at the true facts of the case, I believe them to be much as follows:—During the first weeks of Read's stay he built a house for residence, also smoke-house, collected a few thousand coco-nuts, and made some copra,—leaving on the Saturday for Bentley Island to visit his mate, with whom he spent Sunday. On the Monday he persisted in re-

* Referring to the humanitarian conduct on the part of officers of men-of-war in allowing their men to barter on the most friendly terms for curios, etc., with savages whose hands were fresh dripping with the blood of Europeans.

turning, against his friend's counsel, for—if report speaks true—the latter told Read that if he returned to Slade Island he would be murdered.

Now, in Read's employ was Oolow Ooloor, a Barra-Barragee boy, whom Read left in charge of his house during the above absence. This lad fulfilled his trust by stealing tobacco, matches, and a shirt out of Read's box; and other natives, loafing in and about the house in their customary inquisitive, lazy way, followed his example. So on Read's return he found a good many things missing, and asked Oolow Ooloor angrily, "What for you no look out good along o' my house?" and getting no answer from the boy—who either did not or would not understand him—lost patience, and rubbed the butt of his revolver on the boy's cheek, afterwards striking him in the mouth. Oolow Ooloor, whose head was bleeding, cried out, rolled over and over on the sand, and then fled into the bush.

Ah Sik, a Chinese *bêche-de-mer* fisher, living at the same village, and who was present when the rash blow was struck, interrogated Read as follows:—

"What for you hit him?"

Read: "He no look out good along o' my house, altogether boy steal; that is why me fight."

Ah Sik: "No good you fight boy."

Read: "Go on. Shut up you," and he then pushed the Chinaman away.

From what I can learn, this harsh treatment and misunderstanding was due to neither understanding nor hearing intelligibly what the other said.

Ah Sik now remained conversing with a group of natives in the background, while Read went through the

village after Oolow Ooloor to try and find out who had stolen the things.

In the mean time, Markisoko, brother to the wounded lad, ran to Ah Sik's house, took the Chinaman's gun, and posted himself in the scrub. Then Doboesse, tomahawk in hand, sped down past Read, and quickly doubling, struck the doomed man a blow on the nape of his neck with the weapon, whereupon Read commenced to run down to the beach and Markisoko fired, the bullet lodging in the white man's side. The latter did not even once look round at the frenzied and following mob, armed with spears, etc., but ran as fast as his legs would carry him, in the mean time putting his hands over his shoulder, with one hand covering the wound, with the other firing his revolver at random, unfortunately hitting no one.

His boat was moored a few yards off the beach, and as Read took to the water he called out, "Gun" (*i.e.* cartridge) "finish! No more fight!" And they answered him with a volley of spears, and fierce cries of "Fight, no finish."

Read now had one hand on the gunwale, but in his enfeebled state, and hampered by wet clothes, could not climb into the boat. Then Markisoko, who had fired one or two more shots without effect, handed the gun to Allopattoo, saying, "Me no savee, shoot;" and as the boat slewed round Allopattoo fired, the bullet lodging between the eye and forehead, and poor Read dropped, life quite extinct, into the water. Then Vossa Vossa dragged the body to the white coral beach, and had nearly cut the head off, when some of the onlookers stopped him, and Kolloowowoi cast the body and all but severed head into the sea, perhaps thinking thereby to escape detection.

But let us wipe out from our memory—for the present at least—all thoughts of these men, and return to Barra-Barragee, where the plunder, consisting probably of some sixty pounds of tobacco, a few dozen tomahawks, together with the personal effects of the murdered man, was shared out, after which a palaver ensued.

I would now ask you to bear in mind two things: firstly, that, so far as I know, no white man had been killed within two or three hundred miles of this locality for five or six years, as the country has been comparatively quiet; and, secondly, that numerous men-of-war had been, and some then were, cruising about near at hand. This murder, actuated by mixed motives, was, so to speak, a "trial murder;" and consequently, when they talked it over amongst themselves, opinions were divided. Some said, in their terror, "Men-of-war will come and make us pay," and many of these migrated to Moresby Island and neighbourhood, including Markisoko, who has built for himself a house on the above island, on a little hill a few hundred yards behind the village of Wakorwa, and spends his time now between there and Tooba-Tooba. Others said, "Plenty white men killed, Brooker Island, Seedeea (Basilisk Island), and Derrina, and no man-of-war come and fight." "Very good, we stop." And then canoes sped with the news, some to Teste Island, some to Dinner Island. From the former it would circulate for hundreds of miles through the Louisiades, and from the latter it would permeate east and west; and round the bush-fires and beach-fires at night, squatted the restless natives, debating the vexed question, "What will these men-of-war that we see daily 'knocking about' do?" and

it would be reported that Eponisa said, "Queen Victoria finish take New Guinea now! and for every white man you kill you will have to pay," *i.e.* be killed, and simultaneously would come the news that H.M.S. *Raven*, with Mr. Chalmers on board, had been within two or three hours' steaming of the Engineer Group shortly after the occurrence, heard an account of the murder, together with a rumour that the disagreement had arisen about a woman, and steamed away in a different direction and paid no more attention to it. Having inquired exhaustively into the particulars, I am satisfied that the statement about the woman is mere pretext.

The native who gave me the particulars concerning the Read massacre was named Mōsessa.* I was struck at the time with the man's criminal appearance.

About eight o'clock that night, a canoe sheered alongside the *Dulama*, containing a dozen fighting men; and it could be seen by means of the flickering light of a lantern that their skins were glistening with paint and oil, and that they were wearing every shell decoration and charm which they possessed. Their spokesman, in a small whistling voice, said in pigeon-English:—"Sleepi cutter to-morrow morning go fishi"? Nicholas promptly answered in a sneering tone, "Sleepi cutter kanni kanni loosa" (literally "eat gun"), and the canoe darted off with lightning-like speed. Within a few minutes after it had reached shore, all the flaming torches (with which the hillsides had been fairly ablaze) were suddenly extinguished; and silence and pitch-

* Mōsessa had formerly been interpreter on board the *Forest King* (labour schooner); and sixteen months after my interview with him was an accomplice in the massacre of Captain Craig and the crew of the *Emily* at Joannet Island, on September 14, 1886.

darkness reigned supreme. Both Fryer and Nicholas held that the thinly disguised object of our visitors had been treachery, with a view to plunder and skulls.

On the day following we stopped for an hour or so at Maben Island (off the eastern extremity of Moresby Island), and found there some Engineer Group natives whom Fryer asked to engage, but they declined. A neighbouring grassy island my companions pointed out as one bought by Mr. Macfarlane, the missionary, some years previously for a tomahawk, piece of calico, and a few figs of tobacco. One would suppose that Commodore Erskine's proclamation would invalidate all that.

That night we anchored inside the reef at Teste Island —the chief centre of influence and connecting link with the Louisiade Archipelago, of which it may well be called the "key." It was from Teste that most of the interpreters engaged in the labour traffic were procured. This island consists of a few lofty well-grassed hills, which slope away into rich coco-nut groves and fenced-in gardens, at the back of the wooden frameworks thatched with palm fronds which form the habitations of the numerous villagers.

Upon entering the teacher's house I was rather astonished to find this diplomatic placard staring me in the face :—

"Warrant is hereby given of the responsibility incurred by any person or persons settling without permission of the proper authorities within the limits of her Britannic Majesty's protectorate.

(Signed) "CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

"On board H.M.S. *Dart*, January 18, 1885."

The teacher ("Jerry" as he was called) was a loquacious

dark-skinned Lifuan of about fifty years of age. He had been away from his native island in the service of the London Missionary Society for fourteen years, he said, and wanted to return.* He complained that Mr. Macfarlane kept "putting him off," although he was brought there upon the understanding that he might go back when he liked. He stated that himself and wife were only allowed stores to the value of £20 per annum, but that the mission schooner did not come round regularly; that he had been for several months quite out of everything; and that Mr. Macfarlane had not been to see him for "three years."

It seemed manifestly bad business for Mr. Macfarlane (whose head-quarters were at Murray Island, five hundred miles to the westward, in Torres Strait) to be nominal superintendent of these teachers, when Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers were located at Port Moresby, or only half that distance away.

Much that is uncertain, illogical, and mysterious characterizes the customs and beliefs of the Papuans in respect to death and burial. On Teste (as in the east end generally) the habit of drumming and burning torches at night seems to imply that they are sending the departed soul off safely on its journey. Miniature little houses right in the centre of the village denote where bodies are buried, under but a few inches of soft sand. These structures are often prettily painted and decorated; also fenced in as a protection from the dogs and pigs of the community. Food is placed on the graves so that the deceased may not be hungry; and over the tomb the widow reposes for days, talking hard for hours to the departed, till stopped by

* Poor Jerry never did return to Lifu, but died a year or two later.

sheer exhaustion. The survivor abstains from pork for three months, under some superstition that any violation of that regulation would affect the welfare of the deceased. At the end of six months or so the widow gives a feast, and after that ceremony washes off the black unguent—or equivalent of "weeds."

When I asked several what really happened after death, opinions seemed to differ. Some asserted that they went into the sand and "finished altogether;" others, that they flew away to Berbòòsoō (an active volcano in the D'Entrecasteaux Group).

I have before alludèd to the superstitions prevalent over all New Guinea. These Teste Islanders offer no exception to the rule. If they only hear a bird hoot, or a tree shake, they at once attribute it to the Devil Devil, who has come to "spear them" and make them sick. On no pretext could they be induced to go alone into the bush at night. One night I was even requested to fire off a gun in the direction of a bush-fire on a neighbouring islet, "to scare the Devil Devil."

A peculiarity of the adults is that they dye their teeth a permanent black with a kind of ink, called "harriharri."

Cannibalism is a thing of the past on the island. There are, however, still natives who speak of the substance of such revolting repasts as "more sweet than sugar-cane, more better than pig;" but if they wish to gratify their depraved appetites, they have to visit elsewhere. The advent of Europeans engaged in the fishing industry has already done much to spread a knowledge of English, and tends to prohibit cannibalism.

While at Teste I saw the interesting ceremony of

paying for "deaders." Captain Fryer had lost a boat's crew, consisting of Tom Murray (a Scotch boy) and three Moresby Island boys (who had settled with their friends and relatives on Teste), who were all drowned by the boat capsizing on its passage from Ouessant to Teste. Captain Fryer was, of course, in no way to blame, but these boys had been working for him, so he was held responsible by the parents of two and the brother of the orphan third, all of whom had been sent for. They accordingly came, and squatted down with grave stolidity on the floor of Jerry's house; and then Captain Fryer handed to each man two tomahawks and two clay pipes, and half a pound of tobacco. This was received without a sign or word of any sort. The payment had been made in accordance with immemorial custom—Fryer was publicly acquitted, so to speak—and there the matter ended.*

It was reported that the Brooker Island natives said, "If Nicholas ever comes to the Louisiades again we will take his head." So a good overhaul of weapons took place to prepare for emergencies. Three boys were also engaged, one of them being "Alec" (who had acquired notoriety in his previous capacity as interpreter to the *Hopeful*). Nicholas said "he well knew they were rogues," and "that was the very reason he took them, for he would

* I published the above account in the Sydney press shortly thereafter, and pointed out that this regard for native custom *should be rigorously copied in respect of those recruits who died on Queensland sugar plantations.* What was my surprise—and shall I say disgust?—to find in the official report of the Scratchley *cum* Chalmers trip that the massacre of Captain Fryer on July 29, 1885, was condoned by the statement that it arose *through disregard* of this very custom in this particular case (*vide* "Report from Data and Notes of the late Sir Peter Scratchley," published Melbourne, 1886).

know what to expect; whereas with a sanctimonious 'mission' boy you might get off your guard, and 'give him a chance to *put a knife into you*.'"

On May 21, we came in sight of Fryer's station on the Kosmann Group, and anchored beside his schooner, the *Lalla Rookh*. Lounging upon the comfortable sofa-settees in his cabin-library that evening, I enjoyed the rare experience of hearing Fryer and Nicholas recalling reminiscences of their adventurous lives in the South Seas, and exchanging notes about the unsettled local state of affairs.

Fryer was about forty years of age, and a Freemason. He was of rather small physique, and anxious cast of countenance, with eyes of that pale neutral tint so often noticed in the case of men accustomed to great perils and vicissitudes. At one time he had been in charge of a yacht for King George of Tonga, and there were but few groups of islands in the Pacific (from New Guinea to the American coast) which, in the course of a long seafaring career, he had not visited either for pleasure or profit. He told many amusing stories of the effect upon the unsophisticated savage of his exhibitions of sleight of hand and American novelty tricks, and predictions of eclipses to those who were ignorant of almanacs, and who accordingly regarded him as a great magician.

At one place in the Calvados Chain the natives refused to assist him in the *bêche-de-mer* industry, and indulged in threats. Fryer sent his cutter and men away, went into the village square towards evening, and said, "Now, you must either kill me or work for me." Selecting the middle house, he stretched himself out on the floor and went to sleep; first taking the precaution to secure his loaded

revolver to his wrist by means of a handkerchief. Towards midnight an assassin crept in, and, in attempting to abstract the firearm, was wounded by its explosion; and then all the villagers fled into the bush. With daylight Fryer followed them up; and the upshot of his daring feat was that (deeming him something more than human) *they set to work on his own terms.*

In June, 1883, two French convict escapees from New Caledonia had arrived on Joannet Island, and been killed by the natives. Fryer, who was fishing at the time not far off, judged that to overlook such an outrage would be to court attack himself. He accordingly surprised the guilty village just before daybreak, and recovered a few insignificant relics bearing the New Caledonian prison stamp, by which the identity of the escapees * was established by the Customs authorities at Cooktown, Queensland.

In reference to the late labour traffic, Fryer said it would cost "dozens of heads." These natives, being skull-hunters (like many tribes of Asiatic Malays and the Dyaks of Borneo), would require either a white man's skull or else compensation for each one of their friends or relatives who did not come back. It had meant already to him a loss of a thousand pounds, and had almost crushed the *bêche-de-mer* industry. Native labour was unprocurable,

* It seems a strange thing that prisoners should constantly essay these long voyages in small open boats from New Caledonia (many hundreds of miles distant)—nautical feats with which scarcely anything in ancient or modern history can compare.

Quite recently an extraditioned escapee jumped overboard on being taken from New Zealand, saying that "*they would break his arms and legs*" when they got him back in New Caledonia. Old Botany Bay *revivified!*

the boys being suspicious that they too might be decoyed away to Queensland (under the plausible pretext of going to "look out long a fish" on their own reefs).

With reference to the recent numerous massacres all around him, he regretted the white men had "all been had so cheap" (in other words, that they had not realized the deviltry of their treacherous assailants till too late), little thinking that he himself was destined shortly to fall a victim to the same arts.

He looked upon it as little short of criminality that some of the men-of-war cruising about in the vicinity of these outrages had not only not interfered, but had actually bought food and curios from the murderers of their countrymen. He spoke in terms of the severest censure of the missionaries (Lawes and Chalmers) for their writings, which condoned to a large extent these native atrocities; and cited the case of Mr. Chalmers, who (when William Read was killed in December, 1884) was near at hand in H.M.S. *Raven*, and heard of the occurrence, but unconcernedly sailed away to Port Moresby. He argued that there was just as much to fear from a failure to demonstrate the value of life and property to these wild wretches as there would be by a suspension of those laws which keep the criminal classes in check in civilized countries; and favourably commented upon the way in which the French and Germans protect their traders in the South Pacific, in grave contradistinction to British callousness or indifference. He concluded his remarks on this head by saying, "If a man-of-war does not come round within three months and severely punish these murderers, there will not be one of us left alive, as the natives will

then see plainly that our threats are in vain ; and the other islands will want to get white men's skulls and the reputation of being 'fighting islands,' and, instead of *working* for our trade as formerly, *obtain it for nothing by murder*." *

He complained that Messrs. Chalmers and Lawes wrote and spoke as if cognizant of the circumstances of the whole island, although, as a matter of fact, they but seldom left Port Moresby ; and then, as a rule, only to visit one or two safe places along the coast in a comfortable, well-found schooner. That they publicly advocated "keeping New Guinea for the New Guineans" (which, of course, included themselves), and yet apologized for native misdemeanours in parts which they rarely or never visited, by the first plausible pretext which came readiest to their thoughts. And yet these were the very men with whom the Deputy-Commissioner (Mr. Romilly) then lived, and to whom Commodore Erskine, captains of men-of-war, and High Commissioner Scratchley solely looked for advice, information, and guidance (to the exclusion from their councils of practical and reliable men like Mr. Goldie, himself, Captains Craig, Miller, and other respectable traders).

In reference to the natural resources of New Guinea, and more especially the fishing industries, Captain Fryer considered the east end the best field for *bêche-de-mer ;* but did not think it would remain a permanent industry

* Poor Fryer's prognostication proved but too true in his own case, for within nine weeks himself and crew were killed, and the *Lalla Rookh* plundered at Hoop-Iron Bay, Moresby Island ; and other murders followed, as a matter of course, in rapid succession. But not until the life of Captain Marx, of H.M.S. *Swinger*, was nearly taken at St. Aignan Island, in May, 1886, did the "scales" begin to drop from the eyes of the authorities.

unless a "close" season were periodically enforced. He estimated that four hundred to five hundred tons (valued at some £30,000) had been the total output from New Guinea waters, as compared with about fifteen hundred tons from the Great Barrier Reef, off the Queensland coast.

The magnificent gold-lipped pearl-shell oyster (often weighing three to six pounds each), worth from £150 to £200 a ton, existed, he knew, in considerable quantities in the Louisiades; but he doubted whether the depth at which such deposits would be found was not too great to make pearl-shelling a profitable industry.*

Fryer said he had seen some "likely looking quartz country" on Sudest and other islands; and remarked that nothing would so speedily sweep away the impotences of the governing powers, or so rapidly and effectually open up the country, as a "diggers' rush." †

Before we parted for the night he gave me a pressing invitation to join him, undertaking to land me in Cooktown in three or four months; but (though otherwise willing enough to accept his offer) the arrangements with Ah Gim precluded my so doing.

During the whole evening Fryer had been puffing away almost without intermission at his pipe, and upon its being remarked, observed, "Yes, it's the tobacco that's killing me."

Next day we wished Fryer good-bye, and sailed east-

* The Torres Strait pearl-shelling fleet, which visited the Louisiades in 1887, was a failure for the above-named reason. Several divers lost the use of their lower limbs owing to the great pressure at a depth of twenty fathoms and over; at which depth the shell is good and plentiful.

† Alluvial gold was discovered at Sudest Island in 1887; and this year (1888) a "rush" of diggers has set in.

ward, anchoring for the night in Bramble Haven (so named from the protection afforded by a circular group of small and uninhabited islands), which, if planted with coco-nuts, might, like the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean, be made to bring in a fine revenue to the Government.

About midday on May 23, 1885, we sailed past fine, bold, rocky Pannassea (Real Island), the gate of the Louisiades. Thence the navigation became very intricate; but, after threading our way through many coral patches in a bad light, we anchored for the night at Pannîet (a little island of the Redlich Group).

How shall I describe the sensations that surged within me as I beheld headland, cape, and promontory, of these terrestrial nebulæ, clear-cut against the lurid glow of a stormy sunset? It had long been my ambition to view these islands, where crews of ships and steamers had been massacred and their vessels looted, where murders had but recently been enacted, and where still more would assuredly follow; to see these murderers with my own eyes, and possibly hear the story from their own lips (as I had done at the Engineer Group), on guard the while against similar treachery to one's self. I could not entirely divest myself from that feeling of morbid fascination which drives people in crowds to view the site of a recent murder; but in this case there was also a feeling akin to awe to reflect that Nicholas, myself, and the three Teste boys were all alone amongst these wild islanders, and not another soul within call for over a hundred miles.

Five miles distant in the north-east, St. Aignan,* a

* Where Captain Marx, of H.M.S. *Swinger*, was nearly decapitated a year later (May, 1886).

bluff mass of nearly perpendicular, lofty, forested mountains, stood out black and craglike. To the south, Brooker Island, of notorious repute, reared its threatening ridge at a similar distance; and further still to the south and east, one knew there were Mewstone and Stanton Islands, and the glorious Calvados Chain, and beyond these Joannet, and the great mass of Sudest (larger than many an English county), to far-away Rossel Island, the *ultima thule* of the Louisiade archipelago.

Nicholas had a *bêche-de-mer* station at Panniet, with a strange "carroty"-headed native lad named Barrakkeea in charge, who came off to the cutter and gave us an account of the murder of Frank Gerret four months before (January 31, 1885), which had taken place on the next islet (Pennapapoon), on a patch of sand we could barely see in the waning light.

Barrakkeea told us that Bagapî of Panniet had had a son murdered by natives of Messeema (St. Aignan), and required a skull of a murdered man, either white or black, as recompense. Consequently, when Gerret was left alone on the island, even before the cutter *Petrel* was out of sight on its course to Queensland, some of the Panniet mob (who had come over to tend their gardens) surrounded him, and with their soft feline ways and smooth honeyed words, if one may use such an expression, persuaded him to throw aside his gun. Then Dagoila seized him by the arm, and Gerret, but recently fever-sick, told him to let go, saying that he was tired and did not want "to play." And even as the white wings of the *Petrel* sank below the horizon, Gaditôw said, "We are not going to play, we are going to kill you," and, suiting the

action to the word, struck Gerret the first blow across the nape of the neck with a scrub-knife, and then the others cut him to pieces. And Bagapî of Panniet gave them for their trophy a basket containing twenty-five of those beautifully bevelled hatchet-heads of variegated silica (used throughout the east end as currency), and took and boiled the head, and then hung up the bleached skull on a pin in his house; and then his murdered son's spirit returned to its original haunt, and was at ease.*

That evening we talked over the history of some of the more notorious among the many massacres that had taken

* Extract from appendices to Her Majesty's Special Commissioner's Report for British New Guinea for 1887 (By authority:—James C. Beal, Government Printer, Brisbane, Queensland, 1888). "As every action of any importance in the life of a native is suggested and controlled by *superstitious belief*, it may be of interest to describe shortly some of the more noticeable of them. It is supposed that *every man and woman* of a tribe has a *spirit* in constant attendance on them, a spirit which during his life is part of himself, and which after his death is all that is left of him. After his death his human appetites enter into it, it becomes susceptible to hunger and thirst, the desire to till the soil and go out hunting, and, most important of all, the love of home seems to become much developed. The spirit is *carefully attended to by a dead man's relations; food and water* are provided for it, and are set apart with his hunting and fighting spears in some locality which in life he was in the habit of frequenting. This is a most sacred obligation on his relatives. But if he should happen to be killed by a foreign tribe, as is generally the case, or if he should die in a foreign land, his spirit cannot return to its original haunts till steps have been taken which are satisfactory to the surviving relatives. *In native warfare it is necessary to obtain a head of any member of the tribe by whom he was killed.*[1] This done, the spirit can return. There is no statute of limitations. It is as necessary twenty years after his death, as it would be twenty hours."

[1] A murdered white man's head is even of greater value for the same purpose.

place on the islands then within view, and from the reports so given (afterwards confirmed or corrected, where necessary, by reference to semi-official sources) the following account is drawn up, which may serve to shed some little additional light on the history and characteristics of the Louisiade Islanders.

The first *known* murder of recent times in that part of New Guinea (for no one will ever know how many missing vessels may, like the open boat of the poor escapees before alluded to, have struck on these picturesque shores—so hospitable in appearance, but so deadly by reason of their inhabitants) was that of John McOrt at Brooker Island, in 1878. His party comprised four Europeans, nine Solomon Island *kanakas*, and ten Torres Strait aboriginals, and were engaged in the *bêche-de-mer* industry. On one occasion McOrt sent two of the Solomon Islanders to cut firewood, but, finding them swimming and "larking" about in the sea instead, either struck at or threatened them. These latter not a little resembled the Brooker natives, and had become familiar with them, and learnt their dialect. For the present, however, they contented themselves with hatching up a plot, and waited for a chance of revenge. On the evening of August 16, 1878, McOrt was sitting and reading, under a spreading tree on the beach, in company with Bell, his carpenter. Makakanôwi, a little treacherous fellow (son of the chief of Brooker Island), came to sell McOrt some coco-nuts, and getting behind the chair of the latter, tomahawked him. Then another native (named Meea) ran after Bell, but the carpenter knocked him down with a piece of mangrove wood; only to be in his turn, however, despatched by a blow on the head

from an axe wielded by "Sam," one of the Solomon Islanders.

Then the two remaining Europeans, also the Torres Strait aboriginals (one or two females excepted), were killed; but the Solomon Islanders—past masters in the arts of treachery and murder on their own fine island (two hundred miles away to the eastward)—intermarried and settled with the Brooker Islanders, raising (?) the latter (who proved apt and diligent disciples) in the scale of craft and intelligence and blood-thirst.

But perhaps the most extraordinary massacre of all was that of Mr. W. B. Ingham, J.P., in November, 1878. He left Herberton, Queensland, in a forty-ton sternwheel steamer, the *Douro*, with a cargo of produce for New Guinea. On arrival at Port Moresby, finding the diggers' rush was a failure, and having some interest with McOrt, he steamed eastward, and heard at Teste of the latter's death. No one will ever rightly know what "Jerry" * told him; any way, he went to Brooker Island, *taking some Teste Islanders with him*, as all the others, who never came back, did. Arrived at Brooker, neither he nor his three European assistants went ashore. Mr. Ingham simply asked the natives to "make fast" Makakanôwi and the Solomon Islanders, promising large presents for their apprehension; and received for answer the false assurance, "All right; we will try" (they had of course no such intention, the services of the latter being far too useful, if only for purposes of defence or aggression in respect to other islands).

In due course they reported the result of the conference to the Solomon Islanders, who said, "If you do not kill

* "Jerry," the London Missionary Society's teacher at Teste.

these white men, we will shoot you when they go, and keep your island for ourselves." Again the natives went to the *Douro* with yams, bananas, and coco-nuts, and told Ingham that "he must wait a little; they were going to kill a pig, give a feast, and would then be able to comply with his demands." Now, Ingham (poor fatuist that he was) held special theories about natives, believing that he, of all men, could trust them; and, by allowing them on board, fell an easy prey into their hands (in spite of his J.P.-ship).

About three o'clock in the afternoon of November 16, 1878, he was having a bath on deck, and while putting a shirt on, one of these natives struck at him with a tomahawk (but missed his head, only wounding his arm). Ingham turned round, seized the tomahawk, and saying, "Do you want to kill me?" flung it into the sea. Another native then took better aim, and others, rushing up, threw him bodily into the sea. He still had strength enough, however, to swim back with difficulty to the ship; but no sooner had he got his hands over the gunwale than they chopped his fingers off, and finally speared him in the water. The engineer, being below at the time, together with another hand, were both easily despatched; while the cook, who alone seems to have made a show of resistance by the use of boiling water, received his quietus by means of a spear-wound.

As Ingham held a commission as Government agent (under the Queensland administration) this outrage could not altogether be overlooked. Accordingly H.M.S. *Wolverine* visited Brooker; but instead of effecting the capture of Makakanôwi and the Solomon Islanders, as could easily have been accomplished on that small island, they burnt a few wooden houses (forgetful that new and

more substantial ones could be erected in the space of a few short hours), cut down one or two coco-nut palms and drank the milk, went through the ceremony of drill upon the beach, and then re-embarked; while the natives, who had been secreted in the bush scarcely a stone's-throw away, laughed to scorn all such colourless proceedings.

With daylight, Nicholas pointed out a hole in his main-sail, and said that was made by a bullet obtained from one of several packages of cartridges left on the beach by the blue-jackets of H.M.S. *Wolverine*, and fired by a Solomon Island boy out of one of McOrt's guns.

But even the above-recorded action of the warship at Brooker (not only non-deterrent, but actually putting an indirect premium on massacre by its pusillanimity, as it undoubtedly did) was cavilled at by that doubtless well-meaning but only partially informed section of the British public which is disturbed at the news of the destruction of a few houses and coco-nuts of the poor, poor savage! and thereby affords, in respect to its own countrymen, a paradoxical, but none the less striking illustration of "man's inhumanity to man."

Yet so it has ever been; and the history of British misrule and impotence in the Western Pacific will remain an indelible stigma, and an everlasting disgrace to the British flag.

Yet another murder was that of Captain Forman, Mr. Purdie, and four Europeans, in November, 1880. The above-named formed the crew of the *Annie Brooks*, and (with the aid of fourteen Teste Islanders and several local natives) were fishing at Stanton Island (near Mewstone Island, and some seven or eight miles from Brooker).

Having already procured eight tons of *bêche-de-mer*, Captain Forman, with great indiscretion, *made it known* that he was thinking of returning to Cooktown. As in the previous instance, the natives then hatched up a plot, with the aid of their Solomon Island confederates, and worked it out with the usual amount of fiendish cunning and success.

On the morning of November 5, 1880, the natives had been out collecting *bêche-de-mer* at low water, while the reefs were dry, and on their return—being so very brotherly!—offered to assist in cleaning the fish; and were accordingly supplied with knives for that *sole* purpose. About dinner-time, when the three Europeans loitered on the beach to rinse their hands before going off to the ship, their *very good friends* stealthily took up their stations by twos and twos, and at a given signal *stabbed* each victim to the heart.

The scene of this tragedy was hidden from those on board the *Annie Brooks* by a little bush-covered promontory. The natives now turned their attention to the vessel, and while Purdie was purchasing fruit and vegetables for figs of tobacco he was surreptitiously tomahawked. Captain Forman was then called aloft, and as he stepped out of the hatchway he too was struck from behind and killed. The cook, having his suspicions aroused by the sight of the crimson stream leaking between decks, rapidly grasped the position, and, with the aid of a rifle, speedily dispersed the mob by firing through the skylight. This man—a Greek by birth—weighed anchor single-handed, but, not understanding navigation, ran the *Annie Brooks* aground at Mewstone Island. Then one of McOrt's

Solomon Island boys, nicknamed "Sugar" ("because he 'savee' to make white man fool"), ran up crying, and blurted out between his tears that he wanted to go to Cooktown to get to his own home; and while pretending to assist in floating the vessel, tripped the poor cook overboard, and shot him, while drowning, with his own rifle.

The above tallies with the account which, to this day, the Mewstone and Brooker Islanders proudly give in pigeon-English. One thing is certain, namely, that Forman and Purdie put too much faith in the natives, *fearing that otherwise they would not fish.* It is also probable that in this, as in the other massacres, the Teste Islanders (who all returned safely to their homes *with a share of the plunder*) were directly or indirectly aiders and abettors.

Captain Fryer—who was subject to cataleptic frenzy when unduly excited—happened to pass Mewstone a few days afterwards, and, noticing the *Annie Brooks* lying dismantled on the reef, stopped to inquire what misfortune had happened. Seeing him almost alone in a small cutter, the natives, elated with their recent acquisitions of skulls and plunder, attacked him openly. On this occasion a fit came upon him, endowing him temporarily with preternatural strength; and, seizing one native by the ankle, he speedily accomplished the dispersion of a mob of the wild, treacherous wretches with no other weapon than his human club.

Nicholas Minister had numerous *bêche-de-mer* stations scattered about the Louisiades, so (after he had done his business at Pannîet) we sailed over to Brooker Island; but now a strange thing happened. My Greek companion, who had been complaining of loss of appetite and sleepless

nights, now became suddenly very unwell, and said that he felt as though every bone in his body were broken. He shortly commenced to groan (almost like an animal in pain), and gave every symptom of suffering from the *dengue*, or broken-bone fever. I fortunately had a plentiful supply of chlorodyne, strong doses of which temporarily helped to alleviate his pangs.

After leaving Brooker, we reached a fine commodious anchorage under the lee of Mewstone. At the latter island Nicholas had a *bêche-de-mer* station in charge of "Coffee," a much-ringleted native, the proud possessor of McOrt's skull (which he had bought from Makakanôwi for several pigs, canoes, white arm-shells, and hatchet-heads). I have before alluded to the fact that these natives, like many tribes of Malays and Bornean Dyaks, prize the heads of those slain in "steal-fight" as the most valuable of their possessions. Before assuming a prominent position in their households, the skull is usually bleached to ivory whiteness in an ant-hill.

While at Mewstone, the natives (many of whom could make their pigeon-English understood) were allowed on board in crowds. In conversation and demeanour they appeared perfectly friendly; but Nicholas kept a naked sabre handy, and glanced suspiciously to see that there were no tomahawks, knives, or spears concealed about their persons or canoes.

One night, after we had retired into the little cabin, and Nicholas had securely barricaded it as usual (by shutting-to and securely fastening the sliding hatch), he described to me how he had nearly been "had" three months before at Brooker. It occurred in this way. One

afternoon, with his usual maritime daring, he had sailed too close inshore, and his cutter grounded on the reef. Putting anchor and chain into his diminutive dinghy, with a view to "kedging" the *Dulama* off the rocks, he rowed away; but the "cockleshell" capsized, and both Nicholas and the boat were speedily swept by the strong current out of sight of the village. He could expect no assistance from his cutter, as there were only two native lads on board, and these had no means of rescuing him. Then, too, the murderers of McOrt and Ingham had been watching the accident, and would have started out in canoes to despatch him, but for their assurance that he would be drowned, coupled with dread of his personal prowess. Being brought to a standstill by a reef, Nicholas righted the dinghy and thence paddled back under cover of night, guided with the light by which Makakanôwi, Anneis (one of McOrt's boys), and others were dividing the spoil on the cutter. With a terrible cry, Nicholas sprang on board, quite unarmed, and the natives, thinking that it was his *spectre*, dived overboard in a panic and swam to the shore.

Next morning, Nicholas went to the village, shot Anneis' pig, chopped up his canoe, and burnt his house; and did the same by Makakanôwi's property; declaring openly that, whenever or wherever he got the opportunity, he would put a bullet through their bodies. It was on this occasion that, as he was weighing anchor, Anneis put a bullet through the *Dulama's* mainsail. Nicholas sailed to Deboyne Island, and there heard of the murder of Frank Gerret, previously recorded, at the Redlich Group.

Nicholas invariably went through a curious routine in

the morning, first thing after waking, by looking through the two little cabin portholes to see that the deck was clear; and then, slipping the hatch suddenly back, would surreptitiously bob up and down again (to make quite sure that no native was standing on top with a tomahawk).

On May 26, 1885, we left Wennalecwa (a village of curious little houses in shape like sows' backs) on Mewstone Island, where the last of Forman's crew had received the *coup de grâce*, as previously narrated; and, after passing the ribs of the *Annie Brooks*, which looked like the blackened remains of some marine monster thrown up on the reef, sailed still easterly down the Calvados Chain towards Joannet Island (destined thereafter to be the scene of the historic Cráig massacre), and Sudest and Rossel islands. The latter island especially I was most anxious to see, as it had been the scene of a historic massacre of Chinese. New Guinea has been a veritable Golgotha to the Celestial race. I suppose that were it not for the fact that out of a population of four hundred millions of people the loss of a few hundreds more or less "doesn't count," or is scarcely heard of, the Emperor of China would have caused reprisals to be made upon the inhabitants of a country, large portions of which, prior to 1884, were claimed by no civilized power. At Hula, Aroma, Cloudy Bay, Leocadie Isles, Moresby Island, and elsewhere, numbers of Chinese have perished at the hands of natives engaged in prosecuting the *bêche-de-mer* industry *in their service.*

But the greatest loss in one batch was at Rossel Island, where, on September 30, 1858, the ship *St. Paul*, bound

from Hong-Kong to Sydney with 327 Chinese emigrants, was totally wrecked. Rumours have been prevalent that these Celestials were systematically drafted off into pens and fattened for consumption, but this much is sure, that when the French steamer *Styx* called at Rossel Island for purposes of investigation in January, 1859, it was ascertained that, with the exception of one man (who was conveyed to Melbourne), all had been horribly massacred and eaten. Years afterwards, on the goldfields, a Chinaman was brought up for sly grog-selling. He was put in the "logs," and kept there until it was discovered that *he* was the long-lost Chinaman, and then he was forgiven.

In respect of the recent Australian Chinese Restriction Acts, it would seem that the rough and ready Papuan has given even earlier and more effectual expression to that popular sentiment, "The Chinese must go!"

Nicholas, getting feebler day by day, suddenly made up his mind to return. On May 27, 1885, we again passed Pannasseea (the "gate" of the Louisiades), but were not allowed to leave without a challenge. Real Island stood out boldly in the sparkling sunlight, its basaltic crags reminding one of pillars of the Giant's Causeway, whilst light waves, curling in snowy foam on the emerald reef, offered a pleasing contrast to the intense ultramarine of that ocean which washed the base of those green and golden isles—isles that were now rapidly fading away into the semblance of nimbus and cirrus and cumulus of fleecy white and shadowy blue.

From behind Pannasseea two large sailing canoes bore rapidly down upon us, each of which proved to be manned by fifteen fierce-looking fellows, whose matted curls

streamed like "elfin locks" in the gale, and whose coal-black skin was in bold relief to the large ivory-white "cone"-shell armlets worn near to the shoulder. On they rushed with "bellying" sail till the foremost canoe sheered alongside; but, as its crew were boarding the *Dulama*, the Greek's pale wan face stole above the cabin hatch, and, with a frightened shriek of "Ho! *Tôwpatta* (big chief) Nicholas!" they drifted astern and, even as their departing sails dipped below the horizon in a sea of liquid fire, we caught our last glimpse of Louisiades.

Some thirty miles to the north of our anchorage of that night at Bramble Haven was East Island (Warramatta), described by Nicholas as a fine healthy island where sickness was practically unknown. There he had once found a mummified headless man wrapped up in a mat in a sitting posture; and in the bush a house full of bones. The corpse was all that remained of Miyork, an historic chief. The Brooker Islanders afterwards asked Nicholas why he did not bring them his vertebræ, funny-bone, the fingers of his right hand which held the spear; and if by any means he could have secured the skull (in the possession of the Pannîet people) they would, so they said, have fished for him free *for ever*, for many of their friends and relatives had been killed by Mîyork and his followers.

But it is worth mentioning, if only to show how the interests of these islanders conflict, that had Nicholas interfered with the corpse, he would have made an enemy of Yawarroopoo, the great fighting chief of the Engineer Group, a former friend of Miyork. This Yawarroopoo is an instance of a *lusus naturæ*, several of his teeth growing together, like "block" teeth.

Before the advent of the *bêche-de-mer* fishers, Yawarroopoo used to make an annual raid, in the course of which whole islands of the Louisiades would be depopulated, and the prisoners have their limbs broken, and be tortured in other unspeakable ways, before the last rites of cannibalism were performed.

On our return journey, we stayed for a day or two at Teste Island to allow Nicholas, who was still very feeble, to recruit. "Jerry" had quite an armoury, obtained from the murderers of McOrt, Forman, and Ingham; and, if report could be believed, had also in his possession what were, from his point of view, considerable sums of money obtained from the same sources. Useful in a way as these few *coloured* teachers of the London Missionary Society in the east end of New Guinea may be, nevertheless the manner in which they have been isolated from headquarters and left to their own devices is little short of scandalous.*

* Extract, having general reference to the coloured teachers of the London Missionary Society, from appendices to Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner for British New Guinea for 1887:—"Needless to say that I do not consider their South Sea Island teachers, as missionaries—these men, in whom I recognize the merit of exposing their health and their lives to the inclemency of a climate which to them is deadly for want of the care necessary to preserve their health, or restore it when sickness overtakes them. They are, however, not equal to the task imposed upon them. They are not trained, and they differ little in morals or training from the savages amongst whom they live. They have no fixed object in view, as far at least as I could see. They are not under direction or supervision, and their life and their work are without control or nearly so. I know a large number of them. There are amongst them some good fellows, but they are very bad teachers. I found few of them intelligent. *The conduct of some of them is very reprehensible, and they are generally ignorant in religious as well as in all other*

On May 30, 1885, Nicholas and I landed in Mudge Bay, Moresby Island, to endeavour to buy a pig for the customary tomahawk and tobacco; but the natives, after keeping us waiting (under the pretext of sending into the bush to find one, whereas in reality they sent across to Hoop-Iron Bay for boys to come and aid in killing us), declined to trade.*

On the following day, we heard from Eponisa, at Dinner Island, that Ah Gim's life had been attempted at Samowmor, Moresby Island; which news was confirmed when, three days later, I rejoined that redoubtable Chinaman "of nine lives," and the *Pride of the Logan* at South Cape.

Leaving the schooner to follow after, I canoed for forty miles along a coast indented with deep bays (in which numerous villages nestle under rich coco-nut groves, beneath romantic mountain scenery), and, after crossing Argyle Bay, landed on Dufaure Island. South Cape influence had slightly permeated thus far; and, in passing through the square of a bush village, one of the residents, pointing at *me*, interrogated my guide, "*Yeesōō Kristō?*" and it was bandied about from one native to another, "*Yeesōō Kristō!*" They had evidently heard somewhat of the ministration of Pee, the Rarotongan teacher of the London Missionary Society, at South Cape.

matters." It is only fair to add that the above was written by a rival Roman Catholic missionary.

* Captain Fryer was murdered with his crew in Hoop-Iron Bay a few weeks later, and some Chinamen have since been killed, and the *Pride of the Logan* looted and burnt in Mudge Bay. N.B.—The name of the vessel is *misspelt* as *Pride of the Lagoon* in Special Commissioner's Report for 1887.

At Bonna Bonna (a village situated on the north side of Dufaure Island, facing Orangerie Bay) both Nicholas Minister and the Chinese had had trouble with the natives. In the case of the latter there was the usual admixture of comedy with tragedy. It happened that some three years previously Ah Gim bought a pig there; but his associates thought he had given in exchange too much trade, and that it would raise the price for the future. Nevertheless, Ah Gim remained firm, saying that he came "to fish, not to fight." The other Celestials, however, were still dissatisfied; and in the end threatened the chief of Bonna Bonna with all sorts of pains and penalties if partial restitution were not made. The chief, on the other hand, got considerable reinforcements from his friends, and—when opportunity offered next day—commenced the attack with a volley of stones, delivered just as the Chinese were entering their boat. One of the latter (described as a very fat fellow) then essayed to fire his gun, which burst at the first attempt; whereupon Ah Gim remarked, so he says, "More better you row: by-and-by you shoot *me!*" The natives then followed the boat up, with increased confidence, waist high into the water; but the crew finally escaped—amid a "hailstorm" of spears—under cover of gunfire from the junk. While one or two natives were seen to fall, probably mortally wounded, the only casualty on the other side was in respect of the "fat Chinaman" aforesaid, who received some injury to his eye from a chip off his own blunderbuss.

On June 6, 1885, I journeyed overland through rough hilly country to Bonna Bonna, and found that neatly kept village thronged with visitors from the mainland; their

numerous canoes drawn up, above tide-mark, on the beach. Away beyond Mullens Harbour was the narrow isthmus connecting with Milne Bay, and which was probably formed at no very remote date by alluvial deposits brought down from the high mountains by numerous mountain torrents, and emptied into what was then probably a narrow strait, disconnecting no inconsiderable portion of the present mainland. The view of New Guinea that morning was a specially glorious one, for there, along fifty miles or more of range, seas of mountains (in every shade of blue and purple) rose wavelike to a height of six thousand feet and upwards; amongst which one or two odd pinnacles shone, like inverted icicles, clear-cut against a cloudless sky.

But here close at hand, under the shadow of the primæval forest, where flowering mucunas spread a carpet of red and yellow velvet, which it seemed like desecration to profane with footfall, a pagan rite was being performed. On a rude platform, environing a giant mango tree, squatted a venerable chief; while around him surged a shiny concourse of both sexes, decorated with shellwork and brilliant headgear of plumes and flowers and feathers. Over glowing embers, half a dozen large pigs were suspended, heads downwards; which, when singed, were cut up on the platform, into small pieces of a pound or so in weight. Then as each man's name was called out—with the affix "Oh!"—every one in turn stepped forward to receive his share.

While watching these strange proceedings as an interested spectator, I was surprised to hear "*Dim dimmy* . . . Oh!" announced, and, being of course the only white

man present, had to move in front, the cynosure of all eyes, to receive a piece of raw pork, a bunch of bananas, some yams, and half a dozen old sprouting coco-nuts—in fact, more than an armful. Even the sacred "Igdrasil" tree was not forgotten, and a double share was suspended in its branches.

Then the assemblage drew back on either side, leaving a clear space, into which a full-grown man stepped; and another phase of the proceedings commenced. From walking once or twice along a prescribed line, he gradually quickened his pace into a run, stamping emphatically when in the act of turning at either end. Then he commenced an incantation (or perhaps, more correctly speaking, *imprecation*), swung his arms and a tomahawk round in a whirlwind of sand, and left off, "steaming." Next came a lame old warrior, who hobbled over the course, and (amidst the loud laughter of the mob) screeched his invectives until he too subsided from exhaustion, fairly foaming at the mouth. And what was all this "storm in a teacup" about? you inquire. Well, simply that the sorcerers of a rival village had decreed that "*all the Bonna Bonna pigs should die.*" So with the object of "taking time by the forelock," these benighted heathen were giving a series of feasts and indignation meetings; and in this way were unconsciously verifying the prediction of their enemies, by killing their own pigs, instead of waiting till they died a natural death. I waited for an hour or two to see if there were any fresh developments; but finding none, started on the return journey (not a little disgusted at what Carlyle would have called "such hideous inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs").

I again rejoined the *Pride of the Logan* in the narrow strait between Dufaure Island and Nabargadila (an islet on the southern side). At our anchorage near the islet we heard for several nights a native chant, not unpleasing in its monotony, as the soft waves of sound rose and fell to an accompaniment from deep mellow-toned drums. Stealing ashore on one such occasion, I crept close enough to the mummers to witness their performance, at the same time without giving them cause for shyness. In the centre of the village square stood a circle of male musicians alternately beating a tattoo, or warming their drums (made of cylindrical pieces of wood shaped like hourglasses, with a covering of snake or iguana skin drawn tightly over one end) over a fire of glowing embers. Men wearing grass petticoats, and women holding spears and shields, swayed round and round the mystic circle in slow but effortless gyrations; while in an outer ring pairs of children early learnt to imitate their elders. Ever and anon, above the mournful chorus, rose the howls of village dingoes, till both blending together died away temporarily into an indistinct murmur like the roll of distant surf upon the sand-flats. For hours the mythic, prophetic chant continued, till the silvery moon, or approaching sunrise, quenched the torches and flickering firelight of the pagan rite being enacted in that deep-drawn recess of the dark forest glade. On these occasions it is the custom of these primitive people *to minutely catalogue in song all their material wants.*

While at Nabargadila I witnessed a simple but interesting native ceremony of conciliation. Four canoe-loads of both sexes of the villagers (the males having their arms made fast on their breasts) crossed over to Argyle Bay,

where they were met by a similar number from an Orangerie Bay village with which they had previously been at war. Then a palaver; and indemnification ensued by various presents changing hands; a feast was held, and pacification accomplished for the time being, until some trivial circumstance should cause the feud to break out again with renewed rancour and barbaric remorselessness.

At these miscalled feasts the food is not, as one would expect, cooked and eaten at the time; but is instead carried away, and either given to friends or privately consumed. Anything synonymous to a "picnic" is to them unknown.

The Chinamen had exhausted their opium supplies some six weeks previously, and the unwonted deprivation had had a most marked effect on their complexion, temper, and appetites.

On the afternoon of June 14, Ah Gim, usually a quiet, humane, and peaceful man, had been sitting on deck talking to his wife (a South Sea Island woman, who had joined the schooner at South Cape). Suddenly he sprang up, and, with a shout of "Eddivarga? I'll shoot him!" dived into the cabin; returned on deck with a loaded Winchester rifle, jumped into a dinghy lying alongside, and strove to undo the painter. Then the Chinese made a rush, and strove to wrest the rifle from his hands. Ah Gim turned a deathly hue in his passion, nothing showing but the yellows of his eyes, and tried to pull the trigger on his own countrymen. In the mean time I ran out on the bowsprit, and called out to Eddivarga to leave the beach and hide in the bush. No sooner was the gun wrested from him than Ah Gim sprang on board again,

and seized a revolver belonging to myself lying in the cabin, but before he could get on deck was overpowered by his wife and the Chinese (who throughout behaved very pluckily), for it was evident that the man was quite mad for the time being. Not for an hour or so did he calm down, and then it transpired that his "Missis," as he called her, had been "nagging" at him, accusing him of infidelity, and, after much persuasion, disclosed that Eddivarga (the son of the chief at South Cape), who was then fishing for Ah Gim, had been her informant. On the following morning Eddivarga was presented by Ah Gim with a tomahawk, knife, and some tobacco; and a lasting peace was cemented between them.

Two days later, the rifles and cutlasses were once more oiled and stored away, together with the circular bamboo shields, as the shores of New Guinea faded out of sight.

After a most stormy passage the *Pride of the Logan* re-entered Cooktown Harbour, in an almost dismantled and sinking condition, on Friday, June 19, 1885.

I lost no time in journeying south, and endeavoured to fully ventilate what was to me the all-absorbing "Massacres question" in the columns of the press. A few newspapers gave the matter full and fair publication. Others again, and amongst them, I am sorry to say, some of the leading organs of public opinion (either owned or edited by ex-Dissenting ministers), would not insert *differing* versions than those supplied by their correspondents of the "cloth," the missionaries of Port Moresby.

In addition to contributing to the press, I was sent for by Admiral Tryon, and (at an interview with him on board

H.M.S. *Nelson* at Sydney) communicated the particulars of the numerous murders, and pointed out the localities of these sad occurrences on the charts. In conclusion, I asked Admiral Tryon to note—

1stly. "That for the first of the recent series of atrocities (viz. of William Read at the Engineer Group on December 22, 1884), although minus justification, still there was a slight semblance of provocation, hence its committal at a time when men-of-war were in the vicinity; which (greatly to the natives' surprise) took no notice whatsoever of the murder. The scales then began to drop from the natives' eyes, when they clearly saw that the fellow-countrymen of those killed would not intervene; and hence the sequence of additional murders at intervals of a month or so thereafter (murders entirely gratuitous and minus provocation of any kind)."

2ndly. "That not only *bêche-de-mer* fishers and traders, but also the South Sea Island teachers of the London Missionary Society, and ninety per cent. of the natives themselves, acknowledged that the new and unavenged outbreak of murder and plunder was instigated by a few who ought to be captured and punished, and order be thereby restored with a firm hand."

3rdly. "That the way most assuredly *not* to do it was to take your gunboat up in broad daylight, burn down the houses of the '*absent*' natives, cut down a few coco-nut trees, and drink the milk. All that sort of miscalled punishment was essentially non-deterrent, and was considered by the natives in the light of a good joke."

"The man-of-war should anchor out of sight, send ashore a body of bluejackets to attack at daybreak, and

effect the capture or death of the murderers; and then the country would be quiet for years. But this *modus operandi* could only be effectually carried out by having a competent guide on board, and I suggested the names of Captain Fryer and Nicholas Minister as having the requisite knowledge and experience."

Finally, I pointed out to Admiral Tryon the "inevitable effect upon guilty natives of finding naval officers and men still fraternising with, and buying curios from them" (as had been done at several islands); and characterized such conduct as "not only inconsiderate, but *inhumane*, and a stigma on the flag."

CHAPTER V.

THE GULF OF PAPUA.

EARLY in August, 1885, I bought a small cutter, *thirty-three feet over all* by eight feet beam, which had been used as a yacht in Sydney Harbour; also a ton of "fig" tobacco, and manifold other stores, all of which were forwarded to Cooktown, Queensland, *en route* for New Guinea.

I had had several interviews with the Special Commissioner, then recently become Sir Peter Scratchley, who expressed himself much pleased with my intended enterprise, and as inclined to favourably entertain a proposition put forward by myself, to the effect that concessions should be granted of such a nature as would permit the formation of a corporation to develop the resources of British New Guinea on similar lines to those adopted by the North Borneo Company.

Under date August 12, 1885, the Special Commissioner granted me a formal permit to "*explore and trade* in British New Guinea." Clause No. 2 of the same letter ran as follows:—"With regard to the sites *for trade depôts*, I will endeavour to settle, whilst at Port Moresby and South Cape, where you can *select* sites."

While calling at Townsville *en route* to Cooktown the news arrived like a sudden awful shock that my poor old friend Captain Fryer had been murdered with his crew near Hoop-Iron Bay on July 29, 1885, at the very Moresby Island where I met him only two months previously. Having sent a boat's crew on shore for wood and water, he (astute veteran as he was) had been taken off his guard, and had allowed speciously friendly natives on board with coco-nuts and produce; and then the old scene was for the many hundredth time in the South Seas re-enacted. While the boat's crew were despatched one by one on shore, poor Fryer was killed on the ship. The *Lalla Rookh* was lying alongside the wharf in Townsville, and bore terrible testimony to the struggle that had taken place. Great chunks of wood had been chopped out of the cabin hatchway and gunwale, and big black stain-patches on the deck showed where blood had been freely spilt. It was said that after Fryer received the first blow, he struggled forward and, seizing a belaying-pin, dealt some execution before being finally overwhelmed by numbers. He had with him a Lifu boy, named "Billy," an adopted son of the London Missionary Society's teacher at Teste Island. The latter ("Jerry" by name, previously referred to) had a station in Hoop-Iron Bay, and it was one of *his* white-shirted mission boys that had been the ringleader of the thwarted attack on Nicholas Minister at the same place. In the outrage under notice there was strong presumptive evidence of "Billy's" participation, and the boy (whose criminal countenance alone was "enough to hang him," to use a colloquialism) was shortly thereafter expelled from the east end.

This additional outrage lent a lurid relief to my writings anent the "Massacres question," which had already attracted considerable public attention, and I could now scarcely doubt but that early and effectual steps would be taken by the authorities to stamp out the fierce lust for blood and plunder that was eating like a cancer into the heart of the inhabitants of the east end of New Guinea.

On August 29, I set sail from Cooktown in the *Electra*, with three companions; and, after a somewhat hazardous passage for so small a five-ton craft (over four hundred miles of tempestuous sea), arrived in Port Moresby on September 2, 1885, and found Sir Peter Scratchley's steamer, the *Governor Blackall*, and H.M.S. *Harrier*, in that port.

The afternoon of landing I went up the hill to the mission house to report to Mr. Deputy-Commissioner Romilly (who was still living there), and found the missionaries, Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers, in residence. The former, a very dark, somewhat phlegmatic-looking, smooth-tongued gentleman of a brachy-cephalic type, I had not previously met or seen. Chalmers immediately took me to task, in the most brusque manner possible, for my writings; taking particular exception to the term "mission rule"—more especially as the cap seemed so well to fit. The more control I retained over my temper, the more fiery-eyed and passionate Chalmers became, until (after hurling at me every abusive epithet he could lay his tongue to) he wound up with—"I shall tell General Scratchley to send you back to Cooktown;" evidently quite unconscious of what an apt illustration he was furnishing of that very domineering spirit, the existence of which he so strenuously denied.

When I next saw Sir Peter Scratchley, the latter said, "I should advise you not to write anything about the missionaries, and you must not write anything about me; in fact, you had better not write anything at all."

Although General Scratchley could not entirely overlook his promises to me, made in Sydney, he was palpably influenced by the representations of the missionaries, and continued in his personal bearing cold and stiff towards me up to the time of his death. For the first fortnight, after the scene above referred to, my letters from the administration were addressed to "Mr.," instead of "Esq.," greatly to my amusement. At first I was even refused permission to occupy any piece of land, but after a fortnight's delay the Special Commissioner yielded to my strong representations, and a half-acre section was allotted me (under a "Special Permissive and Provisional Licence of Occupancy"). I was also served with a copy of the "Western Pacific Arms Regulations (1884)," and gratuitously informed that the permit given me by General Scratchley in Sydney was "*provisional*." I at once set to work to erect a depôt and dwelling-place. My allotment was in a good position at the head of the harbour, and between Mr. Goldie's store and the hills at the foot of the Government bungalow (then in course of erection), and within a couple of hundred yards of the beach, off which my cutter was anchored. The house (of galvanized iron) was a rectangular box, sixteen feet square, supported at a height of four feet from the ground by stout wooden piles. The interior framework consisted of red mangrove supports and rafters, with a flooring of old canoe boards, and gabled roof.

Having taken two or three weeks to build the house—rude and rough as it was—and stored my goods, I wished to start at once on a trading trip (being naturally anxious to get some speedy returns for my considerable outlay), and decided upon visiting the Papuan Gulf.

On hearing of my determination, the Assistant Deputy-Commissioner (Mr. Anthony Musgrave, junior) wrote that, owing to the reported turbulence of the tribes in the Gulf of Papua, "I believe you to be incurring unnecessary risk by such a visit." Similar official notice was given to my *brave* assistants, who, in one voice, *refused duty*. The only man whose services I cared about had a mate's certificate, but, finding him obdurate, I got him to repeat his refusal before a witness, and then gave him twenty minutes to leave my premises "with bag and baggage." I could scarcely blame Mr. Musgrave for his action in the matter, for he too was staying at the mission station (during the erection of the Government bungalow), and had only recently arrived at New Guinea.

It seemed to me, however, that this was a case for self-assertion. And having agreed with two natives, Vargooeea (*alias* "Tiger") and Vossa Vossa, for their services on the voyage (promising them sundry bags of sago or winter food from the Gulf in return), I started on the morning of September 23, as soon as the south-east monsoon flecked the waters of the harbour with cat's-paws. At that time I was somewhat of a novice at boat-sailing, and my two sable companions (perceiving that I had some difficulty in getting the cutter fairly under way single-handed) evinced a tendency to jump overboard and swim ashore. Just then, however, a puff of wind luckily came; but (as the *Electra*

heeled over to it and commenced to skim towards the heads) the Government gig came off in full chase. I respectfully "hove to," and was served with an official letter informing me that my action was in contravention of "*Sec. 46, Act 13 Vict., No. 28, Discharge of Seamen Abroad,*" and that "the Government would hold me responsible," etc., etc., etc.

I wrote a note in reply, that on my return I should take steps to obtain redress for being deprived of an assistant's services through unnecessary interference, causing great risk to life and property, and that "Defence, not defiance," was my motto; and then sailed through the Heads, and conned my way through intricate passages, threading the great coral reefs, all green and blue and gold in that tropical sunny spirit-light, and anchored for the night, wearied but happy, under the lee of a little island in Redscar Bay, some thirty miles on the road.

I had never been further west of Port Moresby before, but had felt a sort of fascination and attraction towards the vague mysteries of the Papuan Gulf, partly, perhaps, because it was largely a *terra incognita*, and partly, no doubt, from the sight of the great *lakatois* (trading canoes) brought annually to Port Moresby by black Gulf Papuans, with long, coarse features and great Roman noses. These *lakatois* are constructed of as many as fifteen large and long single canoes, lashed firmly together with ratan, and propelled by immense mat-sails, constructed of frond stuff and fibre. Each of these singular vessels is capable of carrying from thirty to forty passengers, and a similar number of tons of sago, which is exchanged with the Motu tribe of Port Moresby and neighbourhood (chiefly for

earthenware pots, or *chatties*, and trade obtained from Europeans). As many as a dozen to twenty *lakatois* comprise the fleet, and (by utilizing the changes of the monsoon) a fair or soldiers' wind is obtained either way, both going and returning. Great-lunged, hirsute fellows are these Gulf Papuans; the blue thews and sinews of their giant bare limbs standing out like whipcord, but thinly concealed under a copper-coloured veneer. Rough, too, in their habits, for not only do the Motu women run away at their approach (as I have before mentioned), but they take "French leave" to whatever comes handiest. I have seen one of these visitors catch up a domesticated village dingo by the tail, extinguish its spark of life by a blow against the wooden piles of a dwelling, anatomize the mortal remains and grill the tit-bits, before making a hearty meal, all in the space of a few minutes. If report speaks true, bush natives captured (when out on their periodical forays) are treated in a similarly rough and ready mode. The above are some of the characteristics of the people I was about to visit.

The following day we were wafted down the coast by the favouring gale, and anchored early between Yule Island and the mainland. Hall Sound, as it is called, is not only a very beautiful harbour, but a fine one from a naval point of view; possessing plenty of deep water, and anchorages sheltered in any weather. Over the rugged mountains to the north hung a great pall as of smoke, occasionally rimmed by pillars of liquid fire, as the jagged lightning played in vast fountain-sprays round Mount Yule (10,046 feet).

It was in this locality that Ned Snow, the companion

of my first trip, predicted gold would be found, and the Yule Island district has this additional attraction, that it has been said natives have come into Maiva (a village close at hand) who have seen the sea on the other side of New Guinea; thereby lending colour to the theory that a pass through, or rather over, the Papuan Alps exists near Mount Yule.

By leaving Yule Island at daybreak, I hoped to reach my destination at the mouth of the Williams river before dark. The wind fell somewhat light, however, at midday, and it was night before lights on the low-lying shores were pronounced by my two dusky companions to be the village fires of Motu Motu. We flashed a lantern in return, and (as I had been told there was plenty of water on the river bar at all states of the tide for the *Electra*) had little anxiety beyond that of "picking up" the entrance. Although the sky was overcast, one could clearly see the foam-caps on the great rollers, which tossed the little cutter high on their mountainous summits, and then surged by with monstrous curl and increased speed shorewards.

My natives professed to know the channels by instinct, and so we stood in to our fate until, before one dreamt of danger, we were among the breakers. Crash followed crash as the *Electra* struck heavily on the bar, and was lifted up by a wave which made a clean sweep of the deck, put the lamps out, and washed the boys overboard; while the sails, "with the might of the wind's wrath wrenched and torn," flapped shudderingly, and everything bid fair to subside into confused welter of ruin, hopeless and irreparable.

The horrid thought flashed through my brain that we might have been deceived by the lights. This much

seemed certain, that we were only too assuredly shipwrecked, with the hungry sea astern, and rivers and lagoons swarming with alligators ahead—with wild tribes all around.

Perhaps even then what troubled me most was the thought of what people would say (of the "I told you so" and "I knew how it would be") at Port Moresby.

My natives seemed fairly mad with excitement; now clambering on board, and now sprawling on the sand as they were washed off their feet by the heavy rollers. At first I kept all sails standing, in the faint hope that the cutter might drag over the bar, but then (fearing the strain) lowered them, and stripped off my light flannels in readiness for a swim. After half an hour or so of this hideous, nightmare-like reality, a quite-unlooked-for development occurred. Fitful lights were seen approaching, and strange wild noises heard, and presently—half swimming and half wading through the breakers—some naked dusky forms reached the *Electra;* and great was the pandemonium as my natives tried to answer the interrogatories of the new-comers and make themselves heard above the roar of wind and sea; while the cutter would every now and again give a lurch and a plunge that threatened more destruction to the bystanders than would be occasioned by the heels of a kicking horse.

On ascertaining that these were Motu Motu natives, I struggled ashore with them and tramped through the deep sand for a mile or more up the beach, and aroused the wondering villagers. By-and-by I returned with some fifty broad-chested fellows, who (with the help of the rising tide) lifted the *Electra* bodily over the bar, and thence

warped her along the bank to an anchorage behind their village, in the still water of a sheltered lagoon. Very thankful and tired did I feel after this temporary escape from the rude embrace of old Father Neptune. Next morning a clean and recent fracture (about the size of one's fist) was disclosed to sight in the cutter's side, just "between wind and water." This blow might have been struck by a snag on the bar, but I could hardly free my mind from the sinister suspicion that it had been done by a native "wrecker." However, I fortunately had a little Portland cement on board, and filled the crevice with that paste, and when the patch was dry put the tar-brush over the spot; and the wound was made whole.

During the fortnight spent at Motu Motu my two natives simply revelled in a most welcome change of diet. For not only did the sea and river yield a plentiful harvest of whiting, garfish, flounder, soles, eels, mullet, bream, and schnapper, as well as rainbow-tinted tropical piscine eccentricities innumerable; but the perfervid, seething soil brought forth luscious bananas, mealy yams, and refreshing coco-nuts in profusion. The very pigs grow so fat and monstrous in that land of "rolling plenty" that they can hardly move. The life of the Motu Motuans would be that of the true lotus-eaters; they might even degenerate into the phlegmatic condition of their own pigs, were it not for the little "rift within the lute," *i.e.* their fear of spirit or devil-worship (in other words, their inability to escape from the *shadow of themselves*), and a perennial internecine feud with the Moviavians, who live some little distance down the Williams river.

I had heard a good deal said about the scope for copra-

making in the Gulf; but although coco-nut palms are plentiful, the native consumption is large, and, as yet, they have had no incentive to cultivate a yield in excess of their own requirements. It is more than doubtful whether any appreciable quantity could be obtained at the rates now ruling in many of the Western Pacific islands, viz. from twenty to forty coco-nuts for one "fig" of tobacco (twenty-four figs to the pound). Copra is the sun-dried or smoked chips of the *flesh* of the coco-nut. It takes from eight thousand to thirteen thousand nuts, according to size, to make a ton, which is worth from £12 to £16 per ton in the Sydney market (whence it is exported to Europe for manufacture into cattle food, etc.).

There is probably a better field for enterprise in the Gulf of Papua, in connection with the inexhaustible supplies of the indigenous sago-palm (query, *Sabal Adansonii*, or possibly *Sagus Konigii* and *S. Lœve*).

The native process of sago manufacture may be described as follows:—A strip of bark is taken off the palm trunk, thereby exposing the pithy matter, which varies from pure white to a rusty colour. A male native, astride on one end of the trunk, takes a wooden adze-shaped flail and, with successive blows, chops the pith away into a heap of chips which gradually forms at his side. These pith-strips are then put (by women) into the funnel-shaped cavity of a spathe of coco-nut, or sago, palm which is supported, the broad end uppermost, on a wooden fork, thereby forming an admirable washing-trough. Water is then poured on the mass of pith, which is kneaded until all the starch is dissolved and passes down into a receptacle, the surplus water trickling away. When this bottom

vessel is nearly full, the mass of flour, or rather starch (of a slightly reddish tinge), is made up into cylinders, wrapped up in sago leaves, and is the raw sago or "sago meal." In this state it is moist and soft, and capable of being cut with a knife, and is ready to undergo the operation of granulating or "pearling;" but (on keeping) it becomes of a light buff colour, crumbling readily in the fingers into a flour, and reminding one by its appearance and texture of "Bath-brick." It has been calculated that three average sago-palms yield more nutritive matter than an acre of wheat, and six trees more than an acre of potatoes.

Although the price of sago has latterly declined, owing to the arts of adulteration (practised in France and Germany, where "pearl sago" is manufactured out of potato starch), there is, even nowadays, but small chance of a properly managed sago plantation not yielding a good profit to the grower.

The grotesquely euphonious language of these Gulf Papuans is delivered in tones partly nasal and partly deep and guttural, and in a kind of deep-toned shriek or howl; so that, on hearing their most commonplace statement, one (not understanding the dialect) would think that some most momentous crisis was at hand. Many of the women (nearly all of whom have well-developed busts and great breadth of shoulders) are somewhat disfigured by coarse negrillo features and mops of bushy, frizzy hair. But some of the men (all of whom are strongly built) might pose as models of Hercules, with their aquiline features and tall stalwart forms. Their most imposing ceremony is the symbolical dance to which much superstitious importance is attached. The masks and dresses worn on these

occasions are marvels of ingenuity and artifice in construction. Most of these masks are of great size and weight. I have seen one such, twenty feet in height, which had to be supported on the owner's head by half a dozen followers. The material employed is usually the fibre of a sterculiaceous tree sewn on to a slender framework of bamboo; the whole worked into the most curious representations of birds, beasts, fish, and the supernatural, and appropriately coloured with numerous dyes, ochres, and pigments. It has been said that in selecting a dress each man pays tribute to some particular spirit,* and gives expression to his own fancied attributes, or those of dead friends, at the same time. Thus a shark's dress would signify ferocity and voracity; a bird emblem, swiftness and wariness; and even a turtle, strength and stolidity; and so on. As (at South Cape) an alligator was long known by the name of a defunct chief, so (four hundred miles westward in the Papuan Gulf) fragmentary traces are not wanting of a shadowy belief in transmigration; of which the nature of the images worn at these symbolical dances, and held as sacred for some time afterwards, is sufficient illustration.

At last (having loaded the *Electra* to the combings) I had to "tear" myself away from that most interesting land (in the neighbourhood of which I was thereafter destined to make the most important of my discoveries), and start on the return journey to Port Moresby. All the following day we were struggling to round Cape Possession, where we caught the full fury of the south-east gale. There

* *Vide* appendices to Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner for British New Guinea for 1887.

was little or no shelter under that iron-bound coast, and we had to keep under way the whole night, making little or no progress. I found there was yet more to learn about boat-sailing, as when (in the middle watches of that lonely night) we were in dangerous proximity to the rocks the cutter refused to "wear." Her flush deck was minus gunwale; but, despite an intermittent douche-bath of spray and the frantic lurching of the little vessel, my two natives remained (like flies on a ceiling) fast asleep till I aroused them.

It at last naturally occurred to me that the rudder must be in fault; and sure enough I found (by the light of a lantern) that the circular iron band of the tiller had, through friction on the wooden hasp of the rudder, lost its grip. A few wooden chips hurriedly driven in soon welded rudder and tiller into one piece of mechanism again. Sails were then set, and way got on the *Electra*—not a moment too soon, as the roar on the reef plainly indicated. All next day the boat was thrashing through the exposed bay off Maiva, but (shortly after dark) a few hours' safety were once more obtained under the western lee of Yule Island. Then followed several successive days and nights' struggle against the elements, practically single-handed (for nothing could suffice to keep the natives awake after dark; in this respect they were almost as bad as my quondam Chinese associates). About four o'clock one morning, being utterly exhausted, I called them, and handing Vargooeea the tiller, gave positive instructions in their own tongue (neither of them could speak a word of English; for it is the mission policy not to train them to render any assistance to Europeans) to call me at

daybreak. It was eight a.m. before the sunshine woke me, and then I found both my sable friends fast asleep, while the cutter in the mean time had both drifted and sailed twenty miles in a contrary direction! It took us most of that day to regain lost ground. Times mended after that. "Night is frequently darkest before dawn." Port Moresby was reached in due course, with a good cargo under hatches; and the victory was won.

I now set to work to carry out a scheme of establishing a chain of native-managed *bêche-de-mer* stations, having the requisite plant, viz. a large supply of butchers' iron boiling-down pots, batter wire, galvanized iron; also a dozen tin boxes stamped with my name and fitted with padlocks and keys; and a plentiful supply of "trade," *i.e.* a ton of "fig" tobacco, tomahawks, calico, etc.

I then went from village to village, erected smoke-houses of iron, thatched with foliage; stretched the wire at a height of five feet from the ground, and fixed up boiling-down pots. Then a scale of payment was agreed upon with the assembled villagers; the tin box containing a supply of trade was handed over to the native of my choice, who proudly assumed the badge of authority as paymaster (the key worn round his neck), and I went on my way accompanied by the will-o'-the-wisp of anticipation, until my next visit demonstrated the failure or success of the station. In a short time I had natives along nearly one hundred miles of coast (in the aggregate a thousand or more) fishing for me; and thus not only gave effect to my experiment, but obviated all personal manipulation in the disgusting operation.

The *bêche-de-mer*, trepang, or "sea-slug," as it is variously

called, is of half a dozen or more different kinds, from the small white fish worth £17 a ton to the large teat-fish (so named from certain teat-like protuberances under its belly) realizing up to £120 per ton. The "fish," as it is generally called by its European getters, lives amongst the sea-grasses on the coral reefs, and is picked up at low water. Its appearance is as repulsive as its touch, and many have experienced a shuddering sensation when (wading ashore from a boat) they have placed their foot on some unknown "squelchy" substance. The sea-slug is thrown by natives into light canoes, which are hauled up the beach to the round-bottomed iron pots, into which the horrible-looking seething mass is emptied. For as soon as the *bêche-de-mer* is taken from its natural element (like sea-birds caught and landed on a vessel's deck), it emits a viscous liquid, also part of its intestines—in shape like pomegranate seeds. A fire is then lighted underneath the pot, and the fish is boiled for an hour or more in its own juice. The pot is then turned over, on to the sand, for the contents to cool. Each fish is cut open and partially cleaned, and its sides extended by a crosspiece of wood; and then the whole batch is thrown on to the batter wire, to smoke over a wood fire for twenty-four hours. When thoroughly cured, it is as crisp and brittle as dry glue; but, after lying in sacks, becomes soft with the moisture of the atmosphere, and cuts like a piece of indiarubber. Fresh fish is shovelled in as the mass in the sack diminishes, until (when the sack can be made to hold no more) palm and needle are taken, the widely distended lips drawn together by repeated flagellation with a cudgel, and the top securely sewn up. It is the ambition of a man smart at his work to cram

a ton of fish into fourteen corn-sacks, which, after being branded, are ready for export. "All trades have their tricks," is an old saying; and a very common one with *bêche-de-mer* is to expose the filled packs in the dew (overnight before being shipped), to permit of the weight being increased by the moisture: another dodge is to add a few pounds of sand before sewing up the sack. *Bêche-de-mer* soup is nowadays often seen on the *menu* at Queensland hotels; but, to my thinking, the soup made from its gelatinous folds would be singularly insipid save for the plentiful spices and garlic with which it is usually flavoured. China absorbs the bulk of this product; and the inhabitants of the "Flowery Land" regard the sea-slug as not only a most nutritious dietetic, but also as a panacea for many ills.

Upon arrival at Hula, on October 14, 1885, I found the s.s. *Governor Blackall* (with Mr. Chalmers and Sir Peter Scratchley on board), also H.M.S. *Harrier*, at anchor in the bay. Before I left Sydney a friend had made me a present of the colonial ensign, which I was flying on this occasion. No sooner had I dropped anchor, however, than a petty officer and boat's crew from the *Harrier* came alongside and peremptorily ordered the lowering of the flag. Poor New South Wales!

On the preceding September 19, I had received (through Mr. Musgrave, Assistant Deputy-Commissioner) a letter from the Special Commissioner, who made use of the following expression:—"As Mr. Bevan is aware, I am anxious to assist him in his enterprise." In reference thereto I now went off to the *Governor Blackall;* but the Special Commissioner would not see me, sending his

private secretary instead. To that gentleman I reported the progress I was making, viz. a return of over two tons of *native* caught, and cured *bêche-de-mer* for the previous month. But while Sir Peter Scratchley had been all courtesy and kindness in Sydney (and had distinctly encouraged my hope of obtaining valuable concessions in return for energy and enterprise), his approval of my efforts was counteracted by the poisonous influences at his elbow, and his past pledges were forgotten.

News was brought to me that night that the coloured teacher (Etama) of the London Missionary Society at Hula had reported to the Special Commissioner that, without exception, the boats and vessels which called at the place encouraged the native women to come on board. Now, this was a point on which I was peculiarly sensitive. When I first went to New Guinea, I deeply resented Commodore Erskine's (mission-interpreted and prompted) allusion to "bad and evil-disposed men," which I felt must, in many instances, have a grossly unjust application. At all events, wishing to prove it so, from the start in my own case, I had ever held my own men and associates firmly in check, and, "like Cæsar's wife," my cutter "was above all suspicion." I, of course, demanded an immediate explanation, but received instead an offensive letter, signed "James Chalmers," and delivered just as the *Governor Blackall* steamed off next morning with that missionary and the Special Commissioner on board.

Sir Peter Scratchley went on to South Cape and Moresby Island, had Bailalla (the murderer of Captain Fryer) actually on board the *Governor Blackall*, but, at the instigation of Mr. Chalmers—so it was said—let him go

again.* Thence the party went to Milne Bay, and, finding a few harmless European naturalists and traders there endeavouring to turn an honest penny, the Commissioner abused the opportunity by lowering these poor fellows in the eyes of the thousands of natives by his strictures and threats, on account of some small irregularities in their permits.† Thence he cruised up the deep waters (in places three hundred and fifty fathoms a few miles from shore) of the sombre and precipitous east coast to Mitre Rock, on the eighth parallel of south latitude (north of which is German territory). Returning in a panic of fear of fever, he sailed to Cooktown, and died at sea, in December, 1885,

* Extract from Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner (Hon. John Douglas) for British New Guinea for 1887 :—"*Samarai (Dinner Island), April* 9.—We arrived here at four p.m. this afternoon, passing Su-a-u, or South Cape, at 11.30 a.m. Heard of the terrible tragedy at Moresby Island; six Chinamen murdered and the *Pride of the Logan* destroyed. I have been supplied with all the particulars by Mr. Kissack—at least, all the particulars at present known—but I can do nothing yet to ascertain further facts or to follow up the murderers. Our 'boys' must be attended to first. On my return I may be able to visit the scene of this outrage. Sooner or later these Moresby Islanders must be reckoned with. *No notice was taken of Friar's* (Fryer) *murder in Hoop-Iron Bay, and this is what follows, perpetrated by the same people at no great distance from the scene of the first murder.*"

† General Scratchley had before admitted that he doubted whether he had the power to keep any one out of New Guinea; and yet because some of these respectable traders had obtained clearances from the Customs authorities at Cooktown, Queensland, instead of obtaining permits from himself direct (not knowing where to find him, seeing that for several months the High Commissioner of New Guinea had been travelling round the Australian colonies), General Scratchley took advantage of their weakness to raise quibbles thereupon when meeting them in Milne Bay, and with the above deplorable result.

during the passage to Townsville. While £15,000 was the annual subsidy provided by the colonies for the administration of British New Guinea, the charter and outfit of the s.s. *Governor Blackall* (for this twelve weeks' trip) alone cost £8000. But although this extravagant and abortive expedition came to an untimely end, its mischief was not complete, unfortunately; for the lives of the Europeans in Milne Bay were *sought* by the natives, and one (a fine fellow named Charlie Berlin) only escaped "by the skin of his teeth," after an heroic defence in his boat against overwhelming numbers, during which he was thrown overboard and struck on the head by natives, one of whom he shot. Then the treacherous, cowardly hearted curs, who had come to him with fawns and smiles, also presents dispersed.

The things that were done about this time (and for several months thereafter) by some officers of the administration were simply incredible, and criminally culpable in their folly and inhumanity. It really seemed as though it were desired to give effect to the arrogant boast of a missionary (Chalmers) that "in another six months there will not be a trader left in the island." A very just and respectable trader (Captain Miller, of Cooktown) had been murdered by natives of Normanby Island. His murderer, Diavari by name, was caught and taken to Port Moresby, instead of being executed at his own village, as he should have been.* Diavari was made much of, and eventually

* Extract from Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner (Hon. John Douglas) for British New Guinea for 1887:—"Landed our old friend Diavari (Miller's murderer) at a small island not far from Lydia, among his own friends. At first they did not recognize

returned with numerous presents to his own island, where he would remain a lasting illustration of the advantages accruing to a murderer. In another case, when Deputy-Commissioner Romilly landed some recruits *ex* s.s. *Victoria* at the Engineer Group, he accepted a *propitiatory* pig from the murderers of William Read, who in consequence thought they had wiped off that score, and took an early opportunity thereafter of again gratifying to the full their lust for blood and plunder by *murdering* some Chinese *bêche-de-mer* fishers.

From Dinner Island, Sir Peter Scratchley wrote me, under date November 29, 1885, that he did not think he could grant the concessions applied for, but "could not give a definite answer for the present." His death (occurring as it did a few days later, early in December, 1885) put an abrupt end to my negotiations, pending the appointment and arrival of the first Special Commissioner's successor.

him, and no wonder, for 'Johnny,' as they called him at Port Moresby, looked quite like a swell in his clean shirt and drill trousers. But it was not long before it dawned upon them that it was, in truth, their long-lost friend, risen as it were from the dead, and then there was great rejoicing and nose-rubbing. The village was a very pretty one, clean and tidy, on a sandy spit running out from a coco-nut grove. Then, after a little speech from me inculcating goodwill to the white man and illustrating our precepts by example, we left our reformed villain with injunctions to him to visit 'Frank' at Samarai. This he will probably do when he has finished his tobacco. The return of Diavari is likely, I trust, to have an excellent effect on the natives of Normanby, who are a very *impracticable* lot. Leaving Lydia at midday, we again had some very difficult reef-threading until we got into open water and anchored here about four o'clock."

All this is very pretty; but it is nevertheless, though of course indirectly and unintentionally, putting a premium on murder, judging by past experiences.

When I met Sir Peter Scratchley at Hula on October 14, 1885, I was then *en route* for the east end, which I intended to make the seat of very extended operations; but my plans were rudely frustrated by the *changed*, and *mission-prompted*, policy of the Commissioner. Having lived in the traditions of "red tape," when thrown amongst such a bewildering novelty of things as existed in New Guinea, he resigned himself at once to the "leading strings" of his irresponsible advisers; and with what result we all know. What I chiefly blame him for, in my own case, was his weakness in leading me to expect his aid and assistance in the way of promised concessions. Had he straightforwardly told me (a year before) that *he* had no power to grant such, it would have saved me a considerable outlay, which, under the circumstances, could have been more profitably invested in Australia; also much loss of time and trouble, and months of subsequent sickness.

The Special Commissioner had distinctly encouraged me to settle; and it was only natural to expect that he would redeem his promise to give "some reasonable tenure to land, on which to erect stations and wharves."

CHAPTER VI.

THIRD TRIP TO PAPUA.

AFTER the departure of Sir Peter Scratchley from Hula on October 15, I decided (from what I had heard from his private secretary) that it would be futile my going to the east end; and accordingly gave up all thought of doing so.

From Hula I sailed easterly to Aroma, to visit my friend Koapeena, who was fishing for me there. This latter was an historic chief who ruled in a mild and patriarchal way over a large colony of Papuans. His village comprised better built and kept houses, cleaner streets, and altogether a superior organization than I have seen elsewhere in New Guinea. Koapeena likewise had far-extending influence over the surrounding districts. I made one trip singly with himself and his son in my cutter to McFarlane Harbour, where dwelt some natives who had planned the murder of a trader but a few months previously, and could not have been better received had I belonged to the reigning family. In Koapeena's company I sailed the *Electra* through the Heads (consisting of picturesquely timbered grassy knolls) right up to the

village, and soon had the deck of the cutter thronged with a noisy group of natives of all sizes and both sexes. Koapeena accepted an invitation to sleep ashore that night, and on my declining to leave the cutter, the local chief wished to supply me with luxuries which it is not customary to offer guests in civilized communities, and could not understand my scruples or refusal of his well-intentioned amenities. Koapeena has generally been given a bad character (owing to some supposed implication in the massacres of Chinese, also indirectly in that of Captain Webb). But we have to take men as we find them, and I always got on well with the aquiline-visaged herculean chief with the kingly air, and the great frizzy topknot, in which he took so much pride. Always, soon after I dropped anchor at Aroma, Koapeena would come aboard, and take a cup of tea or a "snack" of something to eat; and would then descend into my own little cabin aft (where there was scarcely room for his giant limbs), and, with vague wonder depicted on his open-mouthed visage, thumb over any novelties. In my visits ashore he invariably treated me with courtesy and respect; and many a good meal have I made in his house, off, say, a knuckle of freshly caught wallaby, with sago and banana fritters as "sweets." Besides half a dozen houses, numerous canoes, gardens, and a plurality of wives, Koapeena possessed half a mile of coco-nut groves in his own right; and also claimed hunting privileges on the well-grassed fertile plains and valleys and undulating ridges between the littoral and the Astrolabe range, on the nearest spurs of which Animarupu is situated.

At Aroma, as at Kalo, indeed all over New Guinea, the

bushmen and the fishermen live in perennial internecine feud. Many a romance might be effectively spun out of daybreak surprises and noonday attacks of Koapeena and his clansmen upon the equally vindictive Animarupuans, in revenge for relatives and friends "picked off" when attending to outlying gardens, or engaged in the pleasures of the chase in the intervening champaign. The secret of my success with Koapeena was that I made an invariable rule of gratifying that chieftain's very marked cupidity, and was not in the end the loser thereby.

By a singular coincidence a neighbouring village to Koapeena's has the same native name as the first seat of government in New South Wales (two thousand miles distant), viz. Parramatta.

In this life of boating along a coast (either lined with dangerous reefs or exposed to the full force of the monsoon), numerous vicissitudes, as might be expected, were experienced, and some curious risks encountered. Upon one occasion darkness came on before there was time to reach an inshore shelter, so anchor was dropped on the weather-side of a reef. The *Electra* strained at her chain very noticeably, but (as we thought there were covering reefs outside) no special anxiety was felt. Daylight disclosed the fact that the night had been spent on the outer edge of the Great Barrier Reef (the tint of the wall of coral—running down sheer to fathomless depths—being of a lovely radiating, glacier-like blue), where we might have been exposed to the concentrated fury of thousands of leagues of the Pacific Ocean, had one of the frequent sudden squalls arisen.

The glamour of the sea cast its nameless spell over one

in those frequent cruises down that romantic coast, overhung at no great distance by alpine peaks, alternately clear-shining or bathed in soft fleecy folds, or blotted altogether out of sight by black storm-clouds.

Says Longfellow:—

> "These, and many more like these,
> With King Olaf sailed the seas,
> Till the waters vast
> Filled them with a vague devotion,
> With the freedom and the motion,
> With the roll and roar of ocean,
> And the sounding blast."

And many have come to regard the sea with love, and look upon it almost as a deity, *since* the days of King Olaf.

The daily life was nevertheless a very hard one—often battling against a head-wind, thrashing up or down the coast with the spray ever drenching one's face and shirt; or, worse still, kept waiting in the scorching vertical sun, whistling for the breeze, outside the great reef towards which huge rollers kept driving the shallow shallop; while, should the calm continue till darkness rendered it impossible to con a passage through the reefs, as sometimes happened, it meant a night's weary watching out in the great deeps, perhaps hove-to under a passing tornado, with the chance of being carried a hundred miles or so out of one's course.

Such a life, however, like all other lives, was not without its amenities. It was pleasant sailing home "with a free sheet and a following sea," and a good load under hatches; or, after a day's work in visiting out stations, to rest in some safe shelter, and, after the frugal evening meal,

watch the tropic sunsets (oh, never-dying recollections!)—extravaganzas or phantasmagoria of flame and fire, *framed* by the massive mountains like pyramids of black ashlar marble, and the wind-wrought plains of the sea. Then, after the auroral afterglow, there remained that blue diamond brightness and the palpitating stars bespangling the infinite mantle of night.

I remember how, on one of those silent nights (when we seemed alone with Nature, and one's heart beat responsively to the past), C——, who had been unusually silent and brooding during the day, narrated the history of a horrible epoch in his own life; it being the anniversary of its occurrence. C—— had taken service on a small American brig hailing from Boston, the crew of which groaned under the tyranny of a brutal captain. It was the old story of short commons, bad food, bullying, and overwork. C——, who had charge of the cook's galley, first tried to poison the master, and then to kill him by letting a heavy block fall from aloft. And when his "chum" was put in irons for insubordination, C—— was the ringleader in a terrible mutiny, in which the captain's son was shot dead, throats were cut, and other lives taken. And how (after unnameable atrocities had been perpetrated on both sides) the master got the upper hand, and would have shot or brained C——, save that the latter being a smart seaman, and rough weather coming on, his services were required to assist in navigating the vessel. Upon arrival at Rockhampton (Queensland), C—— and a surviving mutineer were put on their trial for murder; but the former had schooled his companion into a certain fictitious line of defence, so he said, from which no efforts

could cause either of them to swerve one iota. They were accordingly acquitted of the capital offence, but, on some minor count, were sentenced to two or three years' imprisonment.

He was indispensable to me at the time, no other services being procurable; but I was glad to avail of an early opportunity of freeing myself from the company of such a desperate character, who had found his way to New Guinea on board the mission schooner.

There is an old adage that "misfortunes never come singly," of the truth of which I shortly had a special proof. On December 29, when off Round Head (a prominent convexity about fifty miles south-easterly of Port Moresby), two natives, named Goobeloy and Serreoo, surreptitiously deserted, leaving myself and an *employé* named Rayward alone on the *Electra*. From the direction of the prevailing monsoon, viz. north-west, we were sheltered by an outlying fringe of reefs. During early evening a shower fell, while a calm overspread the rain-pitted sea. But towards midnight a fierce squall swept in from a gap in the screen of reefs to the south-west, the only exposed quarter. Simultaneously the tide began to flow, and the wind to whistle shrilly in the rigging. An ominous sound, that of the anchor dragging, first aroused me, but (paying out all the remaining chain) I trusted the soft sand might afford holding ground till morning light abated the terrors of the situation. Every now and then the little *Electra* gave a plunge, and, when she could sink no deeper, rose on the crest of a wave to give herself a shake like a water-dog, sending a shower of hissing spray right fore and aft. Forked lightning momentarily illumined the black waters,

while the roll of thunder mingled with the shriek of wind and waves. Man was a helpless cipher in such a struggle of the elements, and could only (like Mr. Micawber) "wait for something to turn up." About 4.30 a.m., at the top of high water, a tremendous shock threw us both off our legs, and announced that the *Electra* had struck!

After daybreak I despatched Rayward to Kapa Kapa, a village some eight miles distant by land, and, as the tide had now receded, set to work jettisoning everything portable. With the afternoon tide and some native assistance, the cutter was "kedged" off the beach into her natural element; and having providentially struck on a patch of soft sand, instead of on the neighbouring jagged rocks, had sustained scarcely any damage. While prospecting for a safer anchorage, and about a mile off shore, a passing squall whirled by without notice, and (though I instantly slacked off the main sheet and put the helm hard down) the little vessel, being quite empty of ballast, capsized in a trice. I sung out to "let go everything," and by good fortune a native innocently let go the right rope, and down came the peak halyards with a run; whereupon the *Electra* slowly righted. At high water we sailed right over a reef, and took refuge in an adjacent creek; and next day recovered all the cargo. Owing to persistent bad weather, and the incidence of "neap" tides, we were detained here close prisoners for several days. At low water a foot-passage existed to the beach, and daily and nightly we were visited by parties of bushmen. On one occasion a pair of sculls (placed in the dinghy overnight) were found some four hundred yards away, deliberately crossed one over the other.

Horrible nightmare time of enforced detention! Profound silence reigned around, unbroken save for the scream of some yellow-crested cockatoo, disturbed by natives watching us from the shades of the sombre forested hills. Fœtid mangroves lined the beach, their gnarled and twisted pile-like roots giving them the appearance of mammoth spiders crawling out of the slimy ooze (alive with lizards, snakes, and brilliant, garish, red, blue, and yellow little crabs). From these unclean trees a noisome smell (as of a hemlock forest) was borne down to us when the wind was off the land. The whole baleful environment resembled that of a terrestrial Hades, fit habitation for Troglodytes and Anthropophagi; while the reef might represent the gates of Avernus, with "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*" written upon it by the daily lessening tides.

There is no room here to permit of a description of all that happened before the fatal spell was broken; but the following short quotations from the Queensland press of April 14, 1886, will give an outline of some of the circumstances:—

"NEW GUINEA.

"PLUNDER OF 'ELECTRA'—AN ATTACK BY NATIVES THWARTED.

"On New Year's Day, while Rayward was on shore cooking a 'damper,' natives came off to the cutter with tomahawks and spears, whose manner was so peculiar and suspicious that Mr. Bevan had to bring his Winchester rifle on deck and order them away. . . .

"Rayward reported on his return to the cutter that he had been offered women, and that on his refusal the girls and young boys were sent away, and himself urged to sit

down. Just as he was about to leave, he was seized on either side by natives, while one in front raised a tomahawk to strike; he, however, had kept one hand ready on his revolver, which he now 'sighted' and would have fired, had not the tomahawk been immediately dropped and his arms released. . . . There can be no doubt that a murderous attack was only thwarted by the good watch kept, and the bushmen's dread of firearms, which, with great forbearance, were not used on the natives.

"Two days later, Mr. Bevan and his man had to temporarily abandon the *Electra* and proceed to Kapa Kapa to procure food and water, swimming *en route* a half-mile wide creek known to the natives as 'Ōōalla-mōmō' (*i.e.* full of alligators). On their return it was discovered that the cutter's padlocked hatches had been forced in their absence, and a considerable quantity of 'trade' and goods stolen. . . .

"On the news being reported in Port Moresby, Assistant Deputy-Commissioner Musgrave, with laudable promptitude, despatched a dozen 'special constables,' under the leadership of Mr. George Hunter, to put pressure on the guilty villages with a view to obtaining restoration of the stolen property and due compensation. . . .

"Upon arrival, notice to restore the plunder was given, under a penalty, in case of non-compliance, of a visit from the expeditionary force. To this message an impudent answer was returned, inviting the Europeans to "come and get tomahawked." Mr. Hunter and his mounted force then visited Ikooroo, Raboni, and Toobootala, where some of the stolen property was recovered, after which the two latter small villages were given to the flames. . . . Taking

horses to the district was 'a great stroke,' as cattle had never been seen there before, and struck terror into the Papuan breasts, being likened to *big dogs*. . . .

"Two men concerned in the plunder were captured, one being Verrivalum, the chief of the marauding natives. Admission of the intention to obtain forcible possession of the tomahawks and tobacco on New Year's Day was obtained from them, and (after getting a good frightening) the two prisoners were returned to their district and let go with a severe warning."

Mr. Musgrave revealed an anomalous condition of things by writing me, under date January 18, 1886, as follows:—"The Western Pacific Orders in Council, under which temporary control is established in this protectorate, are intended to settle difficulties and disputes between 'British subjects' in the Western Pacific, and do not include the trial and punishment of natives, not also British subjects."

The article (above quoted) concluded with the following paragraph:—"Mr. Lawes would not give the services of his Kapa Kapa teachers to the expedition. It is, however, just as well that it was carried out so far successfully without mission aid, and in spite of refusal to give that aid, as had such been granted the acceptance thereof might have compromised the administration after Mr. Lawes' remarkable recent writings anent club law.* The little that has

* In the *Sydney Morning Herald* of October 6, 1885 (a year after, in his capacity of missionary, he had been entrusted with the task of interpreting to the natives the changed conditions under the British protectorate), there appeared this extraordinary apology from the pen of *Mr. W. G. Lawes* on behalf of the perpetrators of the very numerous massacres of Europeans then occurring in a part of New Guinea which Mr. Lawes and his colleague rarely or never visited:—

been done has given satisfaction to the traders, and tends to a renewal in part of that confidence and feeling of security which under *mission-commodore-rule* was entirely lost."

Shortly after this last affair, my health began to give way. Several causes tended to this consummation, such as disappointment; bad living on innutritious, unwholesome tinned meats; the mephitic exhalations from combined native villages and burial-grounds; and exposure during long calms on a "red-hot" deck to that equatorial sun which dries up the life of the white man. Six or seven months "straight off the reel" of such experiences proved a severe tax to one not inured to a similar mode of life. At the close of the north-west season sickness became very prevalent in the native villages, and I was laid up in my hut at Port Moresby with a first attack of fever and ague. The Assistant Deputy-Commissioner, Mr. Musgrave, was away on leave, and very few Europeans remained in the place. The twin brothers, George and Robert Hunter, were the only white men I saw at all, and they behaved like good Samaritans. Still the sickness continued in the village, and the natives grew beside themselves with fear. The Koitapuans, or hillmen, informed the Motuans that it was the spirits of some of the white men that caused the deadly epidemic.

On the night of March 8, 1886, while alone in my house and very feeble with fever, I was aroused (about

"There are some states of society in which lynch law is justifiable. The same plea holds good for *club* law. *There is no other than club law known among the natives of New Guinea.*" This sounds strangely like an admission of failure on the part of the L. M. S.

midnight) by the unprecedented nocturnal sound of subdued voices of natives around the place, and the flash of firesticks as seen through crevices of the building. I endured the suspense as long as I could, in the hope that they would leave, but at last crept out of my mosquito net, flung the door open, and shouted out in Motu, "Stop where you are, or I *will* fire!" What I desired, of course, was to find out their motive. I could not suspect the Motuans (after twelve years' affiliation to Europeans) of premeditated treachery.

But my challenge was in vain, for the torches were quenched, and they all scampered off like a stampede of wild cattle. My depôt stood solitarily in a half-acre enclosure. The only vulnerable points were the triangles under the gables, made of palm-frond thatching to admit of ventilation. About three a.m. I was again roused; and on this occasion, at first pebbles were thrown on the iron roof, and then a firestick was flung, which all but set fire to the thatch-work. I again sallied forth, with a like result.

On the following day, the Messrs. Hunter (representing the administration at the time) could only obtain the unsatisfactory explanation from the natives that the suspected party were searching for some idiot boy who had strayed from their village.

The epidemic still raged along one hundred miles of coast, and swept away the natives in hundreds. Food supplies grow scarce at the end of the north-west monsoon, until the sago fleet arrives from the Gulf, when the natives gorge themselves with the coarse starch, and the accruing indigestion and constipation brought on a disease which took the form of virulent pneumonia, or pneumo-pleuritis.

Then the natives rushed into the sea to cool themselves, and many daily succumbed under shivering ague-fits and burning fevers. The dead were buried, in accordance with hereditary custom, under two or three inches of loose sand, scratched up at the foot of the rough ladders leading to the verandahs of their houses. The weather remained calm and sultry, and the stench from the village became plague-spreading. I had on several occasions attacks of fever but a few hours after passing through the native villages, and (under date April 23, 1886) wrote to the Messrs. Hunter, strenuously pointing out the necessity, both for the welfare of blacks and whites, of insisting upon the natives burying their dead in some spot to be selected as a cemetery, at a sufficient distance from the village. The Messrs. Hunter replied that they had no power to take action, but would represent the matter to the proper quarter; and it was several months thereafter before this first sadly needed social and sanitary reform was *inaugurated.* What could I think of the London Missionary Society, which, after twelve years' settlement, at a cost of £5000 per annum, had (even at their head-quarters at Port Moresby) not introduced so simple and civilizing an innovation?

At night the sorcerers sat up cursing; torches were burnt, and the mournful roll of drums reverberated among the hills till morning; but still the people died. For a time the plague was attributed to the machinations of the land spirits, and the villagers moved out into the harbour at night-time and slept in their canoes, but without any diminution of the death-rate. Then they returned to the village, and fired arrows at any moving objects, so

that one or two Europeans had narrow escapes, and many native dogs were killed. For the Papuans are extremely illogical. Though frightened to death of the Vata Vata (Devil-world), they curse instead of propitiate; and while regarding the spirits as supernatural and intangible, still do not refrain from hurling spears or shooting arrows at any forms their sorcerers may indicate as affording shelter for the evil spirits.*

The following cablegram, published in the Sydney press about this period, afforded me a passing gleam of pleasure :—"Among the exhibits which excited the special admiration of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in the New South Wales Court at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, was the very fine collection† of New Guinea ethnology, exhibited by Mr. Theodore Bevan, F.R.G.S."

I still stayed on, awaiting the new Special Commissioner, or successor to the late Sir Peter Scratchley, who, we heard, would be the Honourable John Douglas, a wily Queensland politician.

By this time the fever-and-ague fiend had got a firm grip of my shattered system, and for weeks together I would lie on my back from utter weakness, and yet have no one to help me, for my quondam white *employés* had already been "invalided" back to Queensland. Both my native companions, in the first adventurous voyage to Motu Motu (poor "Tiger" and Vossa Vossa), had died of the plague, and the village sorcerers predicted that I too

* *Vide* appendices to Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner for British New Guinea for 1887.

† Afterwards purchased by the New South Wales Government and presented to the Imperial Institute, London.

would follow them into Shadowland. What seemed to me the most terrible thing of all was the long-drawn-out weariness of life. It seemed too heavy a burden for one single man to bear. I would sink off into an uneasy slumber at, say, three p.m., and sleep seemingly for years and ages, all through my past life and far into futurity, and at last awake (judging by the sunlight that another day had broke), only to find, by reference to the inexorable timepiece, that these æons of ages had been winged in but ten minutes' actual oblivion from the realities of a sternly matter-of-fact world.

In intervals between these prostrating attacks, I would rally sufficiently, and (taking a native or two) would sail along the coast as far as Aroma; and, though really far too weak to properly bear the anxiety and strain of such hazardous sea-voyages, feel temporarily, perhaps, all the better for the change.

Another terrible infliction, brought on by the absence of all fresh provisions, were horrible ulcers (a disease resembling the "Barcoo rot" of Queensland), into which any slight scratch or chafe speedily enlarged itself, and the only permanent cure for which is bluestone, aided by change of diet and air.

On one of these sea-trips I had, as a single companion, "Billy," the Lifu boy of the criminal physiognomy, who was supposed to have been accessory to Captain Fryer's murder at Moresby Island. While at Aroma I was, without warning, suddenly struck down by fever, but (when I rallied a little) managed to struggle as far as Kerapuno, and could not move thence for days. I camped on shore, and well remember how one night (when all seemed blurred

and unreal to my wandering senses) some black fellows came round my bed, and, feeling over the region of my swollen liver and spleen, pronounced the death-warrant, "*Marte! Marte!*" Yes, "*Marte!*" I verily believe as I lay there, stirless, they really thought I was dead. But profuse perspiration staved off the last dread eventuality, and unrestful slumbers heralded in the morn; and still I lived. I was told not to eat bananas, but one night I staggered over to a golden cluster and had a feast, and this gratification of a returning appetite (by "forbidden fruit") saved my life, I believe.

A few days later, I started homewards, chiefly dreading the open sea in Hood Bay, and the great reef off Hula, which the more you skirt it, the further out it seems to run (reminding one of those salt lakes which Colonel Warburton had to "round the end of" in the far interior of Australia, in order to escape). Decidedly unpleasant was the prospect of being becalmed off this reef, only to be swept by blue ocean rollers on to its emerald-coloured coral protuberances; though they do say that if you "douse" all sail, the currents will carry you by —an experiment one would not care to be the first to try. After leaving Kerapuno, sure enough, we were becalmed; and while I laid my aching head down for a few minutes' repose in the stuffy little cabin, "Billy" came and danced a hornpipe immediately overhead. And when I remonstrated with him, his savage black blood took fire, and, taking advantage of my weakened condition, he would have assaulted me but for my revolver. From Hula I sailed alone in his company, and had to keep watch and ward against his treachery night and day until port was

reached, and then I was enabled to dispense with his services for ever.

In April, I went on a solitary prospecting expedition to the Astrolabe range, in consequence of a report of the discovery of auriferous indications. Several days were spent in wading, swimming, or fording mountain torrents; clambering over shingly river beds; or traversing billowy stretches of finely grassed open forest country, bounded by steep cliffs and precipices. I discovered some deposits of black manganese oxide, previously spoken of by other travellers as *plumbago*, not sufficiently pure to be of any commercial value; also a few waterworn fragments of hornblendic rock containing a little iron pyrites, and probably come out of some pebble conglomerate, the characteristic formation of the Astrolabe range. It is highly improbable that auriferous leads will be found on the southern slope of the Astrolabe range. A curious feature of the mountain villages of this range is the tree-houses, so built for defensive purposes.*

* Description taken from "Proceedings Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, 1885-6":—"Overlooking this flat, and perched in trees (which were growing on the top of a conical hill), were the residences of these people. From our position on the flat their appearance was very remarkable. One small and isolated house, *perched on two tall trees*, looked much like a dog-kennel or a pigeon-house, sixty or seventy feet above us; others were more closely clustered together. We hastened to inspect them. This hill, which arose abruptly from the flat, is, from the base upwards, closely surrounded by scrub; a narrow pathway broad enough for one person at a time led to the summit; this pathway was obstructed by two lines of palisades about twenty feet apart, ingeniously formed of stout sticks spreading out like a fan and leaning outwards, and so presented a very serious obstacle to intruders. The summit of the hill was a mass of stones, apparently of a hard cherty formation; the crest (for about, in all, one-half of the circumference) was occupied by houses of

On June 7, I left Port Moresby in the *Elcctra* for Hula (where a native named Keema was managing a station for me), accompanied by three native boys for crew. A strong head-wind was blowing from the south-east. When off Pyramid Point, both peak and staysail halyards carried away, and the rocks were barely weathered. Panic seized the lads, and while I handed the tiller to one (to run forward and repair the damage myself) he allowed the boat to drift still further inshore. I then tried to bring up under the lee of the first island in the bay, but again the ropes snapped like threads as a white squall whizzed by; and a catastrophe was only avoided by casting chain and anchor overboard, which found doubtful holding-ground on the exposed or weather side of an islet near the mainland. I overheard the natives planning an escape; but, as such might have involved the loss of the cutter and my own life (having neither dinghy nor sufficiency of provisions on board), I kept a fitful watch throughout the night.

Next morning, I got under way again, and found shelter under the lee of an island farther out in the bay, where I effected certain repairs, intending to return to Port Moresby

the ordinary form, partly resting on piles and on rocks. Two tall but slight trees supported the dog-kennel alluded to; three others, in a clump, supported a well-built house of two floors; and in the remaining trees I counted, I think, six dwellings. Access to these was gained by means of ladders made of long saplings lashed together with grass ropes; the steps were placed at very irregular intervals. One ladder was arranged to accommodate two or three houses, from tree to tree.

"The construction of these houses showed a great amount of ingenuity; it appeared strange that they were not torn to pieces during a gale of wind. In some cases a branch protruded through the floor, and in another instance I noticed that a corner of one house was supported by a long forked pole resting on the limb of a tree."

for a refit on the following day. Overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep in my cabin, and on waking at three p.m., knew instinctively by the unbroken silence that something was wrong. I shouted loudly, but got no answer. Climbing upon deck, "heart in mouth," I cast a searching glance into the hold, and found it empty! Then I hallooed at the island, but my voice was drowned in the answering thunder of the surf. It was only too palpably clear that the three natives had deserted; and added to my anxiety on the score of *their** safety were cares on account of the *Electra*. If the anchor chanced to have got "foul" (as it sometimes did in the coral beds) one man would be helpless to "trip" it. Besides, it was now the middle of the south-east season, and, while the monsoon was fuming and blustering in furious gales, what could one do, single-handed? That afternoon and night, and all the next day, I alternately slept, reflected, or gazed at the wind-wrought sky to search for sign of change; subsisting meanwhile on a few drops of water and stale crust of damper.

On the following night, to my welcome surprise, moist storm-clouds carried by assault the frowning heights of the Astrolabe range, and, after a smart shower of rain, a calm ensued. At daylight I took on board all the slack of the chain, and (oh, heart's ease!) found that I could "trip" the anchor alone and unaided. First the mainsail, and then jib and staysail, were hoisted, and (not without a nervous

* They probably thought I intended to "carry on" in a disabled condition; and therefore preferred to risk an encounter with sharks or alligators in the two-mile swim to the shore. Had any mishap happened to them, I should undoubtedly have been held responsible by the authorities.

tingling and twitching all over as of a man about to run a race for his life) I sat and whistled for a breeze. About nine a.m. a few cat's-paws flecked the water, and then the gentle zephyr whispered lovingly to the white sails as the *Electra* "heeled over" beneath the breeze. The wind was direct on to the land, however; and the cutter would at best barely lay on a course to clear Pyramid Point on the one tack. Through a break in the Barrier Reef a great swell came rolling in; and, when in the trough of the waves, the cutter's sails flapped, and the breeze was wasted overhead. The wind, too, seemed to die away for a few minutes just when most badly needed, and the boat drifted close in and almost plunged on to the horrid rocks, and there was no help. But the ebbing tide came to my aid, and (though the farther out one sailed so did the reef seem to lengthen itself) I at last cleared the surf-swept point. Then, with a sigh of relief, I slacked out the main sheet and ran before a "soldier's wind," and when off Port Moresby safely "jibed;" and fifteen minutes later the *Electra* took up her wonted station. So ended both the first (single-handed) and the last cruise of any kind I was destined to take in her dear old shell. Well and faithfully had she carried me in the twelve previous months over thousands of miles, in the aggregate, of often tempestuous waters, and, in spite of numerous rock-dints and ship-wrecks, remained staunch to the end. If all British workmanship were executed with the same fidelity and thoroughness there would not be much ground for the complaint frequently made of our trade passing into foreign hands.

I was almost afraid at first to inquire what had become

of the three runaways, lest they might have been drowned, destroyed by sharks or alligators, or even attacked by hill-men. All fears on that account, however, were dispelled when their mahogany visages appeared next day at my depôt to ask time-payment for the piecework rendered! So much at least had they learned by becoming proselytes.

Immediately upon the new Special Commissioner's arrival I opened up negotiations with him.

Mr. Douglas wrote me, under date, Port Moresby, June 30, 1886, "In reference to your note of yesterday, I can only say at present that I have *no objection* to the establishment of such a company as you propose." A few lines further on, however, Mr. Douglas added, "I have already declined on several occasions to give any sanction to projected companies for purposes somewhat similar to those described by you, and I could make no exception in your case."

Was not Mr. Douglas's refusal to sanction like placing a veto upon something to which he said he had "no objection"?

The climax soon came. My attenuated frame was now racked intermittently by the most frightful fevers, and it became a matter of indifference to me whether I survived or not. On June 28, 1886, when alone in my house as usual, I fell on the floor in a dead faint during a fit of vomiting. As sensibility slowly returned, and I rose to my knees, looking through a crevice in the door, I saw two sticks pass slowly by, and instinctively knew them to be the masts of a schooner that would take me away and prove my salvation. Six days later, on July 4, 1886, my *third* trip to Papua came to an end, and I again set foot

in Queensland, after a *continuous* stay in New Guinea of *nearly twelve months*, during which time no taste of *fresh mutton or beef, butter or milk*, had entered my lips. The change of food and climate and surroundings, and return to the amenities of civilized life, worked wonders; and upon landing at Cooktown I never gave the fever a thought, and neglected to lay in a supply of medicine from a specialist there. On the ten days' steamer-passage down the Australian coast all went well till within a day or two's run from my destination. Then cold winds ensued, and I caught a chill; black vomiting came on, and I was again given up. In Sydney I crawled to a leading physician. He said, "Your liver and spleen are *three* times their normal size! . . . It would be madness for you *ever* to go to New Guinea again! . . . If you do go, you must take a *coffin* with you!"

I visited the Blue Mountains of sunny New South Wales, and took bottle after bottle of my medical adviser's prescription (a weak solution of quinine and glycerine), but still the fever recurred with threefold intensity.

After breakfast sometimes I would take a stroll on the sunny garden lawn. Suddenly a shiver (as of a prick from an ice-needle) would dart through my frame, and I would take to bed and lie under mountains of clothes and rugs; in spite of all which my teeth would chatter like castanets with the cold, and I could faintly realize what must have been the sensations of the mammoth suddenly entombed alive in ice. Then reaction would follow, and after the first rose-flush of heat came a perspiration as of a Turkish bath; and, by-and-by, the delightful sleep of pure weariness and utter exhaustion.

So for weeks did the unequal struggle continue, till I wisely telegraphed to the Cooktown doctor (who had "won his spurs" in battle against the fever-fiend in the deadly days of the Palmer Goldfields, in far North Queensland), and after taking but a little of his wonderful medicine, fever and ague left me entirely—seemingly for ever. Thereafter I daily gained in health and strength, living still for a time on the crests of the glorious Blue Mountains. For there, among the "blue-gums," one drinks as of some life-giving elixir, pure ether undefiled and fresh from the gulf-like chasms of the Kanimbula and Govetts valleys, overlooking whose encircling precipices one hears, from depths thousands of feet sheer below, a whispering wind in the tree-tops like far-away hymn of the ocean. And when (six months later) I returned to New Guinea, there was not found room enough in my limited valise for that useful article of furniture yclept coffin.

In the meanwhile little or nothing had been done to break up the power of the vendetta of murderers in the far end.

Mr. W. G. Lawes still championed the wrong-doers from his distant perch at Port Moresby. He wrote to the papers: "Of all those who have been killed in New Guinea in recent years, I don't think there is one case which may not be attributed either to reckless disregard of warning or violation of native rights." *

* Mr. Assistant Deputy-Commissioner Musgrave, in a return of ninety-one separate cases of outrage and massacre by natives of what was British New Guinea (completed up to June 30, 1886), quotes fifty-one cases as *apparently unprovoked* and thirty-six cases as *unprovoked* ("Reports on Native Affairs," by A. Musgrave, published Government Printing Office, Brisbane, 1887).

The consequence of such representations was that punishment was postponed, and among several outrages the most conspicuous were the murder of Captain Miller (before alluded to), near Normanby Island, October 3, 1885; murderous attack on Captain Marx, of H.M.S. *Swinger*, at St. Aignan Island, May, 1886; and on September 14, 1886, the massacre of Captain J. G. Craig, of ketch *Emily*, three white men, and five Malays, off Joannet Island, Louisiades, while procuring pearl shell (quoted in the official records as "*unprovoked*," as indeed really were nearly all of the long list before mentioned). Captain Craig was a well-to-do pearl-sheller, and highly respected citizen of Cooktown, who had a lengthy experience of the native races of the South Sea Islands. The massacre of such men as Fryer, Miller, and Craig shows clearly how wonderfully cunning the Papuan is in disguising his true feelings and inspiring dangerously unguarded confidence even in the breasts of the most experienced. Feeling, then, that his victims are quite at his mercy, some revolting massacre is accomplished with diabolical machine-like completeness.

Captain Craig had engaged the services of half a dozen Louisiade Islanders, amongst them Mōsessa (with whom I had that conversation at the Engineer Group in March, 1885). The six islanders disposed of Craig and his party in the following manner:—Stationing themselves behind the captain and his mate (as they were leaning over the ship's side at the critical moment when one of the divers was emerging from the water), the natives *heaved* the Europeans overboard. The Malays jumped into the water at once through fear. Mōsessa and his party then cut

diver's life-line, and shot Craig and his mate as they were swimming towards the reef; and (taking the boat) then went in chase of the Malays, and despatched them one by one. The *Emily* was first completely looted of goods, stores, and weapons, and then burned.

After this outrage, I wrote the following letter, which was duly published in the Anglo-Australian press :—

"It must be remembered that the very numerous New Guinea massacres of the last two years have occurred at the extreme east end of the island continent and in the neighbouring small islands. Throughout this district there is constant intercommunication. There have never been more than a few traders at a time in the east end, and these either sail about by themselves or with one or two natives; no party of traders usually numbering more than half a dozen souls. Traders almost uniformly treat the natives well and honourably, if only for self-protection, being in such a minority. It was until recently thought by the natives that there was some dread and protecting power behind the white man, and therefore the natives were content to maintain friendly relations with the foreigners, and fish for *bêche-de-mer*, or make copra in order to *work* for the 'trade' brought, instead of taking it by force, as they easily could have done in virtue of their numerical superiority.

"The east end had thus been quiet for a period, when William Read was killed by natives in the Engineer Group, now close upon two years ago. At the time of this occurrence H.M.S. *Raven* was in the vicinity, but took no notice of it; and I pointed out that, owing to this neglect, other massacres must inevitably follow. Nothing, however, was

done, and it dawned upon the native mind, as a revelation, that traders might be murdered with impunity. These New Guinea natives are naturally an indolent race, and they now could see a way to obtain quickly *for nothing* what otherwise they would have to work hard for, *i.e.* the 'trade' of the trader.

"Some six months later, in July, 1885, in a lecture delivered in Sydney before the Geographical Society, it was my painful duty to allude to two additional murders, both traceable to the unpunished Read massacre, and I then again foretold that unless prompt retribution was meted out, more innocent blood must inevitably be shed. Although shortly thereafter so-called 'inquiries' were held in the vicinity of the massacres by officers of her Majesty's ships, the latter seemed to perform their task perfunctorily, and entirely failed in consequence.

"It may be said, seeing this state of affairs, why did not the traders leave the country? To this it must be answered that they were, with few exceptions, men of small means, who had embarked their all in the venture, to relinquish which meant ruin. Thus many had to remain, though looking death in the face, but hoping against hope for better things.

"Through the absence of retribution on the natives, it followed, as the writer had constantly foretold, that the massacres were continued, and the murder of Captain Miller followed closely on that of Captain Fryer; then another trader was killed on the same island where Read met his death; then a murderous attack was made on Captain Marx, of H.M.S. *Swinger*; and the other day the whole civilized world was shocked on reading an account

of the death of Captain Craig and his party; and now we hear that stations of the London Missionary Society are threatened, and there is a 'reign of terror.'

"Now for a solution of the problem as to the real cause of these massacres. On March 7, 1881, the natives of Kalo, a village at the head of Hood Bay, near the mouth of the Kemp Welch river, massacred a party of South Sea island teachers of the London Missionary Society, possibly attributable in part (Mr. Chalmers, the missionary, thought) to a 'niggard regard to expense on our part.' (See p. 170, 'Adventures in New Guinea,' by James Chalmers, published by Religious Tract Society, 1886.)

"From p. 169 of the same publication I quote the following paragraph :—

"'The natives of Hood Bay attribute this massacre to the influence of Koapeena, the Aroma chief, he having assured the Kalo people that foreigners *might be murdered with impunity*, and citing as an illustration the massacre at Aroma last July, and pointing out at the same time the great fame that had thereby accrued to his own people.'

"In retribution for this murder H.M.S. *Wolverine* shortly thereafter visited Kalo, attacked the village at daybreak, and killed some natives, with the result that the natives in that part of New Guinea were disabused of the opinion that they 'might murder foreigners with impunity,' and now Kalo is as safe for foreigners as Cooktown in Queensland, and is frequently visited by travellers, who are treated with respect and friendship.

"Yes, the above episode furnishes a key to the whole question. In the case of the massacres at the east end there has been no retribution; hence the natives have not

only gratified their cupidity with impunity, but the islands whereon white men and foreigners have been killed have obtained at one stroke 'the great fame' so prized by the Aroma chief. Hence the desire in all the islands to emulate this example and earn notoriety as slayers of the white man.

"In addition, I quote from page 100 of 'Adventures in New Guinea':—'Here, as in all other parts of New Guinea, it is not the most powerful man who fights and kills most, but little abominable sneaks, treacherous in the extreme.'

"In some cases officers of her Majesty's ships have endeavoured to bring individual criminals to justice, but this it is impossible to do, owing not only to the recognized untrustworthiness of native evidence, but also to a natural desire on the part of the natives to shield the actual perpetrators.

"The only way, as I have long ago and persistently pointed out, to stop these massacres, is to hold the whole tribe or village responsible, as they clearly are. Do we not see, from the above-quoted extracts, that all participate in the 'fame' acquired, and do we not know that all are benefited by the plunder thus obtained?

"I am glad to see that Mr. Palmer brought the matter before the Queensland Legislative Assembly on Wednesday last, and his remarks were so apt that you will excuse my quoting one or two. He is reported in your issue of Thursday to have said: 'It was notorious that the very name of Englishman seemed to carry with it a license to be tomahawked by savages. Other nations protected their traders from outrage, and why should the people of this colony, and other British subjects, be exposed to such

attacks, and no notice be taken of them? The fact of a man-of-war taking a cruise amongst the islands was a burlesque. When it was intended to attack or shell a village, notice was given to the people to clear out, and the consequence was the savages treated the thing with contempt.'

"This is unfortunately only too true a version of the facts; and not until the retribution inflicted with such good results on Kalo has been meted out to the 'little abominable sneaks, treacherous in the extreme,' in the east end of New Guinea, will the life of a foreigner there be worth a rap.

"I am, etc.,

"THEODORE F. BEVAN, F.R.G.S.

"Sydney, N.S.W., November 23, 1886."

As might be expected, this plain statement of fact brought down upon me the renewed ire of the apologists for native outrages and exponents of *club* law. But although it is not pleasant to be made the butt of unfriendly criticism in the public press, yet what, after all, is such a minor matter compared with saving the lives of one's fellow-countrymen, and mowing down the Moloch of iniquity?

But, as in the matter of the social innovation of teaching the natives to bury their dead in a detached cemetery, so in respect of outrages my advice was at last acted upon.

Two years earlier, I had first suggested that a competent guide, such as Captain Fryer or Nicholas Minister, should *indispensably* accompany any punitive force. Fryer had perished; but the Special Commissioner now commissioned

Nicholas Minister to take the matter in hand. And the latter, accompanied by a levy of forty-five natives from Teste and other islands, hunted down the murderers in their own mountain fastnesses, and dealt a discriminating retribution ; since which the murder of *unoffending* Europeans has gone out of fashion as one of the fine arts of the natives of the Louisiades.

And I can now safely leave a matter so distressful in respect both to natives and Europeans, and turn to the more interesting subject of discovery. But be it ever remembered that in all my writings about native massacres I have always claimed *equal* justice, and as strict and impartial consideration, for the coloured as for the white race ; and, though advocating firm treatment of the natives, *never took life* myself, even when attacked.

CHAPTER VII.

EXPLORATION OF THE PAPUAN GULF.

IN November, 1886, Mr. Robert Philp (Burns, Philp, and Co.), a wealthy merchant of Sydney, first spoke to me on the subject of New Guinea *exploration;* and it ended in his offering me the free use of a steam launch for six weeks' work in any part of that country I cared to select.

It did not take me long to arrive at a decision. The bight of the Papuan Gulf had ever remained a *terra incognita* avoided as by common consent by explorers.

In June, 1885, the Geographical Society of Australasia, with an outlay of some £5000, had sent out an imposing expedition, comprising eleven whites and eleven Malays, to penetrate New Guinea by the *Aird* river; but, on arrival of the party at Thursday Island, they heard such alarmist reports of the terrors of the Gulf that they went to the Fly river instead.

Here then was my chance.

Mr. Andrew Goldie, in writing to the *Queenslander* of January 3, 1880, said: "I believe there is no part of the world that presents so many dangers as the bight of the Papuan Gulf. The water is in parts very shallow, with

sandbanks running as far out as five miles to sea; and numerous rivers of discoloured water, having their origin in the great mountains, add to the difficulties of navigation."

In February, 1887, I arrived at Thursday Island, Torres Strait, Queensland, ready to start for the Aird river; and the local shipping men endeavoured to deter me (as they had done the Geographical Society's expedition, to *its* everlasting loss but *my* great gain) by recital from hearsay of imaginary terrors pertaining to a country not one of them had ever visited. Notwithstanding, I preferred to go and see for myself, with the result that within the regions of the Papuan Gulf, between the Fly river and Orokolo, I discovered the first natural channels of communication, or "highways of commerce" (as they were afterwards dubbed by Special Commissioner the Hon. John Douglas), leading from a malarious inhospitable coast into the mountain ranges of the far interior.

Those who have read the narrative of the surveying voyages of H.M.S. *Fly* (by Mr. J. B. Jukes, the naturalist who accompanied Captain Blackwood in 1845) will readily understand how it was that nearly half a century had been allowed to elapse before any one appeared to carry on the work from the point where they, *i.e.* the officers of H.M.S. *Fly*, deemed themselves compelled to leave it off. My firm impression is that had they in 1845 traversed the ground since explored by myself, British New Guinea would long ere this have developed into a thriving Crown colony.

Mr. Jukes gives a vivid description of stinking tropical swamps bordered by a treacherous shoaling coast; the

latter indented with numerous estuaries, up one of which (named by Captain Blackwood the Aird river) an ascent was made for twenty miles *only*. Then, when within sight of rising ground to the northward (named Aird's Hill), they retreated before the attacks of hostile blacks.

After almost hopeless search through seemingly interminable labyrinths and marshy mazes, it was left to me to discover that Blackwood's Aird is but one of many means of ingress to a fine and well-defined, fresh-water river, having its rise more than one hundred miles northerly in the mountains which may be viewed on a clear day from some distance out at sea in the Papuan Gulf; and into which hidden recesses it was traced by my expedition.

Also, by means of a large estuary at Bald Head (thirty miles easterly of the Aird), after much almost fruitless and bewildering exploration among apparently endless deltaic ramifications, a second river-system of very noble proportions was discovered and explored into mountainous recesses, and named by me (in honour of the year and the occasion) the Queen's Jubilee river.

My object was an essentially practical one, viz. not only to be the first to work on scenes hidden from other eyes, and to discover what none had seen before; but also to find ready means of access to the "higher levels," where a climate suitable for European settlement alone might likely be found.

And when (after threading the ramifying arteries, or in the multitudinous deltas "rounding the end of" matted jungles and island-swamps innumerable of these river-systems)—when at last the heart, or in other words the head of the delta, was reached, and in each case the half-

mile or more wide parent river, and great trunk stem, burst for the first time, *since its creation*, on civilized mortal gaze —then I tasted that Promethean draught which Colombus drank to the dregs when he looked west from the shrouds of the *Pinta* towards the unknown land so soon to rise before him!

The account of this, my first, exploring expedition to the Papuan Gulf cannot, I feel, be better or more briefly given (with a few necessary additions, omissions, and emendations) than as published in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society" (London, October, 1887), under the title of "Discovery of Two New Rivers in British New Guinea," by Theodore F. Bevan, F.R.G.S., which ran as follows:—

"The *Victory** left Thursday Island, Torres Straits, on March 17, 1887, and entered the Aird river at Cape Blackwood two days later. At Attack Point,† a hostile body of sixty nude Papuans contested our entrance to the great river. These savages, after some hesitation, bore down upon us, alternately splashing the water into the air and beating time with their paddles against the sides of their canoes, also shooting volleys of arrows both before and after coming within range. This attack was decided in our favour, without any bloodshed, by a judicious use of the steam-*whistle* and a few shots fired wide and high. These harmless measures caused the natives to take as one man to the water, prior to re-embarking and paddling

* A small screw steamer, 90 tons register, 25 horse-power, 100 feet in length, and 9 feet draught.

† Singularly enough, Blackwood was attacked at almost the same spot in 1845 named by me Attack Point in 1887. Blackwood advanced no further, and thence onwards was *terra incognita*.

off crestfallen home. They were painted, decorated with feather head-dresses in addition to other ornaments, and wore white groin shells to partly conceal their nudity. They were above the middle height, of great muscular development, and of a dark bronze colour.

"From Attack Point, deep water was carried in an easterly direction into a broad opening leading to Aird Hills on the one hand, and out into Deception Bay on the other (afterwards named Port Bevan).* This estuary was, I believe, unnoticed by Captain Blackwood in 1845, who turned back from the Aird river, when distant about eight estimated miles south-westerly from Aird Hills, avowedly 'owing to the strong body of enemies in his rear.'

"From the coast to this point the country was of alluvial formation, intersected in all directions by a labyrinth of waterways. Aird Hills—now reached for the first time by Europeans—proved to be an isolated range of volcanic tuff resting upon basalt boulders at the water-level. To the north of Aird Hills a second small body of natives was encountered. They came down in their canoes, keeping close in to the river banks until about four hundred yards distant, when they landed in the thick scrub, and returned with piles of green branches as a token of peace. By signs, words, and the exercise of patience, they were coaxed first to the boat sent out to meet them, and finally alongside the steamer. Amongst them were a few women and children. Males and females possessed but little covering, and in some cases were quite naked. Of the middle

* So named by me in honour of my uncle, Thomas Bevan, Esq., of Stone Park, near Dartford, Kent, England.

height and a light bronze complexion, they reminded me of the Koitapuans of the south-east coast.

"A river leading northwards was followed up from this point for a distance of ten miles, when the water shoaled, and a return had to be made to the southward of Aird Hills. Thence a channel was found into a broad stream coming down from a north-westerly direction, up which we proceeded, through swampy alluvial country, as far as Barnett Junction, where the river bifurcated and the tide ceased. This proved to be the head of the delta. Close to this point was found a beautiful flowering wax-like and fragrant plant, new to science.* From Barnett Junction the river wound round low hills for a distance of four miles, when, at a somewhat abrupt bend, two native houses on the summit of volcanic cones came into view. It was soon evident that the strange apparition of the steamer gliding into these fastnesses was visible from the shore, as the mellow sound of the conch-shell was heard warning the inhabitants of the scattered village of danger. Slowly the steamer approached, and when abreast of the village, and opposite a creek, some canoes full of natives were seen paddling off in abject terror. A mile above this village the river widened, and two important tributaries, coming in from the north-west and north-east, formed Bowden Junction.

"Seeing that the steamer had stopped, the natives of Tumŭ (as the hill-village was called) approached in their canoes, but very warily. As they neared the steamer, it was perceived that so pronounced were their friendly feelings that they had dressed their own persons with

* *Mussaenda Bevani*, described by Baron von Mueller.

green bought as well as their canoes. Then ensued a series of dumb motions on our part to express our good intentions, together with the use of words likely to be recognized by these natives. The next step was to bend a flip of Turkey-red cloth, a piece of sharpened hoop-iron, and one or two trifles on to a wooden batten, and let it drift with the current down-stream. One native, bolder than the rest, paddled after this parcel, and, after cautious inspection, appropriated it, and donned the red cloth as a covering for his frizzly hair. By such means confidence was promoted, and taking with me two men, I drifted slowly down in the boat towards the natives, and after overcoming their natural shyness, obtained bone-tipped arrows in barter, and taught the Tumûans to shake hands.

This tribe had certainly never seen and possibly had never heard of white men before, Blackwood, the only previous explorer in these parts, not having penetrated within thirty miles of this place.

From Bowden Junction, the Burns river, or north-west tributary, was ascended until a fall in the river-bed of two feet impeded further navigation. It was found on landing that the banks were eight or ten feet above the river level, that the country was studded with fine timber and not too dense an undergrowth. Tracks of wild hogs were seen, and calls of king birds of Paradise and *Paradisea regia*, hornbills, parrots, pigeons, and other birds were heard. Up this river the Tumû natives again visited us and had to be attended to. When the shades of evening fell, they paddled off home, beating time with their paddles against the sides of their canoes, splashing the water high into the

air, and letting it fall on their heads,* chanting a loud song, occasionally looking round and crying out '*Narmo! Narmo!*' to show that their intentions were friendly.

"Up the north-east tributary, or Philip river,† however deep water was carried as far as Victory Junction, the river winding round hills several hundred feet in height, of cretaceous limestone formation, in places sloping precipitously and thickly wooded to the water's edge. Here another plant new to science was found, viz. *Biggeria Shurpeana*.‡ A short distance above Victory Junction was found a mineral spring, similar in some respects to the sulphuretted hydrogen waters of Harrogate. Above this point, however, rocky bars or barriers, over which the water ran as through a sluice-gate, closed the river to navigation by the steamer. Thirteen miles were added to our knowledge of this part of the country by means of a boat-party, which reached Fastre Island after three days' hard rowing and warping the boat up the river banks, in some cases foot by foot at a time. Thence a track was cut for several miles along the lower spurs of a lofty range and through dense tropical jungle.

"At the alluvial island camping-place, five miles below Fastre Island, pebbles of water-worn metamorphic slate, diorite, also magnetic iron sand yielding from every dish washed a few colours (less than a pin's head in size) of rusty gold, were obtained. The formation on either bank of the river opposite to this island, as also at the highest

* Mr. H. M. Stanley says, among the river tribes of Central Africa, *Peace* is signified by tossing water upward with the hand or paddle, and having it fall on their heads.

† So named by me after Robert Philip, Esq.

‡ Described by Baron von Mueller.

point reached by means of the track cut, was of dense basalt. Specimens of these were forwarded to Mr. Wilkinson, Government Geologist of New South Wales, who reports as follows:—"The pebbles of slate and quartz found on the island in the Philp river are indicative of formations which sometimes contain auriferous reefs, as well as copper and other metalliferous lodes. These pebbles, though originally derived from palæozoic rocks, may have been washed out of conglomerate beds such as occur in the cretaceous formation on the Strickland river;* but from the occurrence of gold in the black sand which is found with them, it is more probable that both they and the gold have been brought down by the river from the primary formation forming the mountains, which may not be more than twenty or thirty miles distant. We may therefore anticipate mineral discoveries being made in these mountains, though not necessarily richer than are found in similar formations forming the ranges in the mining districts of Australia."

"In April the wet season is not fairly over. The normal strength of the current on these ridges, combined with the freshets caused by the almost nightly rains, rendered further progress by means of the boat impracticable. The same cause also rendered any hope of getting to the primary rocks in the three weeks which remained of our allotted time, over ranges drenched by the monsoon and swarming with ravenous leeches, quite out of the question.

"At 3.30 p.m. on April 3 a start was made with the whaleboat on the down-course and return journey. All were found to be well on board the *Victory*.

* The Strickland is a tributary of the Fly river.

"On the following day the steamer proceeded to return, and in the afternoon anchorage was come to opposite the friendly Tumi village, the inhabitants of which lustily shouted '*Nurses!*' in token of the good feeling that existed between us. An exchange of visits was made; I went ashore in the dinghy, and after my return the natives came on board the steamer. A small vocabulary was, after some difficulty, obtained from the natives.* Men, women, and children examined every niche and cranny open to their inspection on the vessel, and displayed amazement at what they saw. Afterwards another visit was paid to the shore, the boat being taken up a creek skirting the nearest cocoanut cone, on which rested the chief's house. The gardens of the villagers were soon reached, where sugar-cane, bananas, and tobacco were growing luxuriantly. Off the river bank, opposite to the village, were one or two interesting limestone caves thickly crusted with stalactites and stalagmites.

"Next day, April 5, the natives again came on board and examined everything, one being horrified at seeing salt-beef in a cask,† and another terror-struck at seeing his own ugly reflection in a mirror. Several of them now began to exhibit thievish propensities. Finally, the natives when we landed on shore once more began repeating the word 'Oo'so,' and waving their arms down-stream. They had apparently sufficiently satisfied their curiosity, and would be glad to say good-bye to the white men and their vessel. One very old and wrinkled man rubbed his nose and

* See Appendix G.

† He was of course ignorant of cattle and sheep, and probably thought this was *human flesh*.

pinched the tip of it, then pinched and rubbed the pit of his stomach. Another signified by signs the act of cutting off the head and arms, using the words '*oorar*,' and '*baddinar*.'

"The mountain ranges to the north they called 'Warharagee;' their own hills, houses, and the country to the west, 'Tumŭ;' the country to the east, 'Imugu;' and the land to the south, 'Kubuee.' A peculiarity of the Tumŭans was the way in which the men wore their hair, shaving it off from above the forehead, but leaving a tuft on the crown tied with a topknot, behind which a few matted locks hung down. No known Papuan dialect would have been of use at Tumŭ.

"When leaving the Douglas river, a broad opening unnoticed by Blackwood, leading from Aird Hills out to sea through Deception Bay, was taken, but we first made a stay at the previously unknown village of Mōkō.

"While the Tumŭans were of average height and size, these coast people were of great stature and muscular development, besides being of a darker bronze colour. Like the other natives of this new district, the Mōkōans were shy and at first difficult of approach. Even when intercourse was had with them they remained suspicious and on the alert, while the slightest hasty action or even discordant sound was sufficient to scare them away.

"Deep water was carried out of Deception Bay on April 9, 1887, into the Gulf of Papua, and a visit was then paid to several villages on the coast as far as, and including, Vailalla, Maclatchie Point, and Motu Motu,* where despatches were left for Her Majesty's Special Commissioner

* The site of my narrow escape from shipwreck in September, 1885.

for British New Guinea, Hon. John Douglas; so that should any mishap have befallen the expedition on the latter half of its exploratory work, the discovery of the Douglas and Philp rivers would not be lost to the world.

"As will be seen by reference to Admiralty chart (Gulf of Papua, sheet 4), five river openings between Orokolo and Bald Head had been reported by natives to lead into one large river, to discover which was our next object. The mouth of each opening, however, proved to be blocked by a sand-bar, washed by heavy surf. The broad estuary bounded by Bald Head on the east, and sheltered by a non-shifting sand-bank (seen by Blackwood in 1845), proved to be accessible to navigation, and the *Victory* anchored inside of Bald Head on the night of April 14, 1887, and *broke* again *on new ground.* In a little neighbouring bight a village was discovered, partly hidden and sheltered by a grove of coco-nut trees. Natives in canoes paddled off, and though shy at first, they afterwards came near. The tribe was called Kiwa Pori. Over two hundred men appeared in thirty canoes. One of their signs was to hide their lowered heads in their hands and then to draw their hands down over cheeks, mouth, chin, neck, breast, and abdomen. At dusk they peacefully dispersed; and next morning forty-nine canoes with more than three hundred natives were counted. The men were of unusually fine stature, equalling those at Motu Motu. They were dark bronze in colour, and almost, some of them entirely, nude. Though with well-nourished and muscular frames, yet their retreating foreheads and heavy eyebrows gave them a sinister expression.

"Ten miles from Bald Head in a northerly direction the

land was found to traverse the horizon, and broad sheets of water coming in from west and east formed a junction. Taking the westerly opening and passing round the point, after proceeding for a distance of four miles a second junction was reached. At this point the river was nearly half a mile wide, and an extensive mud flat was found. Some very fair agricultural land was now passed, with light chocolate-coloured soil, and covered with scrub that could be cleared with ease, and would form a suitable field for the cultivation of rice, sugar-cane, and tobacco. Fresh-water springs were noticed flowing over the banks. Numerous very small deserted huts, built on the ground and unsupported by the usual piles, were passed, and a number of crocodiles and flying foxes were seen. The country afterwards steamed through was alluvial swampy land, in which nipa and sago palms flourished amidst a thick scrub. The river subsequently narrowed to sixty yards, and at low tide the water was quite fresh. It was found necessary to anchor here, and some of the party getting into the whale-boat, rowed up the river, which continued to get narrower until it broke up into several deep-water creeks of only a few yards in width, and further navigation was closed. The highest point reached up this (the Stanhope) river was thirty-four miles from the coast, or forty miles by river courses to Bald Head. Returning to Beveridge Junction, Penrose creek was followed up for six miles, when it too shoaled, and a return had to be made to Macleay Junction. Thence the easterly branch was explored in the *whale-boat* and found to lead into a larger river, which sent off a subdivision down to the coast.

"A few miles farther, after passing a small grove of coco-

nut trees indicating the proximity of natives, a canoe was almost run into at a sudden bend. The occupants, consisting of a few men, women, and children, set up a shrill cry and paddled off hastily. A few minutes later, some twenty savages sprang up from behind bushes on the opposite bank, bows and arrows in hand, while simultaneously several canoes came down from ahead. Rowing back past the shore natives, we then stopped and waited for those on the water to approach, with whom after a natural delay some barter was done, and the foundations were laid for amicable intercourse. On the day following, the steamer was taken up to their village, which lined the river bank under groves of coco-nut and bread-fruit trees, and near gardens of banana and sugar-cane. The houses of this village, or Evorra (as we found it was called), were supported on piles some six feet from the ground, and were of the hog-backed shape, open in front, with projecting peaks, and the usual verandah. From this tribe (in the Namai district) a small vocabulary was obtained after some difficulty (for *vocabulary*, see Appendix G.)—the word for sun, *iperri*, being given with a whisper, finger pointing upwards, but averted gaze.* These Evorra natives, though only some twelve or fifteen miles distant in a direct line from the coast, were not of so fine a physique as either the Kiwa Porians or Mōkōans, probably owing to their river being less abundant in fish than the ocean. They also seemed to be of a somewhat lighter complexion, and to speak a different dialect. Carved and painted bark waistbelts tightly pinched the abdomens of the males, who also wore white groin shells and pearl-shell breastplates of

* Indicating sun-worship.

crescent shape, while the younger men adorned their persons with the brilliant leaves of variegated crotons. Among novelties obtained at this village were flat masks of semi-oval shape, varying in length from one to eight feet. These were constructed of fibre of a sterculiaceous plant with a raised rim down the middle from top to bottom, and at one end a projection shaped like a nose with two eye-apertures alongside. The whole was decorated with an irregular semi-serpentine pattern in black and white, and the rims were edged with cane frilling. Human and cabalistic representations carved on small flat slabs of bark and palm frond were also new to my previous experience of Papuan ethnology. Specimens of both descriptions of these curios were hung up in front of the houses apparently as emblems.

"Two miles from Evorra village a second junction was reached, where a river over two hundred yards broad, with a steady current of fresh water, came down and bifurcated, throwing off the side branch which we had steamed up, in addition to a river flowing southerly. Five miles above Lewellyn* Junction a few natives were spoken, but from that on to the highest point reached no signs of human life presented themselves, save at different places groups of small and seemingly deserted huts, sometimes surrounded by gardens. These little domiciles consisted of one or two stakes and a roof thatched over with palm fronds, and were probably the temporary shelter of coast tribes paying occasional visits up the river to obtain sago and other like produce which abounded in the

* Named by me after a family connexion, viz. Rev. Dr. Lewellyn Bevan, of Melbourne.

swampy country on the Stanhope, also in the deltaic portion of the larger rivers. In one deserted hut, exceeding the others in size, was found fixed up in front a *taboo*, consisting of a painted mask resting on a large circular wisp of sago-palm fibre and ratan, with pendent streamers of the same fibrous material; while half-way down the floor of the hut were bones of fishes and small deer suspended from streamers.

"Up to Bennett Junction the river pursued a remarkably tortuous course, and at that point widened to nearly half a mile. Five miles further, at Woodhouse Junction, the head of the delta of the large river previously reported by the natives was reached. At an easterly bend about one mile south of Mount Samuel, where the stream expanded to more than a mile in width for a short distance before entering the ridges, a magnificent view was obtained of hill and mountain scenery rising tier above tier in the clear morning air, over a foreground of reeds and Pandanus scrub. Above this bend the river narrowed to four hundred yards, flowing between banks covered with bread-fruit trees. Further north the channel ran through gorges of volcanic rocks clothed with verdant foliage to the water's edge. Here the whirling eddies denoted the presence of sunken rocks underlying the swift current in the bed of the stream. Higher up again a rapid was shot with some difficulty, owing to the velocity of the water. Its discolouration was due in this case, as on the Philp river, to the amount of detritus in suspension brought down from the great mountains. Half a mile above this rapid it was deemed unsafe to proceed further in a vessel drawing nine feet of water. At this point, nearly one hundred miles

inland by river courses, my newly discovered Queen's Jubilee river is a greater river than is the Thames * at London Bridge, and whereas the water of the latter is salt right up to the City, the Queen's Jubilee river is fresh and drinkable from the mountains to within fifteen miles of the coast.

"Two miles were added, however, by means of the boat, and thence an uninterrupted view for a like stretch was obtained; but soundings became more and more irregular. There seemed some possibility, however, that beyond this tier of near ranges a valley stretched to the foot of mountains of great altitude over the German boundary. As the six weeks of our allotted time were nearly up, and representations were made to me of the risk of continuing, also that our coal would not suffice for further steaming, it became necessary to return seawards by means of the channels ascended, and consequently known. To have taken any of the untried channels in the delta † would have been unsafe in view of the current astern, which might have carried the steamer high and dry on to any hidden shoal. The Gulf of Papua was again entered from Bald Head on April 28, 1887.

"As the result of thirty-four days' actual exploration, two principal new rivers—namely, the Douglas (with its tributary the Philp) and the Queen's Jubilee — were discovered, and each was followed up for a distance

* Relative measurements :—Thames at London Bridge, greatest depth of *salt* water 30 feet, and width 800 feet = 267 yards. At lowest tides, depth 12 feet, width 220 yards (Huxley's "Physiography"). Queen's Jubilee river, 100 miles inland, width 300 yards, depth of *fresh water* varying from 12 to 100 feet; rock bottom.

† Subsequently *explored* by me in the steam launch *Mabel*.

of nearly one hundred miles by river courses from the coast. The Aird river, discovered by Blackwood in 1845, proves to be only one of numerous subdivisions in the delta of the main stream. From Barnett Junction, the head of the delta of the Douglas river, forty-five miles from the coast, Aird Hills are the solitary exception to the vast expanse of level alluvial land, clothed with jungle, which forms the delta. From Barnett Junction to the highest point reached, the country was scrubby, and of cretaceous limestone formation, giving place to a belt of basalt rocks, while the pebbles of metamorphic slate, diorite, also the magnetic iron-sand containing auriferous indications found on the alluvial island in the Philp river, point to the primary rocks as forming the watershed of this river at a distance of probably not exceeding twenty to thirty miles, if so much, from the highest points reached. By the Stanhope and Penrose rivers the expedition passed through low country similar to that in the deltaic portions of the larger rivers, and formed of fertile alluvium washed down from the main range. Igneous rocks again were found north of Woodhouse Junction, on the Queen's Jubilee river. Both rivers disembogue into the Gulf of Papua over an area respectively of probably forty miles. Above the head of the deltas of the two larger rivers the scenery was found to be picturesque in the extreme. Hills several hundred feet in height, clothed with verdure, come down almost to the water's edge. There were, amongst other trees, cedars, oaks, eucalypti, myristica, fig-trees, acacias, pines, very numerous palms, and tree-ferns. Bamboos, ferns, and a varied flora adorned the river bank. Butter-

flies of gaudy hue and birds of the brightest plumage fluttered in and out amongst the trees and shrubs. The water was placid, and in the deepest recesses of the gorge-like ranges was sombre and cold.

"On steaming slowly upwards, the finely wooded ranges became higher, the river bends more abrupt, and the current swifter. On both rivers the country thus described is of a good useful class, quite uninhabited as far as could be perceived. It also possesses three great advantages—plenty of timber, deep water alongside, and a navigable channel for deep-draughted vessels for a distance of nearly one hundred miles from the coast. Vast areas of unclaimed and uninhabited land on all these new rivers offer the facilities required for the successful cultivation of rice, sugar-cane, and tobacco, or for the production of what are known in India as valuable crops in contradistinction to 'dry crops.' For the prosecution of these industries coolie labour would have to be imported. In their lower portion there is a tidal rise and fall of twelve to fourteen feet; and the rule seems to apply that the land is "making" on the convex side while the deepest channel and strongest current are found close in to the concave bank. Thus by studying the tides, and when the tide ceased, following the deepest channels, in addition to taking continuous soundings, no serious difficulties were met with. Though the steamer was several times aground, for hours at a time, as a rule in soft mud, either a freshet in the river or the tidal rise near the coast (*backing-up* the fresh water for one or two feet for great distances inland) came to our aid, and the vessel floated off without ever sustaining damage. One important feature in connection

with the higher waters of the larger rivers was that, owing to the almost daily scouring caused by the frequent nightly rains, mosquitoes and malaria were absent,* and beyond the fact that one man had a relapse for a few hours of illness caught months previously in Western Australia, fever and ague were unknown.

"The days were almost invariably bright, and the sky clear till noon, when masses of cumuli appeared on the horizon. While among the ranges on both rivers the thunder at nights was frequently almost deafening and the forked lightning most vivid, both being usually the precursors of torrential rain. The mean temperature at midday was 86° in the shade, falling as low as 72° at day-break. During March and April there was occasionally a slight breeze off the land at night-time. The mornings in March frequently set in with a breeze from the north-west, veering round to south-west as the day advanced. At the end of April the south-east monsoon began to fume and bluster off the Queensland coast, causing a heavy swell to wash the opposite Papuan shores. The Gulf of Papua presents a lee shore to the whole force of the south-east monsoon. Making the entrances of these new rivers will therefore not be unattended by dangers of navigation, from May to September inclusive, until this part of the coast has been systematically surveyed by the Admiralty.

"Fastre Island, on the Philp river, would appear to be not more than twenty-five miles distant from the German boundary, which comes even nearer to the highest point reached by us on the Jubilee river. It seems therefore

* The same could not, however, be said in November and December of the same year (1887).

probable that the natural boundary or water-parting between the river systems of the two territories may be found to exist a few miles to the north of the present line. In any case there is probably an impenetrable wall of mountains between the two possessions, with no likelihood of any large river on the German side having its source in close proximity to the head-waters of the Philp or Jubilee rivers, so that a compromise or adjustment should, if necessary, be readily effected between the two powers. This *boundary* question will, however, be one of the most important problems for some future expedition to definitely determine.

"The new regions explored proved but thinly peopled. All the natives met with, except the hostile Papuans at Attack Point, were readily amenable to humane influences. The two largest tribes, and these were found on the coast, as might have been expected, namely, those of Môkō in Deception Bay, and the Kîwa Pori at Bald Head, numbered probably considerably less than one thousand souls, all told; while the small tribe behind Aird Hills and the Tumŭans combined were only some two or three hundred strong. Not more than a dozen Pimŭruans or Vaimuruans were seen, while the Evorra natives possessed some fifteen houses only, and a population which might be very liberally estimated at two hundred. On this trip no natives at all were seen on the Philp river, nor north of twenty-five miles by river courses from the coast up the Jubilee river. It would therefore appear probable that the higher waters of these rivers, and even for some considerable distances before they enter the gorges and near the main ranges, are uninhabited. Long rambles into the

bush for collecting purposes whenever opportunity offered seemed also to confirm this view.

"The natives of the new villages referred to gave indications of Dravidian origin, as well as of both Moluccan and Melanesian characteristics, to judge from dialects, appearances, and customs. From the new tribe behind Aird Hills a long screen of latticework, such as is used in Siam to this day for stretching across the mouths of creeks to ensnare fish, was obtained. It is put by the New Guinea natives to the same use, namely, that of forming a weir; also the war shields of the Kiwa Pori natives resembled, not indistinctly, those until lately in use in New Caledonia. All these new tribes wore nose pencils, and distended the lobes of their ears, also smoked sun-dried tobacco (corresponding to the Manila leaf) by means of bamboo tubes. The Tŭmuans especially might be described as almost of an intellectual cast.

"The canoes of all these tribes were of a more or less similar type, namely, dug-outs with either a bank of mud or a small boy squatting in the prow and opposing his back as an obstacle or a sort of *plug* to the incoming water. All were without outriggers. Some, however, were of unusual dimensions; one Kiwa Pori canoe holding twenty-nine men, who all stood up to paddle. Not a few were grotesquely carved and painted outside to represent either inverted turtle-shells or crocodile scales. We were not a little amused at the action of one Mōkò native, who, singly in his fragile canoe, baled the water out by a motion of his left foot, keeping his balance, and paddling vigorously against the choppy sea meanwhile.

"This six weeks' expedition, though primarily planned

mainly for geographical discovery, was by no means barren in collateral results. Fifty photographs, including many of new tribes and scenery, were obtained, and interesting additions to our knowledge of the flora, fauna, ethnology, and anthropology of New Guinea have been contributed by means of the *collections* made." *

It was recognised on my return that very important discoveries had been made, supplying a desideratum not previously afforded, viz. a safe, easy, and expeditious route from the coast to the great mountain chain which intersects the island. Any one conversant with the tropics will know what that means. Even at an elevation of three thousand feet in New Guinea the mean average temperature declines to 60° Fahrenheit, whereas 80° to over 100° are registered on the coast.

Her Majesty's Special Commissioner, the Hon. John Douglas, wrote congratulating me for the *important discoveries made*, and expressing a hope that I would be able to renew my explorations at the head of the Papuan Gulf. Mr. Douglas, however, though extending a helping hand to men who under the guise of exploration were merely making collections for their own emolument, and whose geographical results were simply *nil*, made no offer at that time to assist me in the course he so strongly recommended.

* Among the birds obtained were numerous rare and beautiful representatives of the following families:—Cypselidæ, Alcedinidæ, Meropidæ, Upupidæ, Promeropidæ, Meliphagidæ, Luscinidæ, Eupetidæ, Muscicapidæ, Laniidæ, Paradiseidæ, Sturnidæ, Psittacidæ, Columbidæ, Scolopacidæ, and Anatidæ. Those specimens that were new to its collections were *presented* by me to the Australian Museum, and the balance sold, and the proceeds divided amongst two naturalists on my staff.

On Wednesday, July 13, 1887, under the auspices of the New South Wales Branch of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, I delivered a public lecture in Sydney upon the subject of the expedition.

The much-travelled Lord Brassey, then visiting the colonies in the *Sunbeam*, very kindly acted as chairman, and upon the platform were the late deeply lamented Lady Brassey, Miss Brassey, Sir Henry Parkes (Premier of New South Wales), Sir Edward Strickland (President of the R.G.S.A.), and other notables representing both science and commerce; while the audience numbered thousands, and many were turned away from the overcrowded portals. Lord Brassey, on rising, was received with enthusiastic applause, and made a short but characteristically interesting speech upon the familiar subjects (to him) of exploration and travel, before introducing myself as lecturer.

In proposing a vote of thanks to me thereafter, the hoary-headed, veteran Premier was pleased to class my remarks as "deeply interesting." "It was clear," he went on to say, "that more *practical* results would follow this expedition than any that had before been carried out in New Guinea; and it was of great importance that the knowledge gained should be *followed up* with further research. It was specially gratifying to him (Sir Henry Parkes) that this work was being done by one so young as Mr. Bevan, who was thus setting such a noble example to other young men in the community."

An explorer has no rosy time of it, however. Some even of my own party played false to me, and did not scruple to publish untruths in the hope that they might

successfully promote a rival expedition, when they found that (in consequence of some past misconduct) I intended to give them no share in the next expedition.

Then the missionary, Mr. Chalmers, arrived from London, and gave public addresses in which he stated that some of my discoveries had been marked by him on the Admiralty charts seven years previously.* *A single glance* at the Admiralty charts was, of course, sufficient to *disprove* a statement so likely to do me damage; but who looks at Admiralty charts? and who would not believe a missionary? One newspaper replied: "The rivers described and charted by Mr. Bevan do not appear in the map† attached to Mr. Chalmers' book‡ published this year (1887). Neither are they referred to in the paper descriptive of his travels read by Mr. Chalmers, and published in the 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, London,' February, 1887. It is with regret that we notice Mr. Chalmers' absurd jealousy about interference in the work of exploring in New Guinea."

* In the report of the lecture published in the Sydney press no allusion was made to the matter. But in one of the Melbourne and Brisbane newspapers, the following maliciously untrue telegram appeared on the following day:—"During a lecture delivered last evening by the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, it was proved that the recent discoveries claimed to have been made by Mr. Theodore Bevan were known and marked on the Admiralty chart by the lecturer seven years since." Who telegraphed it?

† At the very date that my discoveries were made, Mr. Chalmers was in London lecturing upon his own travels and publishing maps which showed the littoral of the Papuan Gulf to be practically a geographical *blank*.

‡ Since withdrawn from sale by the Religious Tract Society, as it was found—so it is alleged—that many of the illustrations used had been copyrighted by the photographer, Mr. Lindt.

Yet another paper remarked: "The Rev. Mr. Chalmers claims that several of the recent important discoveries made in New Guinea were made by him years ago. Of course! The Rev. James discovered New Guinea, but, with the usual modesty of the cloth, kept it dark."

However, though much mischief was thus done me, just at the time when I was organizing support for a further expedition, yet Sir Henry Parkes, the Geographical Societies, and the Chambers of Commerce of Sydney and Townsville, Queensland, remained my steadfast friends, and generously subscribed towards the heavy expenses.

A valued testimonial was received by me about this time from a German savant, published in the Sydney press, as follows:—"One of the chiefest continental geographers, Herr H. Wichmann, co-editor of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, writing officially from Gotha, under date September 6, 1887, alludes to Mr. Bevan's discoveries as in his opinion the most important since the discovery of the Fly river,* 'as they cover a great portion of New Guinea until now a *white* place on the map.'"

The *then* Premier of Queensland, Sir Samuel Griffith (emulating the magnificent generosity of Sir Henry Parkes, in the loan of the N. S. W. Government steam-launch *Mabel*), lent me the services of a surveyor, to give me an opportunity of having my previous discoveries officially authenticated. Lord Brassey and other friends also lent a munificent helping hand.

* The Fly river does not lead into either high or healthy country, although navigable for a very considerable distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIFTH EXPEDITION TO NEW GUINEA.

In August, 1887, I was quite ready to make a start, knowing that after December, at the latest, the incidence of the rainy season would preclude exploration for a time. An unforeseen and unavoidable difficulty, in reference to the transit of the launch up the Australian coast, caused a most provoking delay, however, and it was not till the end of October that the *Mabel* arrived at Thursday Island *en route* for the Papuan Gulf. Representations were then made to me of the advisability of postponing a start till after the "rainy season;" but such a course was rendered impracticable through the fact of the prior engagement of a crew, and the position in respect to the loan of the launch.

There was, accordingly, no option left but to push forward at all hazards, curtailing the objects of the expedition, however, to a re-survey of the rivers, and the gleaning of additional information about the Great Delta Region.

The following short account of this trip is taken chiefly from a "Presentation Pamphlet" entitled, "Mr. Theodore F. Bevan's Fifth Expedition to British New Guinea," printed

at and issued from the Government Printing Office, Sydney, in May, 1888, "by Authority."

This pamphlet was limited to a single *édition de luxe* of one hundred copies; for two copies of which I received, through His Excellency the Governor, Lord Carrington, the thanks of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, also of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Through Rear-Admiral Fairfax (commander-in-chief on the Australian station) I have also received the thanks of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for a copy of the same work.

The following account is taken from the pamphlet alluded to.

"GETTING THE LAUNCH ACROSS TO NEW GUINEA.

"The steam launch *Mabel* left Thursday Island, November 1, 1887, at three p.m., in tow of the Queensland Government steamer *Albatross*. Some foretold that she would never reach the New Guinea shore safely; but this was accomplished on Saturday, November 5, on which day the two vessels anchored in Bell Sound, Deception Bay (between the Aird and Jubilee rivers). The launch could never have got across by herself, laden with stores and fuel, and Mr. Bevan consequently feels grateful to Sir Samuel Griffith for the assistance rendered. As the *Mabel* held his fortunes, and for its safety he was personally responsible to the New South Wales Government and people, Mr. Bevan remained on board her at the wheel when under way, though invited to share the comfort and comparative safety of the *Albatross*. The night of Friday, November 4, was a peculiarly trying one. Bramble Bay,

in Torres Straits, was left in the evening, and 110 miles of open sea had to be crossed ere the New Guinea coast could be reached.

"A starlit evening set in fair and serene, but before midnight clouds of inky blackness gathered overhead, under the ragged edges of which an arch of pale-yellowish nimbus drooped to the horizon, suggestive of approaching tornado. Massive rollers that had washed the base of palm-clad islands far off in the South Pacific swept by in serried ranks like troops of 'wild white horses with flowing manes,' little dreaming that their power would be broken and their squadrons shattered on the reefs and sandbanks fringing the shores of the Coral Sea on the near Papuan coast.

"Through it all the launch bobbed up and down like a cork, now on the lofty crest and the next minute deep down in the trough, as she followed in the phosphorescent trail—sparkling like diamonds—of the *Albatross*. The steamer's speed varied from six to nine knots, so, as the strain on the tow-rope came not always at the right time, the *Mabel* would occasionally be forcefully dragged at a fearful speed sheer through the comb of a wave. The rail of the little craft was but three feet out of the sea, and as she was undecked some heavy seas were shipped. Steam was kept up, and by its instrumentality the bilge water was forced out of the ejector pipe almost as fast as it came in, and thus she was kept afloat.

"When at last the grey dawn broke, the yellowish hue of the sea and the soundings denoted the proximity of land. What was taken to be Cape Blackwood was sighted at seven a.m., but as the morning was dull and hazy and

the land low-lying, a stoppage was made to allow of Mr. Bevan's boarding the *Albatross* to assist in picking up the landmarks. While about to effect this transition, the launch gave a frightful pitch in the broken sea, and Mr. Bevan was thrown bodily overboard. A little Manila man immediately dived in to the rescue, and though his services were not required, yet his ready action afforded a pleasant earnest of pluck and devotion."

As viewed out at sea, in the Gulf, Deception Bay appeared to be girt around by precipitous mountains. Nearer inshore, the neighbouring *terra firma* resembled indefinable patches "looming" in the atmosphere; while all the great estuaries seemed like so many watery vistas leading to the very base of the mountains. On reaching the firm shores of the Gulf, however (where forest-clad alluvial plains stretch inland for fifty miles or more), this beautiful *mirage*, as it proved to be, was rudely dispelled.

"MORITURI SALUTAMUS!

"After having transhipped all the expedition's stores and gear into the overladen *Mabel*, at two p.m. on Monday, November 7, a British cheer rang out, startling the numerous natives on the nearest bank, as the *Albatross* steamed away on a south-westerly course, with Thursday Island for her destination. The hearty response from the *Mabel* must have sounded like the old Roman gladiatorial cry of *Morituri salutamus* to some of the departing ones, as they considered the perils of the way. Here was a handful of men, with an *open* boat that could be put into a decent-sized drawing-room (dimensions of steam-launch *Mabel*:

forty-eight feet long by *eight feet* beam and drawing *six feet* of water), voluntarily left in a country from which Captain Blackwood, of Her Majesty's surveying ship *Fly*, after penetrating thirty miles inland up the Aird river in 1845, had to turn down-stream after much bloodshed, owing to the savage hordes of natives threatening his rear. Since then no white men had ventured inland in these parts save Mr. Bevan and his former party, who, on March 19, 1887, were unprovokedly attacked in open daylight by nude and hirsute Papuans, who fired numerous volleys of formidable arrows from six-feet bows of bamboo. The native inhabitants of the countries bordering on Deception Bay have long been described by other coast tribes as cannibals of huge stature, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, dwelling in big temples and worshipping wooden or wicker-work gods.

"Even on the coasts of the semi-civilized parts of New Guinea, Commissioners have ofttimes deemed themselves unsafe unless environed by body-guards, Gatling guns, and medical advisers; but in the bight of the great Papuan Gulf, the most formidable and least-known part of New Guinea (and for that reason selected by Mr. Bevan as the field of his *later* labours), no Commissioner or administrator has ever yet ventured. This is the country in which the small party were left with a great inland journey to perform, and without any chance of succour in case of a breakdown, or a single white face to see within hundreds of miles in any direction. Granted even the explorations were successfully accomplished, there would then be, before a European settlement could be reached, a stretch of three hundred miles of unsurveyed coast, and often tempestuous

open sea, to be crossed in a boat that was intended *solely* for harbour work, and for which wood fuel had to be cut day by day. Those who signed ship's articles under Mr. Bevan as master, at the Shipping Office in Thursday Island, for this expedition were four whites, viz. Mr. H. J. Hemmy, licensed surveyor (whose services were provided free by the Queensland Government); Martin Langdon, engineer; Richard Sadleir; H. O. Fastre; and four coloured boys. This comprised the whole party.

"BELL SOUND.

"Simultaneously with the departure of the *Albatross*, the *Mabel* got under way and steamed up the opening two miles wide. The character of the country passed through, as it invariably is on the south-western slope of the Papuan Gulf, was alluvial and swampy. A network of salt-water creeks, forming an archipelago of islands, intersects the land in all directions, while the river banks, partially submerged at top of flood tide, are densely clothed with giant Nipa palms. Four miles up the previously unexplored Bell Sound, a creek was found branching off westward into Langford Sound. A few miles farther north, at a large junction, other arms turned off eastward into Port Romilly and westward into Langford Sound. At this point a middle or northerly arm was taken, Mr. Bevan's object being not to leave a single main channel in all this vast area unexploited. Twenty miles from the coast a change came over the character of the country, the river banks becoming firmer and forest trees alternating with the usual swampy growths. Evening

now came on, so an anchorage was effected abreast a few small, gabled, and apparently deserted huts, built on piles on the banks of the creek, which had narrowed down from a width of two miles to fifty yards.

"Heavy rain fell till morning, and a first trial was made of the patience of the men in bearing the discomforts of having to find sleeping room in an open boat of small dimensions, packed up to the rail with food supplies and stores for a three months' expedition. The canvas awning spread afforded but little shelter from the torrential storm.

"At seven a.m. (November 8, 1887) the *Mabel* got under way, but after two miles of northing had been made the creek narrowed so that farther progress was stopped. In swinging the launch it was necessary to back into the bank, and in doing this the gig's painter fouled the propeller, thereby bringing the engines to a standstill. Simultaneously some canoes full of natives, who must have been dodging the party, were sighted creeping up under the shadow of trees on the opposite bank. By working the engine's lever quickly backwards and forwards the rope was unwound, and the *Mabel* was soon ploughing her way through the brackish waters down-stream. The '*binghis*,' who had the advantage of position, followed suit, but, finding that they were being quickly overhauled, took to the bush. So great was their excitement at getting a close view, that their hands became unnerved, and the few arrows which they fired at the passing launch fell short.

"THE AIRD RIVER-SYSTEM.

"With the previous night's forewarning of the imminence of the rainy season, it became advisable to commence the re-survey work without loss of time. A course was accordingly steered across Deception Bay up Port Bevan, and an anchorage come to at six p.m. right under Aird Hills. Up to this point it is deep enough to permit the passage of the s.s. *Great Eastern*, and the water there is quite fresh. The rain again fell heavily that night, and glad enough all were to stretch their cramped limbs and air their damp rugs on the following morning. Then the spears of the sun dispersed the fogs and mists, the miseries of the night were forgotten, and all nature rejoiced in the freshness and warmth of the day. Lakelike expanses of water, winding through noble forest scenery, scintillated under a clean-washed sky; while, like the shotty green and gold of its own rifle-birds (*Craspedophora intercedens*), shimmered the feathery palms and tropical foliage growing to the very summits of the neighbouring pinnacles.

"On Wednesday, November 9, 1887, after four hours' steaming since morning, the *Mabel* anchored under the lee of a little island at Barnett Junction, the head of the delta of the Aird river-system. Here the first test was made of the suitability of New Guinea timbers, and the capacity of the launch for steaming on wood fuel. With the exception of six bags of veritable "black diamonds" needed for the return trip, the supply of coals was exhausted. While the wooding party was at work, a few natives were noticed under the low picturesque hills on the opposite bank. These children of the forest were, doubtless, attracted by

the unwonted sound of the reverberating echoes that rapidly followed each crash as tree after tree fell before the sturdy strokes of the axemen. The afternoon was dull and showery, followed by rain at night. The river was here a good half-mile broad, of pure fresh water, running steadily seawards at the rate of two knots; so an anchorage for the *Mabel* had been picked well out of the force of the current. Nevertheless, shortly after midnight all hands were brought to their feet by a sudden shock that made the *Mabel* tremble in every timber. On running forward with a lantern, it was found that a big snag, fully her own length, had drifted broadside on to her bows, but the full force of the blow had providentially been broken by the anchor chain. Some ascribed this little episode to the handiwork of the natives seen a few hours earlier.

"It was noon of the next day (November 10, 1887) before steam could be raised to 40 lbs. pressure, the wood being both soft and wet, burning, as the engineer said, 'like cabbage stalks.' On getting under way, steam fell down to nothing, and anchor had to be again dropped. Late in the afternoon, as the *Mabel* steamed past the village of Tumŭ, numerous natives sprang up from either bank shouting '*Narmo!*' Half a mile back from the western bank stands a volcanic cone, three hundred feet in height. Perched on its very summit is as extraordinary an erection as the hand of man ever built. From its ridge-pole to the ground is a drop of one hundred feet. In shape it resembles a whale's jaw up-ended, open in front and overlooking the river. The structure is supported—twenty feet above the dome of the hill—by massive upright piles six feet apart, driven firmly into the bed rock. As

seen on this particular afternoon, house, hill, and palms were silhouetted against the skyline; while visible through the interstices of the piles, between the crown of the hill and the house proper, the red ball of the westering sun appeared to bathe the surrounding scenery in liquid fire. One envied the Tumŭans the view of unsurpassable beauty to be obtained from the aerial perch of their 'Castle Look-out.' Down in the valley beneath, the ever-flowing stream—more like a lake than a river in its noble breadth—coursing steadily, ever seaward, through low-lying forest lands. Away towards the interior, the country rising in wrinkles and folds, and tier above tier of serrated forest-clad peaks. Then a hiatus—say a great valley or depression, though no one exactly knows what, because the mystery of this vast gap alluded to has never yet been solved. But beyond it again, athwart the horizon, is the crowning beauty—for *there* are visible the pale blue heaven-scaling peaks of the eighteen thousand feet mountains of the Bismarck and Finisterre ranges.* There was no time now to be lost, so the *Mabel*, heading towards the interior, steamed away from Tumŭ, catching sight *en route* of such another house as the one described on such another hill, only some mile or so to the south. Seen at a different angle, these native buildings prove to be several hundred feet in length, and would appear to serve the purpose of watch-towers, fortresses, and perhaps dwellings, though, semi-detached from them and dwarfed by comparison, were a few small huts.

* Dr. Hollrung, a German scientist, gives the height of the Finisterre range of mountains behind Astrolabe Bay (and in proximity to the Bismarck range) at *twenty thousand feet*. *Vide* Proceedings Royal Geographical Society, London, September, 1888.

"On arrival at Bowden Junction, the eastern tributary, or Philp river, was taken, and for the whole of the next day and till noon of the day following the *Mabel* sped on with undiminished vigour, winding round the base of palm-clad ridges, or through fertile valleys, and so on and on, till the highest point reached by the *Victory* was left miles astern; and then, when nearly a hundred miles inland, a catastrophe befell.

"No. II.

"Aground.

"In the first paper we have seen how, after making at last a highly favourable start and penetrating in the steam-launch *Mabel* higher up the Aird river-system than the *Victory* had been able to do in March, 1887, the expedition —when not far short of a hundred miles inland—met with a sudden check.

"On the morning of Saturday (November 12), at eleven o'clock, at a point where the river entered a ravine, soundings suddenly shallowed. The course was at once altered towards deeper-looking water. But although 'full speed ahead' was the order, yet steam was allowed to fail. As a result, the three to four knot current caught the unfortunate launch and swept her on to a bank of smooth, round, waterworn pebbles of hard, dense basalt mid-stream. After grounding, the *Mabel's* head swung round, pointing down-stream, and she heeled over on to her port bilge at an angle of forty-five degrees, hard and fast *aground* in a rapidly falling river.

"Although this accident took but a few minutes to come about, and but a few lines to relate, yet no simile or comparison can aptly illustrate the full force or meaning of its crushing blow! One remembered how the *Bonito* party, with a large staff of men, several months' stores, and manifold gear and appliances, were forcibly detained from a similar cause for three weeks at a stretch up the Strickland river in 1885. One knew that high up the Murray and other Australian rivers vessels have been detained from year's end to year's end. But in the case of a 'forlorn hope' expedition, like that of the *Mabel's*, what in other instances might not be so serious a matter meant positive disaster and threatened loss of property if not of life. However, the leader of the party and most of his men had been in similar or worse 'pinches' before, and, instead of giving way to melancholy, 'girded up their loins' with a cheerful intention of leaving no stone unturned towards finding a remedy.

"All hands immediately set to work to lighten the launch. An *ex tempore* camp was formed one hundred and fifty yards down the stream; and thither stores, provisions, and loose machinery were moved in the gig. Even the funnel was disconnected, and the awning, together with its iron stanchions, unshipped. That afternoon preparations for a strenuous effort to shift the launch were made. No blocks or tackle were aboard, so gear for hauling her off the bank had to be improvised. Abreast of the *Mabel*, and forty yards distant on the nearest bank—studded with small timber—rose a little bluff, under the precipitous banks of which, in a five-fathom channel, the water coursed as through a sluice-gate. On this knoll two fairly upright

trees, growing five feet apart, were selected. Across these at a height of about four feet from the ground, a seven feet barrel was laid horizontally in slots cut for the purpose. Next four short levers were cut from stout saplings. All that was then wanted was a hawser connecting the launch with the barrel, and the 'Spanish windlass' would be complete. A return was then made to the *Mabel*, the anchor disconnected, and its chain—a thirty-fathom piece—got on board the gig and a start again made for the shore. Rattle! rattle! went the chain as it paid out, ever faster and faster with its own increasing weight, till its last link flew overboard, and the boat was swept far away down-stream in the whirling eddies. The next attempt with light ratlin line proved more successful, and by its instrumentality the hawser was hauled hand-over-hand up the slippery bank, transferred to the barrel of the windlass, and the levers brought into action. Inch by inch the cable came home, until it was as taut as catgut; and then, hurrah! just before darkness came on, a perceptible displacement of the launch was self-evident, and before the order to 'knock off' was given, her bows were hauled round to the direction of the windlass, and a clear 'lead' obtained.

"So much accomplished, a return was made to the camp, and after an impromptu meal all hands housed in as well as they could for the night, and doubtless ruminated over the trying events of the day.

"Probably but few believers in presentiment are left. Coincidence, however, is even stranger. Among the hands was a superstitious and misanthropical-looking, but good-hearted Irishman. On the evening prior to the accident, when the *Mabel* swung to her anchor with thirty feet

of water under her, the lad in question, for the first (and last) time during the voyage, essayed to tell the fortune of some of his mates with the cards. Shuffled and re-shuffled were the pack, but up came the ten of spades and the ten of clubs time after time. This turn-up the Hibernian designated as a very bad cross, signifying 'misfortune on a water journey.' The inevitable 'silver lining,' however, was not wanting, and other cards denoted that the victim of misfortune would eventually 'put his trouble behind his back.'

"Further efforts were made on the following morning, though the river level was lower by at least two feet. Owing to increased strain one of the links of the chain snapped, and the work had to be begun all over again. By this time a new barrel was wanted, and when felling for that purpose a tree of about thirty feet in height, and with a smooth, round butt, about three feet in circumference, an agreeable spicy odour excited the attention of the explorers.*

"On Monday, November 14, the river bed was so denuded that banks of pebbles showed up mid-stream, and as it was impracticable to shift the launch now that she was high and dry, a boat excursion for a further river ascent was projected. Neither on the *Victory* trip nor on the present one had natives been seen above Tumŭ; nor was there any permanent village known above that point. Consequently, in leaving the launch with two or three men in charge, there seemed but little fear of intrusion from natives. Providentially, however, before a start had been

* This tree is the *Massoi aromatica*, largely used in the Malay Archipelago as a medicine.

made, distant sounds, not unlike the calls of birds, were heard that finally grew into a well-defined '*Narmo!*'

"VISITED BY NATIVES.

"Ten minutes later a small body of natives was seen approaching from the direction of Tumŭ, whence they had doubtless been attracted by drift capsized from the launch at the time she grounded. Cautiously and slowly the Papuans approached; now paddling up a few yards at a time against the strong current, and then every few minutes climbing trees ashore to reconnoitre the camp of the strangers. As they were partly concealed behind the bend, Mr. Bevan put off with a crew in the gig and crossed to the opposite bank, whence a better view of the numbers and comportment of the aboriginals could be obtained. The idea occurred to the leader to avail of their services in tearing down great cables of 'lawyer' vines, extending from the ground to the tops of trees one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height—whence additional and much-needed hawsers could be made. So much confidence gained, they might go further and aid in a combined effort to right the launch and place her on an even keel. The work of tearing down the vines was commenced, and by semaphore signs, or, more strictly speaking, terpsichorean movements of the legs and arms, after their own fashion, also by encouraging shouts, these natives were coaxed nearer and nearer, and a present was floated down to them when within thirty yards' distance. But, mark you! an order was now shouted across the river to the cook to boil some potatoes for the probably hungry visitors. That

functionary, however, a stiff-necked deaf little Manila man, did not understand, so the order had to be repeated more peremptorily, and the Papuans fled in abject terror! (at the expense of their stomachs, if they had only known it). They came up again by-and-by, and in half an hour's time one canoe was within a few feet of the launch, and the whites, who were more careful in modulating their voices, explained what was wanted by dumb show. A more romantic spot for so dramatic a scene could not have been chosen. Deep down under a lofty range, picture the river winding through a fertile and well-wooded valley. Glistening in the sun are banks of polished pebbles, round which steely blue sheets of smooth deep water alternate with eddies and rapids. High and dry mid-stream lies exposed to view the fine lines and coppered hull of the *Mabel*. Looking to the south, or down-stream, the river banks are composed of hunks of the richest black alluvium to be found anywhere in the world, and fringed by lofty forest trees and giant palmate growths. Enlivening the greenness of the vegetation are many-hued plants and shrubs, conspicuous amongst which may be noticed the salmon-pink floral leaves of the beautiful *Manilloa grandiflora* of Scheffer. Partly hidden by intervening vegetation, the white folds of the tent are visible in this direction, while a scarlet rug and a coloured shirt hung out to dry on the bushes, also the thin spiral column of smoke rising from the camp-fire, around which one or two men are moving, lend colouring and animation to the scene. With their shoulders under the *Mabel's* port bilge are the rest of the party, while not fifteen paces distant, paddles in hand, in their frail canoe, stand fifteen naked Papuans. Though they roll their eyes

over launch, hawser, foreigners, windlass, and all, and their well-oiled mahogany visages fairly beam with intelligence as to what it all means, yet they will not stir hand or foot to assist in righting the launch.

"After landing abreast of the camp and thereby disturbing the equanimity of the cook, whose teeth rattled like castanets, the Tumūans paddled off to their homes, thirty miles down-stream, to report these strange goings-on to their fellow-*indigènes*.

"HARD TIMES.

"The trials that were now made on the patience and fortitude of the party were immense. Here in the ostensible rainy season was a week of blue skies, hot sun, and almost rainless weather at the very time wet was most needed. The heavy labour attaching to efforts to move the launch told, too, on the strong constitutions of the men working under the glare of the sun, with the glass registering as high as 90° and within four hundred miles south of the Equator. To make up for this loss of strength and vitality there was merely a low diet of preserved provisions and such stores as could be carried from the colonies, together with an occasional parrot or pigeon, though the woods were not well stocked with game at that season of the year. The ubiquitous little red insect called scrub-itch irritated the men; while the swarms of flies that visited the camp disputed the right to every morsel of food, and were swept away and destroyed in hundreds. At night mosquitoes (not previously found up this river) and midges drove away sleep, and there was often just sufficient

of a shower to soak through the thin awnings, though not enough to cause a longed-for freshet in the river. Little wonder, then, that fever medicine began to be inquired for. The suspense, too, was great because there was no certainty as to when the river would rise, or that the launch ever could be got off safely, or when, or in what force, or for what purpose, the Tumŭans might again visit the camp. Still the main anxiety was about the launch. Although the best and indeed only boat available was selected, the *Mabel* was—to use a nautical term—'too long in the heel,' and drawing six feet of water her depth exceeded her beam. Her lee rail was therefore little more than four feet above the bank on which she rested, and being undecked there was every reason to fear that the water when it did rise would come in over the rail before she righted herself, in which case she might never be got off. Machinery, hull, and fixtures made a combined dead weight of at least fifteen tons, and resisted the efforts of half a dozen men to place the launch on an even keel. So, after scooping away the pebbles and inserting a dozen rollers under her, the dubious fate of the *Mabel* had to be left in the hands of Jupiter Pluvius."

Although several excursions were made into the woods to shoot for the "pot," no view of the surrounding country could be obtained. The encircling ranges were forest-clad to their very summits with gigantic banyan and cedar brush, overhung by festoons of clematis, vines, and ratans, and affording hotbeds in their cavernous roots and branches for the choicest exotics in their natural home.

"EXCELSIOR!

"On Wednesday, November 16, as the result of several hours' hard rowing in the gig, less than two miles of progress was made. Early on the following morning the leader made another attempt, and although the boat was often swept away in rapids, yet by returning to the charge, and by determined efforts—rowing, poling, warping, as opportunity offered—several miles were added. First the island where the *Victory's* boat-party obtained a few faint colours of scaly gold in April, 1887, was reached, and some hours later an island—never before visited—several miles higher up stream was attained. At this point, except for the tropical vegetation and the numerous alligator tracks on the river banks, one was reminded of such rivers as the Waimakariri, of Canterbury Plains, New Zealand; the bed of the stream, still one hundred yards wide, being a waste of shingle, sand, and pebbles, save where under either bank was a deep channel of cold, steely hued fresh water. Here, so many miles nearer to its source, one might have expected the auriferous indications to improve. Disappointment awaited the party, and though several prospects were panned out, nothing better than a few 'float' colours were obtained. This island, too, is the *Ultima Thule* of navigation. Human muscles could drag the boat no further against the five or six knot current. Neither was there any utility in prospecting the adjoining river banks, where the rock formation of hard, dense basalt precluded the possibility of a successful quest.

"Late that afternoon a very heavy thunderstorm came down, as the precursor of torrential rain, and a return was

decided upon. Like an arrow shot from a bow flew the boat on its downward course in the now muddy-coloured channels of the rapidly rising river, that had changed from a sober stream into a mountain torrent in the short space of half an hour. The way rapids were shot was exhilarating indeed; all that was wanted was a firm hand at the tiller and quick discernment of sunken rocks, snags, and other hidden dangers indicated by broken water, ripples, and signs that made the reading of it like an open book to a quick and experienced eye.

"By the time the launch was reached, however, the heavy downpour had ceased and the sky overhead had momentarily cleared. As though with an expiring effort, the fiery arrows of the dying sun drove back the legions of the Storm-god to the caps of the neighbouring mountains, and then behind the western ridge, in a departing blaze of glory, sank the great orb of day.

"A few hours after dark the heavens again became overcast; thunder rumbled in the ranges; vivid lightning threw its 'search-lights' over the scene of the *Mabel's* disaster; and as the night wore on the preliminary deluge settled into steady soaking rain.

"The Rescue.

"Inch by inch rose the river, covering first the pebbly bank, then creeping up to the level of the belting of the launch, threatening if it rose another foot or so to come in over the *Mabel's* rail. The little craft, still heeling over on to her port bilge, began somehow to feel more buoyant; so the leader, who had camped aboard her, waiting for this

to happen, hailed the camp, and the poor fellows, who had been getting what rest they could after the toils and exhaustion of the day, had to turn out into the wet dark night for another precarious struggle with the elements.

"Owing to a sudden rise and fall on a previous night a similar chance had been lost through the men not turning out smartly enough, and they had in consequence been threatened with having to sleep alongside in the open gig should similar negligence be shown in the future.

"Accordingly the hands rolled up to time, brought the gig smartly up to the launch against the sluicing current, and were immediately sent ashore. In a few minutes the rays of the lantern gleaming through the forest trees showed that the knoll had been safely attained. Twice was the light extinguished by the puffs and gusts of the tempest that again stormed up the cañon and drowned the creaking and groaning of the windlass and the 'Yo, heave ho!' of the men. Presently the launch gave a tremor as the hawser tautened. Shortly thereafter, in response to a call for increased exertion on the part of the lever-men, a grating sound was heard, and perceptible movement felt by those on board. Hurrah! The *Mabel* was actually travelling! There yet remained, however, a stretch of shoal water equal to her own length; and only a few inches of progress could be made at a time, as levers snapped, and fresh ones had to be continually cut in the dark. Then the chain jammed on the barrel, and worse accidents, such as the parting of the hawser, might at any moment occur, leaving the now anchorless launch, with its two solitary passengers, to be hurried away by the torrent towards the open sea. Without a moment's hesita-

tion or relaxation of stern dogged effort each man stood at his post, though the thunder crashed overhead in deafening outbursts, and the vivid lightning stabbed through and through the blackness of the middle watches of this terrible night. Hour followed hour while the chain, dragging the launch with it, was hauled home inch by inch, until between three and four on the morning of Friday the emancipated *Mabel* gave not even a violent plunge as her stern took to the deep water; and as the first intimation that the launch was *afloat*, the leader of the party received a scratch across the face from a spray of 'lawyer' vines as she swung into a smooth basin and was brought up by her chain, well out of the force of the current and right alongside the nearest bank.

"After a short congratulatory address of thanks and a good stiff nip of 'medicine' all round to ward off the effects of recent exhaustion and over-exposure, the men were sent back to the camp, while the leader and his engineer kept a solitary anchor watch for the remainder of the night. When day dawned, one of the crew dived underneath and reported that the launch had sustained scarcely a scratch, while even the copper sheathing was intact. Now, indeed, was the load of the last six days alleviated, and mountains of crushing care and anxiety removed! For, instead of lying like a rock or huge log mid-stream, the *Mabel* once again rode to her anchor on an even keel on the broad bosom of the Philp river. It would take hours, however, to get up steam and start the engines again, so in the mean time a descent of the river was made in the boat, and the deepest channels discovered with lead and line.

"On Saturday, November 19, the camp having been struck and all goods shifted into the launch, a start was made down-stream with the gig out piloting ahead. In this way devious reaches and treacherous stony channels, hidden by the freshet in the river on the previous Saturday, were safely threaded, until at last the leadsman reported 'mud bottom.' Then all anxiety ceased, and 'full speed ahead' was again the order of the day. The *Mabel*, too, seemed to rejoice at her emancipation, and fairly excelled herself as she glided at ten-knot speed over fathomless depths beneath the lofty ranges. Under white walls of limestone rock, painted with green mosses, pink petalled begonias and graceful tree-ferns, past the entrances of caves thickly incrusted with stalactites and stalagmites (in and out of which *Collocalia nidifica*, *Dicæum hirundinaceum*, and other lovely little birds continually flitted), beneath overhanging crags—poised hundreds of feet in the air—on which palms, ferns, and orchids had taken root, *here* had the river carved out for itself a channel deep down under the eternal hills. Then, indeed, could the rainbow that overarched the stream be taken as an emblem of better times, and the toil and travail in the interior wilds of Papua of the past six days be forgotten in the rapid passage of the launch through romantic glens and ravines such as the one above described.

"An anchorage was found that evening under a projecting bank that broke the force of the current, and here the party rested till the following Monday morning (November 21). Then soon after daybreak the launch got under way, and presently steamed past the extinct but tenanted craters of Tumŭ. Half a mile beyond this

village, drawn up in Indian file, with their forces equally divided under either bank, and as though in readiness for the *Mabel's* approach, the launch—almost before natives had been sighted—ran into a large flotilla of war canoes!

"No. III.

"For whatever purpose that formidable flotilla of canoes, manned by hundreds of natives, was drawn up south of Tumŭ, the *Mabel* did not stop to inquire. A rapid descent was made of the Aird river-system, Deception Bay crossed, Port Romilly entered at Bald Head, and the Jubilee river entered.

"QUEEN'S JUBILEE RIVER.

"In Mr. Bevan's previous expedition in the *Victory* (March—April, 1887), when the westerly main stream was discovered, although a few deserted huts or *miamias* were occasionally met with, no natives were seen much above Evorra, the only permanent village, sixteen miles inland from Bald Head. This day, however (Wednesday, November 23), new huts were being erected and dwelt in, canoes were passed, and the presence of man in many ways made manifest, as the flexures of the tortuous river afforded opportunity for a game of 'hide and seek' between the *Mabel* and small parties of natives.

"After daybreak (Thursday, November 24) a canoe appeared round the bend, and the occupants, after some little persuasion, were coaxed alongside. In it were thirteen males, who came respectively from the following villages: Arekee, Omai, Qwîbee, Birrika, Evorra, Orbi,

Arrea, Arvi, Kiveela, and Marma. These seemed to be representatives of numerous weak bush tribes (on their periodical expeditions in search of sago and various commodities) temporarily confederated for mutual protection against the attacks of their (numerically and physically) more powerful skull-hunting coast neighbours. They had a regular system of sentries, and were constantly on the alert. The chief of Omai was a short, plump, little black man, with twinkling black eyes, and regular, pleasant features. In a few minutes mutual confidence was established, and a sight of a photographic album, containing pictures of river and mountain scenery, and New Guinea natives, elicited loud expressions of astonishment and delight. On getting under way, at his own desire he remained on board, while his followers, paddling never so hard, could not keep pace with the *Mabel*, greatly to their chief's amusement.

"On arriving at his village, Mr. Bevan landed and took a few photos of the temporary domiciles and their inhabitants. *En route* to the main river similar little river-side colonies were passed, and it became evident that the object of the natives was the procuring of commodities of one kind or other to take back to their homes, either on the coast or in the bush, prior to the setting in of the wet season. Thus one community would be preparing food supplies from the sago palm, another obtaining cloth from the fibrous bark of a sterculiaceous tree, while under the banks of a third encampment the huge logs floating alongside were being shaped into canoes.

"On the day following, Woodhouse Junction, at the head of the delta, was reached. Ten miles further north (after

expanding in one bend to a width of nearly a mile) the river finally leaves the alluvial plain, and narrows down to four hundred yards as it winds through a belt of hills of cretaceous limestone formation, before penetrating the more precipitous recesses of lofty volcanic and primary mountains, as before described.

"Over the painful history of the next three days it would be better to draw a veil, for it was one continuous record of stoppages. At last it became so bad that to make four or five miles' headway required five or six hours' wooding.

"The hard but oily black and red mangrove wood (which burns like coal) had been left behind on the salt-water swamps near the coast, and the launch could now scarcely hold her own against the three to five knot current by using the soft green fuel growing near to the river banks.

"The exertion required was more than flesh or blood could stand, while the inability to regulate the steam at this particular juncture became a source of downright danger, as the river current ran seaward at a rate of over four knots, and the stony bottom rendered safe anchorages few and far between. At this, the highest point attainable by the launch up the Jubilee (over eighty miles inland), the river was still four hundred yards wide, while in many spots bottom could not be reached with a ten-fathom line, giving, in other words, a depth of over sixty feet of fresh water.

"When returning down-stream on the afternoon of November 27, it must have been blowing very freshly out in the Gulf; for, at a distance of sixty miles inland,

in a broad reach where the river was over a mile wide, as the launch steamed through a choppy *fresh-water* sea, spray was splashed right over the man at the wheel. An anchorage was come to at six p.m., just inside the first affluent at Woodhouse Junction, the head of the delta.

"The following day was eventful in more ways than one. To begin with, when the party were ashore wooding, a falling tree toppled over the high bank on to where, in the gig, sat a solitary occupant examining a new plant; and had he not been forewarned by the crackling of intervening branches, and thus permitted to save himself by jumping into the river, the leader of the party would have been crushed into a jelly. The fruit of this unwelcome tree, when examined, proved to belong to the *Myristacæ* family, and the oblong wild nutmegs (contained in its plum-shaped pods) have—when of mature size—some small commercial value. Shortly thereafter one of the men who had been wading through ooze and pandanus scrub on the opposite bank returned somewhat scared, and reported that he had almost jumped astride of a twenty-feet alligator. He did not know which was the more surprised at the *contretemps*, as both the saurian and himself made off with equal despatch in opposite directions.

"In the character of the country on this river there is but little change. After the swampy jungle-clad coast is left behind—say, twenty miles in from the sea—the banks rise higher and higher, excepting breaks here and there, until the mountains are reached. No variation occurs either in the quality of the soil. Everywhere is the same rich, *bottomless* black or chocolate loam, studded by fine timber in all directions. As illustrating the ingenuity and

patience of the natives, it may be mentioned that one occasionally finds still standing in the scrubs the stump of a tree surrounded—to a height of from ten to twenty feet from the ground—by a scaffolding. Working on this platform (to avoid the huge *flanges*) the aboriginals have, with their frail stone adzes, cut sheer through butts of trees four or five feet in thickness. And the work, too, has been done almost as neatly as if a crosscut saw had been used. Then along a track, sometimes extending quite a mile from the river banks, the massive log has been skidded lengthwise on rollers to the nearest water.

"THE AURARMAR, OR AIVEI.

"At Woodhouse Junction the Jubilee river bifurcates, and on Tuesday, November 29, the *Mabel* commenced the descent of this previously unexplored and therefore especially interesting affluent. As a fresh-water current of two knots ran steadily seaward down this channel, the launch would have been carried high and dry on to any hidden shoal it might happen to strike. The gig, therefore, was sent ahead piloting, soundings with lead and line being taken at intervals of every two minutes from her bows. The Aurarmar (as natives seen at Woodhouse Junction called it) follows in the main a south-south-easterly course—skirting the westerly slope of a range of low limestone hills—and with an average breadth of three hundred yards gave soundings of up to seven, but nothing under three fathoms of water.

"About midday what appeared to be human remains were sighted. On closer inspection this proved to be the

partially decomposed body of a young male Papuan suspended over a snag some little distance out in the river, hands and feet trailing in the flood. Strangely enough, the three Manila boys, who—though on more than one occasion in imminent peril of their own lives—never showed the "white feather," were yet upset for hours after the near inspection of this embodiment of death. Perhaps the awful loneliness of this seemingly uninhabited river had something to do with their emotion. The next day, however (Wednesday, November 30), the spell was broken, as the *Mabel's* party again came into community with their fellow-men, and were accorded a friendly reception at Mipoor, picturesquely situated on the river bank. The village, of some fifteen houses, is built in two wings, bisected by a creek that is crossed by means of a skeleton bridge of ratan and bamboo. The fenced-in gardens of the natives, in which taro, yams, sugar-cane, and bananas are cultivated, are some little distance from the huts. Under the latter a few domesticated pigs and half-bred dingoes sleep on the soft sand. Two or three miles below Mipoor the river again bifurcated and widened very materially, islands appearing mid-stream. Shortly thereafter, at an abrupt bend, the sea unexpectedly came into view. This opening was called the Aivei Movi by the crowd of natives* who

* These natives have little in common with those met with on the main westerly affluent of the Queen's Jubilee river, of which Omai was the type. The Aiveians more closely approximate to the Motu Motuans. Some of the male Aiveians would measure at least five feet ten inches in height, and forty inches round the chest. The veins and muscles of their hirsute limbs show out in quite a remarkable way as the result of constant exercise. Circular belts of stiff bark contract the waists of the males to much less than normal dimensions, imparting a wasp-like appearance to their lithe and

now gathered round the *Mabel* in their canoes from all points of the compass, and deadened the cry of the leadsman with their jabbering. A more easterly channel—the Aivei-lulu—was taken and the sea sighted again, while a creek leading still in an easterly direction was called Kalayli (? Alele of the Admiralty chart). It was now necessary to return by the inland route instead of by the coast, in order to check the traverse and take further astronomical observations with theodolite and sextant. *En route* a stoppage was made at the friendly village of Mîpoor, which, for general neatness and cleanliness, cannot be excelled.

"On Friday, December 2, the descent of the extreme westerly affluent of the Jubilee river, from Woodhouse Junction to Port Romilly, was made. *En route* some of the *miamias* inhabited a week previously were now found to be deserted. At several others still occupied a strict watch was kept. Long before the *Mabel's* approach a canoe, manned in each case by one full-grown adult, accompanied by a lad, darted out from cover, and taking the most conspicuous bank, its occupants would splash fountains of water high into the air with their paddles. This mirror-like sign was passed on by the village sentry, and the timid inhabitants, ever on the alert and fearful of attack from more powerful tribes, would suspend their busy avocations and rush for weapons of defence. They could

sinewy figures. The hair is worn long, and is naturally "frizzy." Some had scars resembling pock-marks on their faces. The majority of the males had beetling brows, coarse thick lips, and Roman noses. A pleasing exception to the sinister expression of many of the adults was afforded by the open ingenuous-looking countenances of some of the youths.

not make up their minds in every case how to act until the little launch had passed at full speed. Then the women and children executed an exalted dance of relief, and the men paddled after the *Mabel*, yelling out for *kyri* (hoop-iron) *oh!* Others carried their fears and subsequent revulsion of feeling to a still absurder pitch. The occupants of some canoes, on sighting the launch, fled in abject terror into the bush; but after she had passed, such was their regret at losing a chance of obtaining hoop-iron that might never recur again, that all together sprang into one canoe, which immediately capsized under their combined weight. Nothing daunted and still bawling out '*Kyri-oh! kyri-oh!*' they then swam after the *Mabel* regardless of alligators. Although time was an object, such entreaties could not be entirely ignored, and several stoppages were made to allow of six-by-three-inch lengths of hoop-iron, on which an edge had been well bevelled by means of a file, being distributed to these harmless aborigines. As for the bark waistbelts and other curios eagerly offered in exchange, such things could not be carried, even if of any value, as the *Mabel* was still lumbered up in a way that precluded all comfort whatsoever. With the hoop-iron good stout adzes might be made, and the work of clearing the scrub and hollowing out logs for canoes would be greatly facilitated. All our remaining potatoes, which had commenced to sprout, were distributed amongst these people. The natives above alluded to are of a much lighter build and complexion than the hirsute prognathous-visaged inhabitants at the mouth of the Aivei and elsewhere in this district; and, living in constant fear of attack, would probably *be glad of*

the protection that the white man can afford, and in exchange for which they would be ready to help him with their labour.

"Taking advantage of the deep-water channels to be found in Port Romilly, the *Mabel* continued full speed ahead till long after dark, and anchored near Bald Head with a record of over forty miles for the day, in spite of stoppages and some hours spent in cutting wood for fuel.

"LANGFORD SOUND.

"On the coast line between the Jubilee and Aird river-system there still remained unexplored several large estuaries. Of these Langford Sound was next ascended between Parkes and Griffith Island, and found to run northerly, wide and deep, for several miles, when it took a westerly bend towards Lennon Sound. Here a perfect maze of waterways intersects the land in all directions, in which the ebb and flow of two to three knot tides, and tidal rise and fall of ten feet to twelve feet, necessitate great caution in navigation. In many places the boat had to first go on ahead sounding. About four p.m. (Saturday, December 3) the *Mabel* entered a half-mile wide creek coming down from a northerly direction.

"Shortly afterwards the lofty brown peak of a native house was seen peeping out through a grove of coco-nut palms about a mile ahead and close to a westerly bend. Along both banks stretched avenues of nipa palms in unbroken lines, save where, near to the village, a broad road had been cut in from the river bank. As the bend was rounded it became evident that an unusually large

settlement of natives inhabited this region. As far as the eye could reach the river banks were lined with houses, many of which were of the hugest dimensions—three hundred to four hundred feet in length—built on piles, and towering to a height over one hundred feet from the ground. Then, as the *Mabel* steamed on, there was a scene of excitement enacted that baffles all description, and into the spirit of which even the very pigs and dogs seemed to enter. Women, children, and reserves lined the high banks and indulged in the maddest of terpsichorean exercises, while the men—who in the space of a few minutes had decorated their persons with feathers, paints, shell ornaments, and grotesque masks—rushed about, almost tumbling over one another in their haste, and getting bows and arrows, spears and paddles between their legs, preparatory to launching big war canoes. Wherever the eye rested, either before or behind, canoes—holding twenty to thirty men apiece—were soon seen emerging from every creek and reach, till the river, which had here narrowed to little over three hundred yards, was black with one immense flotilla!

"In more than one case the bow paddler was painted a whitey grey all over, hair included; and, being of splendid physique, with rare muscular development, presented a most grotesque appearance, as though robed in 'skin tights.' All that pigment could do had been done to make them hideous, and never before has any tribe been seen in such diversity or numbers. Some were marked like skeletons, and all more resembled fiends incarnate than human beings.

"In their overwhelming force they held the *Mabel* and

its handful of men in derision, and commenced to mob the party, even getting into the gig and passing oars, rowlocks, and rudder into their canoe. This was noticed just in time and steam put on the whistle. The shriek that followed, however, was all but deadened by the delirious clamour of thousands of natives! When they had recovered from their first shock of surprise, the natives, in full paint and white shell-work decorations, again surged round their supposed prey in noisy concourse. It was impossible to make other than slow progress in the *Mabel*, for, should anything happen to the firearms, as would not unlikely be the case if the launch drove on to a hidden bank or struck a submerged 'snag,' it would then be optional whether the party became food for fishes or for cannibals. Another source of anxiety, if amidst such surroundings one could have experienced a sensation of that kind, was that evening dusk had begun to fall, and while the river had here narrowed to three hundred yards, in half an hour at most the *Mabel's* engines would stop working from want of fuel.

"Two miles of continuous villages * had now been passed, evening was approaching, and but a few sticks of firewood remained. To have proposed to land with axes among these savages to cut fresh fuel would have been downright madness and have caused a mutiny amongst the crew. Ahead the narrowing creek was a veritable *cul-de-sac*. But now an incident occurred that brought matters to a crisis. The natives, whom the steamer's whistle and one

* It was the largest colony of natives I have seen in any part of New Guinea, from the Fly river to the distant Louisiades—a colony probably several thousand strong.

or two shots fired straight up into the air had caused to sheer off a few yards, returned to the charge. While one load of forty stalwart Papuans made as though they would board the launch on her starboard rail—thereby capsizing her for a certainty—others crowded into the gig that was being towed astern, and one native already had the unshipped rudder in his hand. To the leader at the wheel Sadleir sang out from aft that he would have to fire, as the natives were preparing for a rush. Wishing above all things to avoid bloodshed, Mr. Bevan then gave the order 'Full speed astern.' The effect was instantaneous. While neither whistle nor the roar of guns—of whose destroying properties they were entirely ignorant—had any terror for these aboriginals, yet the *magic* by which this little paddleless boat, smaller than one of their own canoes, was moved backwards and forwards at will caused their retirement to a respectful distance. And before they had recovered from their surprise the *Mabel* had completed her evolution and was ploughing her way down-stream in the gathering dusk at a speed of ten knots. As the *Mabel* flew back on her own track down the watery street, an avenue was formed through that immense flotilla; upon which the plumed and painted warriors stood awestruck. Half an hour after the last of the long line of houses had been passed, anchor was dropped in a by-channel, as it had then become quite dark. Whereas down the main river flew, in hot haste, the pursuing war canoes of the baffled natives! Gone in pursuit when they had recovered their senses.

"THE CENTENARY RIVER.

"On the following morning (December 4, 1887) the *Mabel* steamed inland again up a northerly arm, navigating in the course of the day a similar labyrinth of salt-water creeks to that previously described, and passed another native village.

"A line of hills crossed from west to east, and in all the country south of it no main river running northerly was to be found. About midday, after steaming down several creeks in a southerly direction, the *Mabel* emerged on to a sheet of water fully half a mile broad. This arm turned north-westerly, until about four p.m. Aird Hills were seen bearing due west, overlying the land at a distance of four to five miles.

"On Monday (December 5) this channel was followed up till it bifurcated; the northerly branch then taken shallowing out in two or three miles, while the westerly one was found to lead into a fresh-water river four hundred yards wide. This was steamed up for twenty miles into limestone * ridges until progress was stopped by a rocky bar, giving shallow soundings at a point where the river too had narrowed materially.

"On Tuesday (December 6) a start was made for the Aird Hills, where the leader intended to give the hands a day or two's spell. (N.B.—Owing to the absence of fresh water and the inhospitable nature of the country, it had

* One frequently finds in the valleys of this belt of limestone country circular cavities, ten or fifteen feet in depth and ten to twenty yards wide.

It would be an interesting study for geologists to determine whether these "sinkholes" are the effect of earthquakes or erosion.

been impracticable to rest on the preceding Sunday). The cones of these hills afforded a good mark to steer for, and it was with no small satisfaction an anabranch was found that brought the launch right out into the lakelike sheets of water environing Aird Hills, at half-past ten a.m. Now, in addition to the ascent of two rivers, for distances respectively of nearly one hundred miles each inland, the borders of Mr. Bevan's discoveries had been extended east and west over a similar area, not the least interesting feature, nor the least valuable discovery, being that of the inland navigation route from the neighbourhood of Orokolo on the east to Aird Hills on the west.

"In stormy weather such a system of navigable natural canals might prove invaluable as an alternative route to the waters of the tempestuous unsheltered Gulf.

"AIRD HILLS.

"At this point Mr. Hemmy, the surveyor, whose health had been gradually failing, succumbed completely, and one or two other members of the small party were laid on their backs by fever. During the stay here an ascent was made of one or two peaks of these hills. On Wednesday, December 7, a cone one thousand feet above river level was climbed, the last fifty yards being very precipitous. Ample reward, however, was gained by the view from the summit, where, owing to a landslip, one or two gigantic cedars had been dislodged. Twenty miles to the south, over the lowlands, the open water of the Gulf of Papua was visible. In the valley beneath the river lay like a white ribbon till it was lost to sight where the country

rose in tier above tier of serrated forest-clad peaks towards the north-east. Then followed a great valley, or possibly a lake, from the far side of which towered skyward the striated acclivities of the great mountains of the main range.

"How one longed for a navigable balloon to penetrate those hidden inner mysteries of mountain, flood, and field —of tropical-alpine and possibly snow-crowned peaks.

"Exultant at the sweeping bird's-eye view of no inconsiderable portion of *theretofore* unexplored New Guinea, obtainable from this steep Pisgah hill, one felt inclined to paraphrase the American poet, and say—

"'Here alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.'

"The general formation of these trachyte hills is a volcanic tuff. The summit of this particular cone, however is covered with a deposit of semi-fossilized fluviatile shells contained in an earthy mould or silty mud. Among specimens of these shells Mr. Etheridge, of the Australian Museum, has identified *Melania clavus*, *Neritina gagates*, and a species of *Cyrena*. Mr. Etheridge appends a note that it would be hazardous to suggest any theory of upheaval from the position of these shells as above described.

"The term Aird Hills describes an island of probably moderately recent upheaval, on which a cluster of forest-clad sugar-loaf cones, some ten in number, covering an area of about five square miles, are surrounded by deep navigable channels of *fresh* water. The country for thirty miles to the south and for some ten miles to the north is

chiefly of low-lying alluvial formation, and the geographic and strategic importance of this position is so great that a few of its salient features deserve categorical enumeration.

"1. For a distance of between two and three hundred miles of coast line—from Saibai on the west to Orokolo on the east—Aird Hills, as seen overlying the projection of Cape Blackwood, are the only sure and unmistakable landmarks to navigators.

"2. It is approachable from the Gulf of Papua to ships of the greatest burden, which could berth alongside high and firm banks in over forty feet of perennially fresh water.

"3. While the prevailing character of the shores of the Gulf is low-lying and swampy, this cluster of cones of romantic beauty presents the range of temperature and salubrity that can be attained at various altitudes, ranging to over one thousand feet in gentle undulations and level ridges, as well as in precipitous inclines.

"4. The services of the small and mild-tempered tribe in its vicinity could be utilized by whites, both in exchange for their protection from fiercer tribes and for useful articles of barter; while their dialect, if learnt, would serve as a key to communication with the tribes over all this great and newly explored district, representing an area of over twenty thousand square miles.

"No. IV.

"After two days' stoppage, a fresh start was made at 10.30 a.m. Thursday, December 8, when, by means of a channel skirting the base of their northerly slopes, Aird Hills were circumnavigated.

"Blending with the Aird river-system (near Boore's Hills) was a deep, but rather narrow, fresh-water river emerging from limestone ridges. On a little knoll at the very point of junction grew a beautiful araliaceous tree, somewhat resembling the Indian Tupidanthus, save that there were invariably fourteen leaves in each palmate cluster, each leaf being three to four feet in length. This specimen, together with very many others, was lost owing to the rough treatment experienced by the launch on the return journey.

"NEWBERY SOUND.

"A descent was then made of the previous unexplored main westerly arm in the delta of the Aird river-system, and the sea again sighted on Saturday, December 10, Cape Blackwood bearing south-east at a distance of about fifteen miles. All this coast country, *where the bulk of the native population dwells*, is one vast bay of islands.

"When the *Mabel* emerged into this estuary huge pile-built brown houses were noticed underlying groves of coco-nut palms in a dozen different directions, while the mirror-like flashes from all points of the compass indicated the swift approach of numerous canoes. The necessity of paying attention to such swarms of voluble and inquisitive aboriginals did not lessen the difficulties of navigation in these unsurveyed estuaries. Even under fair and favourable circumstances the opacity of the water, irregular shape of the mud bottom, and the velocity of strong tides sweeping into this curve of the Papuan Gulf rendered progress fraught with danger to a knife-shaped launch, drawing six

feet of water. This was abundantly demonstrated at low water, when numerous mud-shoals were bared to view. The launch, after trying unsuccessfully for an inshore passage, put out to sea, and, after rounding Bates' Island —named by Mr. Bevan after the secretary, Royal Geographical Society, London—entered Mitchell Sound (after the secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Sydney) to replenish firewood.

"MITCHELL SOUND.

"Purposely avoiding a large village on the eastern bank a stoppage was made abreast of a creek on the opposite shore. Not until anchor was dropped was the immediate proximity of another large native community discovered. The launch was soon again mobbed by hundreds of excited natives who came flocking in hot haste from every creek and inlet, rendering the wooding problem very difficult to solve. Three out of the party were on the sick list, leaving only two effective hands to guard the launch and four to land in the boat to cut fuel in the thick mangrove scrub which lined the banks. Nor was it possible to hide the axes from the covetous glances of these inquisitive aboriginals, who quickly guessed as to the instrumentality by which tree after tree fell in rapid succession. On December 11 a native of Oroi (the village three hundred yards from the launch) came off and sold some plantains for a piece of red cloth. While too weak to submit to being mobbed by large bodies of these aboriginals, yet any *bona-fide* attempts on the part of a few natives at a time to barter food products were sedulously encouraged. Two

of the larger villages in the neighbourhood were ascertained to be Hippoora and Orpoito respectively. About seven a.m. the *Mabel* got under way, but encountering a fearfully choppy sea outside, put back again past Oroi, having had a narrow escape from foundering.

"The position was now a serious one. So far the fates had been lenient, for in spite of all that human care could do it was almost a miracle that the launch, driven by the strong tides, had not grounded on hidden banks in these discoloured waters. With wet ammunition and food supplies lost, the worn-out crew would have been entirely at the mercy of savages. There yet remained one hundred and fifty miles of unsurveyed coast and then one hundred miles of open sea to be crossed before the one or two invalids now in a half-moribund condition could be conveyed to the nearest white settlement. In the hope of finding an inland route to the westward into the Fly river, whereby the open sea might be partly avoided, the launch now continued on its way up Mitchell Sound.

"MEREWETHER RIVER.

"Leaving behind several villages on either bank, a mile-wide opening leading in a north-westerly direction was taken. About two miles up another and last village was passed, the aboriginals coming off in canoes to sell cocoanuts. While a five-fathom channel was found near the coast, the river* twenty miles inland shallowed mid-

* The entirely new and promising river-system was named by me after Mr. E. C. Merewether, of Sydney, a munificent patron of the expedition.

channel to "and a half one" (nine feet). A thick smoky fog overhung the river on the following morning, while the closeness of the atmosphere and sunless weather seemed to indicate the near approach of heavy and continuous rain. Instead of emerging, as expected, into homeward-bound or westerly affluents the river now took an easterly trend. For three days past Mr. Hemmy had neither slept nor scarcely tasted food. His painful illness was probably due to a 'touch of the sun,' he having very imprudently taken off his helmet on several occasions when using theodolite or sextant. If his illness had eventuated fatally, a third expedition to the same localities might have been necessary in order to verify and authenticate these discoveries to the satisfaction of an incredulous world. And that, in view of public apathy and indifference, would not have been at all easy of promotion. Under all these circumstances it would not have been prudent to have continued further inland, especially as the strong tide ebbing and flowing at the highest point reached indicated a very distant watershed.

"On returning to Oroi at four p.m., an old man came off, bringing a few prawns and whitebait (*nardi*), bananas (*dubé*), and water (*opor*)—the latter in a long bamboo tube—to exchange for cloth and hoop-iron. Another came off with a sucking pig of a pound or so in weight, for which he would take nothing less than a scrub-knife in exchange. Returning again later on accompanied by two wives, he produced another Papuan table luxury in the shape of a half-bred dingo, and seemed not a little surprised that the whites did not include such an article of diet in their regimen. A feature peculiar to these natives was the

evenness and pearly whiteness of their teeth, probably due to their not chewing betel-nut, like the aboriginals of the south-east coast.

"The saddest thing of all was that one could not converse with these Papuans, and hear their interesting history. No *known* New Guinea dialect, or interpreters, would have been of any use in this district.

"Tuesday, December 13, was spent in cutting fuel, after it had been decided that it would be better to risk putting out to sea in preference to the alternative of skirting a coast-line along which the launch would be exposed to the perils inseparable from shoal-waters and swarms of natives. The woodmen's axes, of which there was no spare set on board, were found too alluring altogether, and to the extreme vigilance displayed alone immunity from casualties was due. Twice on this one day were determined efforts made by natives lurking in the scrub to cut off the wooding party. For advice of the presence of so novel an interloper had spread like wildfire; and it became a most painful question for so small a party (half of whom were invalids) to obtain the necessary supplies of firewood without bloodshed; seeing that both scrubs and waterways were thronged by natives in thousands, none of whom would stop short of murder to obtain possession of the idolized axes.

"HOMEWARD BOUND.

"The morning of Wednesday (December 14) dawned stormy and gusty, but nevertheless a start had to be made. The *Mabel*—very low in the water by reason of the day's

fuel on board—made dirty weather of it, and, the bilge ejector-pipe getting foul, at one time threatened to founder. As the day wore on, the stiff breeze from the north-west died away, and good weather was made across George and Prince's Inlets. About three p.m. the *Mabel* steamed over a place marked breakers on the chart, getting nothing less than three fathoms. An hour later the stock of fuel had run very low, and considerable anxiety was felt, as dead reckoning placed the *Mabel's* position close to Midge Islands. Never were chart or horizon more anxiously conned. About four p.m. land was sighted to the south-west, distant some ten or twelve miles. The wind had veered round to the south-east, and the big sea running served to retard the *Mabel's* progress, while the glare of the sun, dead on the land, almost blinded the helmsman in his efforts to steer a direct course. At last the storm that had been long overhanging the mainland in the north-west broke, and by obliterating the rays of the sun served to disclose a line of trees at but a few miles' distance. The tide too turned, and—soon after the few remaining logs had been used—the *Mabel* anchored under the welcome lee of a little island after a capital day's run of fifty-five miles.*

"MIDGE ISLANDS.

"When sending a party ashore next day, owing to the heavy sea that was running, the boat was all but swamped

* From George Inlet to the Fly river, but little assistance was afforded me by the very imperfect Admiralty chart. That district would likely offer an interesting field for exploration for any one wishing to engage in the work, and having a shallow-draft stern-wheel steamer available for that purpose.

in the surf, and fuel had to be brought out in the arms of the men through the breakers. About midday the *Mabel* steamed round to the more sheltered south-west side of the island, and anchored at four p.m. for wooding. Land closed in on three parts of the horizon, and on one or two neighbouring islands were several great houses. The following day was too sunless to take a meridian altitude, although it appeared—so much out was the chart—that by some curious freak of nature the geography of the country had undergone a complete change. A large and very wide estuary was now followed up in a westerly direction for several miles, but no outlet appearing, a return was made seaward. About three p.m., when a mile distant from the nearest land, a Manila man was at the lead. Soundings for half an hour past had not lessened on three fathoms. Getting over-confident, Martin relaxed his vigilance for a minute or two, with the result that the *Mabel* ran on to a hidden shoal. In two hours' time the launch was high and dry on a mud flat that extended over an area of several acres. Many very large houses indicated the proximity of natives, who however, strangely enough, did not come off. About two hours after dark the tide crept up to the bank, and at 10.30 p.m. the launch had four feet of water around her. But the cushion of mud which the ebb tide had thrown up under the lee rail was now by the flood tide washed under her other quarter. Independently of the darkness of night, the position was eminently hazardous; for a fresh breeze came in with the tide, causing a heavy break on this mud flat, and wave after wave made a clean breach over the hapless launch, which was thrown violently first on one side and then on the

other. Many of the hands seemed almost paralyzed at this rough treatment, and Sadleir gave it as his opinion that 'this time it was all up with her, sir!' The leader, however, infused fresh courage into his men, and, himself setting the example, all hands were kept vigorously employed in baling out the water-logged launch. The engineer, Martin Langdon, nobly seconded his chief's efforts. For a time the contest was a doubtful one. All the while, however, the tide was rising; and, to cut a long story short, steam was raised, a way churned out through the yielding mud, not without many a bump, and midnight found the launch anchored half a mile off in eighteen feet of water.

"On the following morning natives informed the wooding party that the name of their island was Ogara, and that of the village Epissea. Later on, the *Mabel* put out to sea—rounded a point of land—and presently a great twelve-mile-wide opening came into view. This proved to be the main entrance of the

"FLY RIVER.

"The natives of the little village of Sarguan at its north head were very shy. Upon inquiry, their nervousness appeared to be due to the remembrance of the punishment inflicted upon them by the *Pearl* for the unprovoked massacre of seventeen persons (in December, 1882) forming the crew of a full-rigged ship that had lost its reckoning—been driven inshore and grounded on the large sandbank to windward.* These natives were interested to hear of our visit to the country in the north-east, a land which they

* "Australian Handbook," 1886, page 699.

called *Messeday*. They had no intercourse, however, with the people of that district, being ignorant of their language and apprehensive of the sea journey.

"Sunday and Monday (December 18 and 19) were spent at Kiwai, a large village about eight miles up the Fly river. Here yams, bananas, sweet potatoes, and tobacco were obtained, also a sixty-pound pig, bought for an axe.

"A native woman, smeared all over with mud, was observed embarking in a small sailing canoe. On inquiry it transpired that her husband had died overnight, and she, in this mourning attire (*e.g.* the *mud*), was going off to inform her relatives in the neighbouring villages.

"When these Kiwai natives want a little amusement they indulge in the pleasures of the chase—*i.e.* of wild pigs, or of inland tribes. For the former purpose they have a well-trained breed of dogs, which they value so highly that they do not eat them, as a rule, until after they have died a natural death. In the latter event they put on their shell ornaments (groin and breast plates), paint themselves red, yellow and black, and tie on feather head-dresses. Then they depart in their canoes, and when their destination is reached take to the bush and hunt wild natives. From tree-tops they eagerly scan the horizon for signs of smoke. Their human prey is in this way betrayed by his own camp-fire, hunted down, and decapitated. Jubilantly the Kiwaians return to their district, and after cooking and eating the heads, hang up the skulls as a trophy. At these cannibal feasts a kind of kava is drunk. This is prepared from an indigenous root chewed by virgins of about thirteen years of age. While it does not exactly intoxicate, its effect is not unlike that of opium.

"On Tuesday, December 20, the *Mabel* crossed the mouth of the Fly, and, passing inside Mibu and Bampton Islands, arrived, after much buffeting about from bad weather, at Darru, near Bristow Island, on December 22. The natives on the neighbouring Tait river make enclosures of stakes, into which they decoy alligators with a bait, and then at low water destroy them by means of their formidable arrows. On Friday, December 23, a start was made for Mangrove Island of the chart (some ten miles distant), under the expectation that good fuel would be obtainable there. Nothing, however, was found save a few stunted bushes, four feet high, of mangrove ash. These scattered clumps were submerged at high water and worse than useless for fuel. The village of Tureture, at the mouth of the Katau river, had accordingly to be visited for supplies. There is a small colony of *bêche-de-mer* fishers at that settlement. No teacher or missionary is permitted to settle there.

"The passage of one hundred miles across Torres Straits was commenced on Christmas Day, and proved uneventful, save for one fierce squall from the north-west, which caught the launch twelve miles from shelter. The *Mabel* had to run before it, and found a refuge under the lee of Yama or Turtle-back Island.

"Mr. Bevan had raised three feet on the *Mabel's* rail with sheets of galvanized iron for the passage across. Without this precaution, and the fact of her being, so to speak, flying light, owing to provisions having been consumed and stores nearly expended, the launch would likely have foundered in the open sea.

"On the following day this hazardous expedition was

brought to a close, Thursday Island being safely reached by the party intact without a single fatality.

"Thus in two months, in addition to the considerable time spent on land, some twelve hundred miles had been steamed over new, and for the most part previously unsurveyed, water-ways in the least known regions of New Guinea. This had been accomplished solely with wood fuel, which had to be cut as required—often several times a day—through a country infested with savage native races, as regards its littoral, where murder waited on almost every footstep of the explorers.

"This great undertaking had been carried through in a little launch whose previous operations had been confined to Sydney Harbour.

"Her relative draft (six feet) necessitated the utmost caution in navigation; and it may be truly said that Mr. Bevan, the certified master, was almost chained to the wheel the whole time she was under way.

"A brief but comprehensive report was immediately published in the local paper, in reference to which the following significant declaration, written on the ship's articles, was endorsed by the hands:—

"'We hereby certify that the results of the above voyage are as described in the *Torres Straits Pilot* of January 2, 1888, and that throughout, in spite of great provocation on more than one occasion, *no collisions with natives nor bloodshed have occurred.*'

"At the same time the fullest *official confirmation** was given to Mr. Bevan's previous discoveries."

Upon my return to Sydney in January, 1888, I received

* *Vide* Mr. Hemmy's report, Appendix A.

a full share of those amenities which fall to the lot of successful explorers.

Baron Sir Ferdinand von Mueller, Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, expressed himself in his usual flowing and graceful epistolary style as follows :—

"I am not altogether sure, dear Mr. Bevan, whether I expressed [in a former congratulatory message] my *admiration of your heroic conduct* in bringing—in the face of so much peril and almost superhuman toil to yourself and your brave little band—your telling enterprise to so successful and safe a conclusion.

* * * * * *

"The best reward is its accomplishment, and *that* will ever remain an *historic* fact!"

The President of the same (R.G.S.A.) society, Sir Edward Strickland, K.C.B., wrote to the Government of New South Wales a letter, from which the following extracts are taken :—

"I may be permitted to remind you that the work of that dashing and successful explorer—Mr. Bevan—is of high importance, not only to the science of geography, but also to commerce.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Bevan has largely contributed to the unfolding of the hidden secrets of New Guinea *to an extent which never has been equalled.*

* * * * * *

"Working with the slenderest means, he has boldly pursued his discoveries far into the interior of the country, navigating most tortuous and difficult rivers, with the

result that he has unfolded to the world a system of waterways of inestimable value—equal in grandeur and practical utility to anything similar known in other countries for purposes of commerce.

* * * * * *

"His work, too, has been characterized by a conspicuous regard for *humanity*. He has throughout *never injured a native* nor lost one of his own men.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Bevan deserves to be received with distinguished honour, and *well rewarded* for his rich contributions to the prospective wealth of the State by his marvellous and all-important discoveries!"

The Chairman of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce (the Hon. S. A. Joseph, M.L.C.) publicly stated, at a meeting of that body, that he considered my explorations had been of the very first value to commerce, saying: "That Mr. Bevan had shown them that the country contained a large number of products, such as timber, bark, gutta-percha, sago, hemp, tobacco, resins, beeswax, and spices, to develop a trade in which it only required a certain amount of perseverance and a sufficient amount of capital."

Hon. John Douglas, the Special Commissioner, wrote to me as follows:—

"With regard to your second expedition to the Papuan Gulf, I can only say that I was not informed of your intentions with reference to it,* and if any special sanction

* In writing the above the Hon. John Douglas was no doubt temporarily oblivious of the fact that under date Granville, New Guinea, October 14, 1887, he wrote expressing his acknowledgments and

had been required from me I think I should probably have refused to give it, on the grounds that it was a *most hazardous thing* to navigate the waters and rivers of the Papuan Gulf in such a steam launch as the *Mabel*. *Nevertheless you justified the risks incurred*, and returned to Thursday Island after a second *successful* expedition in which your previous discoveries were *verified*. I congratulate you, and those who accompanied you, *on having survived the perils of a most hazardous voyage. You deserve all the credit due to those who run such risks in the cause of geographical discovery.* I congratulate you further on the *peaceful* relations which, *throughout*, you maintained with the native inhabitants of the country you explored."

In a further memorandum (supplied to the Queensland press) Mr. Douglas gave it as his opinion that the safe return of myself and party was due to "the special interposition of Providence." Mr. Chalmers' colleague (and my quondam controversialist on the massacres question), the missionary Mr. W. G. Lawes, happened to be making a lengthy stay in Sydney; and reopened the controversy, on behalf of the former, by asserting that one river named by me had previously been christened the "Wickham." On this occasion Sir Edward Strickland, K.C.B. (President of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia) took up the cudgels on my behalf.* He searched through and quoted all the authorities, concluding a trenchant letter, published in the Sydney press, in this fashion :—

thanks for information supplied by me in reference thereto, as follows: "This may reach you before you leave Thursday Island for the Papuan Gulf. If it does, let me assure you that I shall look with great interest to your *further* explorations in confirmation of those already made."

* *Vide* correspondence, Appendix F.

"It follows as an indisputable corollary that Mr. Chalmers either suppressed information on the geography of New Guinea of great importance to the scientific world, or that Mr. Lawes now claims for his colleague discoveries never made by him, and which appear in no reliable map or report published before the discoveries made by Mr. Bevan.

"Mr. Lawes presumes to make assertions regarding the discoveries of Mr. Bevan which are regrettable as being utterly incorrect, and which evince a spirit little in keeping with charity or fair-play."

Sir Edward Strickland, however, felt so strongly about the matter that he would not let it rest in that stage, but referred it for the consideration of the Royal Geographical Society, London. The secretary, Mr. H. W. Bates, wrote in reply, under date London, March 7, 1887, as follows:—"I do not see that the critics succeed in the smallest degree in stripping Mr. Bevan of his laurels. He is a most enterprising explorer, and his ascent of the Queen's Jubilee and Philp rivers was a brilliant exploit. . . .

"*I have not seen any published account of Mr. Chalmers', in which he so describes the Wickham river as to enable me to identify it with the Jubilee.*"

Mr. Bates then proceeds to allude to Mr. Chalmers as a "pioneer missionary," though unaware that he ever "made any pretence to be a pioneer explorer."

It really seemed as though it were destined that, in every step of my life, I should be subject to the unfriendly criticisms of avowed preachers of the gospel. But with the above dicta of the highest geographical authorities, a controversy which I was the last to desire, and had taken no part in, temporarily closed.

About this time (April, 1888) I put in an application for a grant of land in New Guinea. My claim was based not only upon past promises of administrators, but also upon the fact of my having been the original explorer of no inconsiderable portion of the territory; my object being to induce capitalists to embark in the operation of the development of the natural resources of a territory so vast, and to permit of the work of exploration being continued on sound and permanent, instead of on merely ephemeral lines.

The following were some of the reasons given :—

"I apply for a *large* area because operations in this new part of the country must necessarily be conducted on a *large* scale, otherwise *the expenses of keeping up communication and cost of transport would eat up all the profits.*

"1. Because the result of granting such concessions would be in the direction of benefiting the protectorate, or, as it is about to become, the sovereignty.

"*i.e.* (*a*) Such trading operations would have the effect of bringing in revenue to the administration.

"(*b*) Render adjacent State lands at present uninhabited and valueless both occupied and of value.

"(*c*) Tend or help to reduce the period during which the cost of the maintenance of the administration remains an annual charge on the imperial and colonial revenues.

"2. On behalf of the native inhabitants (steeped to the core in degrading superstitions and revolting savagery)—

"(*a*) By diverting the energies of tribes at present addicted to head-hunting and other inhuman

practices to agricultural and other peaceful pursuits, as in German New Guinea and in British North Borneo.

"(*b*) By raising the native races both in the scale of civilization and comfort: subject of course to the wise regulations in vogue under the 'Western Pacific Orders in Council.'

"3. On behalf of my fellow-men—

"(*a*) Because the conditions appertaining to British New Guinea will prevent it from becoming what is known as a 'working-man's country,' at all events for some little time to come.

"(*b*) Owing to the severe restrictions imposed by nature, the *initial* work of clearing the scrubs and turning over the soil must be effected by coloured labour necessarily in the employ of capitalists.

"(*c*) By such initiative and operations, the *essentials* of *work* and *communication* will be provided, which will eventually facilitate settlement, should such at a future date be deemed advisable by the imperial or colonial Governments.

"4. On behalf of myself for the reasons mentioned in the preceding pages; also because—

"(*a*) I have the assurance that the large capital required will be forthcoming from those who are prepared to undertake the great risks incidental to all pioneering associations, with a view to the furtherance of exploration on a sound and solid basis, combined with the elevation of the native races by the only true

means, and in the hope of receiving fair interest on their outlay."

The following Chambers of Commerce and Geographical Societies adopted resolutions in favour of recognition being bestowed upon my work in these terms :—

"Townsville, North Queensland, May 10, 1888.

"At the quarterly meeting of the members of the Townsville Chamber of Commerce, held yesterday, in the Town Hall, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to :—

"'That the Townsville Chamber of Commerce is of opinion that, in view of the advantages accruing to science and commerce through the important explorations of, and peaceful relations established with the natives by, Mr. Theodore F. Bevan, F.R.G.S., in New Guinea, some substantial recognition of his labours should be accorded him by the imperial Government.'

"*Extracted from the Minutes by* (*signed*) HUGH P. H. BENWELL,
Hon. Secretary, Townsville Chamber of Commerce.

"Sydney, New South Wales, April 10, 1888.

"'The Council of the New South Wales Branch of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia have much pleasure in placing on record their high appreciation of the intrepidity, ability, and perseverance exhibited by Mr. Theodore F. Bevan, F.R.G.S., in his several exploring expeditions in New Guinea, by which he has added largely to our geographical knowledge of that important territory. The Council is further of opinion that Mr. Bevan's services merit substantial recognition, and they hope he may be

made the recipient of a reward, not only from the Royal Geographical Society at home, but also from the imperial authorities, who have gained so largely by the excellent services of Mr. Bevan and his devotion to the cause of science and commerce.'

"*Extracted from the Minutes by* (*signed*) J. T. CALDWELL, (*signed*) J. S. RAMSAY, *Hon. Secs.*

"Melbourne, Victoria, May 1, 1888.

"'The Council of the Victorian Branch of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia have much pleasure in placing on record their high appreciation of the intrepidity, perseverance, and ability exhibited by Mr. Theodore F. Bevan, F.R.G.S., and his companions, in their several expeditions to New Guinea, by which, with the generous assistance of Messrs. Burns, Philp, and Co., they have added largely to our geographical knowledge of that important territory. The Council is further of opinion that the valuable services rendered to the cause of exploration by Mr. Bevan and his party merit commensurate recognition from the imperial authorities, who have gained so much by their excellent services in the cause of science and commerce; and the Council further hopes that the Royal Geographical Society of England will suitably recognize the value of Mr. Bevan's work.'

"*Extracted from the Minutes by* (*signed*) A. C. MACDONALD, *Senior Hon. Sec.*

"Sydney, New South Wales, April 26, 1888.

"At a meeting of the Committee of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce, held yesterday afternoon, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—

"1. 'That the Committee of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce are of opinion that, in view of the advantages accruing to science and commerce through the important explorations of, and the peaceful relations established with the natives by, Mr. Theodore F. Bevan, F.R.G.S., in New Guinea, some tangible recognition of his labours should be accorded him by the imperial Government.'

"2. 'That the above resolution should be forwarded to His Excellency the Governor with a request that he would forward same to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.'

"*Extracted from the Minutes by (signed)* HENRY C. MITCHELL, *Secretary, Sydney Chamber of Commerce.*

"Incorporated Chamber of Commerce,
"Adelaide, South Australia, May 11, 1888.

"Resolved,—'That this Committee quite concurs with the Committee of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce, that the valuable services of Theodore F. Bevan, Esq., in his explorations of New Guinea, are worthy of tangible recognition by the imperial Government.'

"*Extracted from the Minutes by (signed)* H. DRIFFIELD, *Secretary, Adelaide Chamber of Commerce (Incorporated).*"

In response to my communication I received a despatch from the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to the effect that such application should be forwarded to the administrator after the declaration of sovereignty in British New Guinea.* That function has

* Extract from despatch dated Brisbane, July 5, 1888, from His Excellency the Governor of Queensland, respecting Mr. Bevan's claims :—"The Governor has been acquainted by Lord Knutsford that he regards it as obviously the proper course that the administrator of the new territory, when appointed, should examine on the spot into

now been performed, and on September 4, 1888, the royal standard was hoisted and saluted at Port Moresby, and the Hon. Dr. William McGregor, C.M.G. (the Governor), read the proclamation making British New Guinea a British possession.

Already we hear of the adoption by Dr. McGregor of the Queensland Mining Regulations, and of the first "rush" of diggers from North Queensland to Sudest Island in the Louisiades (where alluvial gold has recently been discovered). I cannot do better than conclude this chapter by adding a few lines of a letter recently published thereupon :—

"Permit me to add a word in respect to the new gold rush to Sudest Island—ten days' steam *direct* from Sydney, and five hundred miles north-easterly from Cooktown (Q.) —some distance off the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea. I need scarcely say I am rejoiced at the discovery, and hope the 'auriferous lead' may be traced through the mainland, where it is known to exist, to the proximity of the Snow Mountains in the far interior, where, not unlikely, a healthy climate may eventually be found. At the same time, it is only fair to say that the climate of Sudest Island, and of the 'lower levels' on the mainland of New Guinea, will not permit of Europeans doing permanently much manual labour, and the death-rate will be abnormally high.

the particulars of such applications as may seem *deserving of consideration*, and, through the Governor of New South Wales, Mr. Bevan has already been informed that after sovereignty has been declared over British New Guinea, he should address Her Majesty's representative in that country on the subject, as no application of this nature can be considered by Her Majesty's Government without a report and recommendation from that officer."

All we know at present is that the late Special Commissioner described it as a 'Chinaman's diggings,' and I am sorry to read that men are throwing up good 'shows' on the tinfields near Cooktown for what at present is an uncertainty.

"Those who do go should take a few suitable seedlings, such as melons, pumpkins, papaws, grenadillos, pomegranates, passion fruit, etc., not only benefiting themselves thereby, but adding variety to the food supplies of the surrounding native inhabitants at the same time.

"I am, etc.,

"THEODORE BEVAN.

"P.S.—Not a single man who values his life should go to Sudest without he can see his way clear to having the means to return to Australia in case of need.—T. B."

Under date, Government Secretary's Office, Port Moresby, British New Guinea, January 1, 1889, Mr. A. Musgrave (Government Secretary), wrote me to the following effect—

". . . I now beg to acquaint you that His Excellency, Dr. McGregor, hopes to be able to visit, before long, the part of this territory for which you apply—but until he has seen lands for which applications are made he cannot, in any case, give a favourable reply. . . . He notes, however with much pleasure that certain Geographical Societies and Chambers of Commerce entertain a high appreciation of your services, and he regrets the delay which must necessarily arise in fully considering your case."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

YOU have thus borne with me while I have sketched my career from the time anterior to the declaration of the protectorate in November, 1884, to the proclamation of sovereignty in September, 1888.

The protectorate was a failure in every sense of the word. No powers were conferred upon the Special Commissioners other than those they possessed as Deputy-Commissioners under the "Western Pacific Orders in Council."

While touching upon this political aspect of the question, due credit must incidentally be allotted first to Sir Thomas McIlwraith for his action in virtually forcing the hand of the British Government by annexing New Guinea to Queensland in 1883, even though that annexation was temporarily disavowed by the Home Government. And, secondly, to Sir Samuel W. Griffith for his humane policy in emancipating the kidnapped New Guinea natives from their serfdom on Queensland plantations, and returning them to their homes in June, 1885; also for his "Act to make Provision for the Indemnification by the colony of Queensland of Her Majesty's Imperial Government against the expenses of the Government of British New Guinea" (assented to November 4, 1887), which

virtually removed the last obstacle to the proclamation of her Britannic Majesty's sovereignty.

Massacres and preventible outrages were perpetrated upon harmless and respectable Europeans with sickening and machine-like regularity, and I (the first to champion the cause of the trader) became the object of the splenetic attack of those who advocate keeping New Guinea for the New Guineans (and missionaries?).

But light will conquer darkness; and the reports of the Special Commissioner and Deputy-Commissioners for 1886 and 1887, and even better still, *their acts*, prove conclusively that they have come round to my way of thinking, viz. that it is absolutely necessary to be very firm with the natives, and certainly not desirable to submit to their outrages.

The late Special Commissioner (the Hon. John Douglas) has left on record the following statement of opinion in reference to the native question:—"I should not myself hesitate to take life in order to vindicate justice." And he has shown, by sanctioning retribution, that he meant what he said.

My own opinion upon the subject, whatever it is worth, is emphasized by this fact, that throughout all my explorations, attacks from, and intercourse with thousands of Papuans (many of whom had never seen nor heard of Europeans before), I have never taken the life of a native,* neither has a single Papuan lost one drop of

* His Excellency the Hon. Dr. Wm. McGregor, C.M.G. (at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, Sydney, August 1, 1888), said, "In regard to Mr. Bevan's explorations, his expeditions have been conducted without loss of life or limb. . . . It

blood or suffered injury of any kind through my instrumentality.

Now that sovereignty has been proclaimed, the final difficulties in the way of preserving order, protecting life, and giving not only a fair tenure of land, but also a reasonable amount of security to property, have been removed.

But what of the island itself? Can one but doubt that if reasonable facilities are offered to capitalists, fortunes will be embarked in plantations on the banks of the noble rivers (described in previous chapters) until New Guinea becomes the producer of the tropical products required in the Australian markets?

Or what prediction can be made of the effects of the inroad of the stream of "wandering diggers"—those industrial knights "of the most noble order of the pick and shovel," who, in half a century, have conquered the barrenness of a continent as large as Europe?

In New Guinea, it is true, they will meet with difficulties, dangers, and deaths of a nature unknown in Australia (even in its deadliest tradition of "rushes" to the feverish north). But should the "yellow lead" beckon on through the mountains of the mainland, then (among the tropical Alpine ice-crowned peaks of the far north-western interior of New Guinea) a climate may be found in which not only can the European labour with accustomed ease, but that will permit of a settlement and

was a great thing for Mr. Bevan to be able to say that, whatever value there was in his explorations, he had not created difficulties for those who were to follow him" (*vide* reports published in Sydney press, August 2, 1888).

perpetuation of the British race in the full flower and blossom of its finest development. Though, as yet, the Snow Mountains of New Guinea, beyond finding a place on the maps, are an unknown quantity in the future of that richly endowed territory, having never yet been reached by adventurous European,—that these Snow Mountains will ultimately provide (like the Himalayas of India) indispensable sanatoriums is more than probable.

But what of the aboriginal, who has so large a claim upon our sympathy for his disabilities, our consideration for his rights, and our compassion for his self-inflicted wrongs? Will he too disappear before the impact of the white race, like the Tasmanian and Australian aboriginals have done? I think not. No one who has read these pages can but form the opinion that the house-building, horticultural Papuan differs as much from the Australian nomad as Malay or Samoan differ from the feebler races which they dispossessed or drove out before them, and of which the merest traces alone remain.

In my opinion the New Guinean is no mere "charcoal sketch" of humanity, that, in the course of a few decades, will die away like a "lost chord." But in his present stage of barbaric enlightenment, he (like the ancient Briton prior to the invasion of Julius Cæsar) still dwells in the "Stone" Age. Neither has he had that incentive to regular and systematic habits of industry and labour which, amongst man in his primitive state, comes first to those whose lot is cast in cold inhospitable climes and on sterile soil. In his present phase of non-development, as readily will oil assimilate with water as the undisciplined Papuan and the energetic, plodding European. Then, too,

we have seen how the New Guinea native is numbed by what Carlyle would call the Lernean Hydra-coil of superstition and sorcery. He can make no progress in the scale of civilization and comfort till his senseless barbaric rites are stamped out with pains and penalties, as effectual if not as cruel, as those, but a century or so ago, used to abolish witchcraft and similar quackery in England.

As certain as it is that every inch of the fertile Papuan soil will hereafter be needed to sustain the overspill of already overcrowded lands, so surely must the shiftless aboriginal learn to bend his back to the yoke of "Adam's curse," or make room for those that will—the patient Malay or the industrious Chinese.

In the mean while away with such nonsense as the retention of New Guinea for the New Guineans (and missionaries). In the Special Commissioner's Report for 1886 will be found the following expression of opinion from Mr. A. Musgrave, jun. (Assistant Deputy-Commissioner):—"This protectorate, I need hardly say, is no exceptional point of the globe, worthy to be jealously guarded in its primitive state. It is no scene where an innocent and united people dwell in conditions of Arcadian simplicity and peace and plenty, which should be sympathized with and respected. I believe the natives to be susceptible of improvement, but they have all the customs and vices of savages, and will require an extraordinary union of firmness and consideration in their management. Perpetual murders and intertribal butcheries of the most revolting nature, arising from frivolous or superstitious pretexts, are of almost daily occurrence within the protectorate. Were Mr. Lawes and his teachers

all disarmed to-morrow, and Her Majesty's ships withdrawn from the coast for a year or two, it is hardly doubtful, to my mind, what the fate of the mission would be, even after its fifteen years of association with the coast tribes at various points."

As I pointed out four years ago, it was against all laws of Anglo-Saxon expansion that New Guinea could possibly remain a missing link in the ever-lengthening chain of British commerce and industrial enterprise.

Better would it have been had the missionaries, instead of expending their forces in fruitless casuistry, striven to inculcate a knowledge of the laws of nature, and the rules of sanitary science, so that, if only by degrees, the spasmodic energies of the natives might be in some measure conserved, and gradually become drawn, and steadily diffused, into regular habits of ennobling labour. On the contrary, however, what do we see? That, namely, after a decade of teaching, senseless superstitions are still openly avowed and acted upon at the very head-quarters of the London Missionary Society, where the natives show very little, if any more advance; even speak less English, and are less friendly to Europeans than in certain parts of New Guinea, where the very name and idea of missionary is unknown.

Mr. A. Musgrave, jun., also wrote in the official Report above quoted: "Whatever personal reluctance to settlement of the protectorate may be felt by Mr. Lawes and Mr. Chalmers, they had no right, if they have done so, to use their position of trust as interpreters to give a stamp of official approval to their individual views, however intense these may be and are believed to be."

And again, whoever reads the pathetic account of the effort to establish a Roman Catholic mission at Yule Island,* and the methods used, so it was alleged, to thwart it, will readily sympathize with the sufferings of those who have incurred the animosity of the administrators of an institution which has become anything but an unmixed blessing.

But let us hear a little of what Father Navarre says (Society of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart), writing from Yule Island, New Guinea, May 5, 1887, to Her Majesty's Special Commissioner:—

* * * * * *

"In the same conversation, I remarked to Mr. McFarlane that, when at Cooktown and Thursday Island, many persons coming from Port Moresby and other points of the coast told us that the gentlemen of the London Society residing in New Guinea, being informed of our intended arrival, had given the aboriginals the *mot d'ordre* to receive us in an unfriendly manner, and had given them certain signs by which they could recognize us, and that the aboriginals were principally excited by their South Sea Island teachers.

* * * * * *

"My apprehensions were not without foundation: four times the teachers endeavoured to rouse the population of Roro against us. They succeeded twice. On two other occasions the people of Roro came to inform us of the language of the teachers. They repeated the stupid

* See Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner for 1887 (Appendices: Letter from Father Navarre to Hon. John Douglas).

calumnies of which we were warned at Port Moresby. On the first of these occasions, having reproached Henere, who was one of the guilty, he retracted before the people. The other time three teachers met at the house of Ratu, the teacher of Roro. Chimo, teacher of Naaro, a district of Pokoo, addressed them. According to the inhabitants of Roro, he said, amongst other things, that we would leave or our house would be burned down. Father Verjees spoke to him sharply about this proceeding, which he did not dare to deny, and threatened to inform you of it. Since that time we have heard nothing more.

"Now, these three teachers came often to beg of us food and medicine, complaining bitterly of their employers, who left them uncared for, and without the remedies they required. Naturally we received them with hospitality (in particular Chimo and his wife, whom we attended when they lived with Henere), and they had hardly left our house when they began to let loose their tongues against us amongst our people. I will not speak in this letter of the indecent things they said with regard to us, nor of the indecent acts which they themselves committed.

"But how could we expect discretion in the language of these ignorant men, when Mr. Lawes himself gives them so bad an example? When he came to Yule to instal his teacher Ratu, he prevented the inhabitants of Roro from working at our village chapel, saying that he was the only good missionary; that he was our master, and wanted to have the village all to himself; that we had built our house on his ground, but that we should be forced to quit. This is the account which we got from the aboriginals. I cannot, therefore, think that Mr. Lawes is serious when

he says, 'They owe the safety and peacefulness of their lives to our mission,' a statement quite opposed to the truth.

* * * * * *

"It is evident that Mr. Lawes assumes too much importance when he says, 'Our Roman Catholic friends at Yule Island are building their house on our piles,' for I can assure Mr. Lawes we shall take very good care not to build our house on their foundations. We should have very justifiable fears that the first storm would bring it to the ground. We consider that their teachers are building only on sand. Moreover, we do not seem to be aiming at the same end, for a philosophical axiom says, '*Qui veut la fin veut les moyens*,' and we do not see that these gentlemen of the London Society are taking efficacious means for the conversion and civilization of these aboriginals of New Guinea. They do not act themselves, and the men they employ are for the most part in need of conversion, and are totally devoid of training."*

* * * * * *

Father Navarre further alludes to "the incorrect and unkind statements so frequent in Mr. Lawes' letter;" also accuses Mr. Lawes of "perverting the truth."

Again, it has been said by many superficial people, that, but for the missionaries, Europeans would never have been able to trade at all in New Guinea. As a matter of fact, however, the bulk of the *bêche-de-mer* exported from New Guinea has been procured from parts of the east end where missionaries have no stations. At other places

* Report of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner for British New Guinea for 1887.

where the teacher did not want anything from the trader, or had asked for it and been refused, he has often used his influence to deter the natives from useful industry.

Says Mr. Deputy-Commissioner Milman, in Her Majesty's Special Commissioner's Report for British New Guinea, 1887 :—

"Saibai Island, though within the boundaries of Queensland, I consider a part of the New Guinea system, being only separated from the mainland by a channel about two miles wide. The inhabitants of this island are a lazy lot, whom it is almost impossible to get to work, even for their own benefit. They are much under the control of the South Sea Island Mission teacher, who I am inclined to think encourages them in their *disinclination* to work for others. Captain Cole, who had formed a *bêche-de-mer* station here, has had to abandon it, as he found it was impossible to get any work out of these people at any price."

I would like to be able to review both sides of the question as regards the European emissaries of the London Missionary Society, though for me to call attention to their good points might savour of cant or insincerity. Neither do these gentlemen want for admirers; and it can very safely be left to their friends to do them, in some instances even more than, justice. Yes, let their praises be sung in the churches!

They fail to make converts; at least, that has been the opinion of many officers of the administration. Instead of teaching the natives English; introducing a variety of fruits, vegetables, and food supplies; inculcating a knowledge of the rudimentary industrial arts; they devote much of

their time (or have done so in the past) to scheming how to monopolize the country for themselves, and, *du reste*, have the gospel read to a few hundreds of the 2,000,000 native inhabitants, at a cost of £5000 per annum. In my humble opinion, as well might Holy Writ be expounded to rows of wooden images as to human beings *avowedly* not disenthralled from a most involved religious system of superstitions handed down from father to son from time immemorial. Is it not like asking a child to run before it has the use of its feet, or to read before it has been taught the alphabet? Has it not been recorded previously that the name of Jesus Christ ("Yeesōō Kristō") was of so little significance to their minds that, upon the first sight of myself in a bush village, it gave rise to a case of "mistaken identity."

This much, however, I am willing to concede, that their (*i.e.* the missionaries') main guiding motive, originally at heart, was undoubtedly a good one. Let us hope it is so still. *Humanum est errare!*

My opinion upon the whole question is as expressed by myself in the press three years or more ago, viz.—

"What the Dutch have done in Java the British can never do in New Guinea, unless, instead of obstacles being put in the way, every encouragement and inducement be given to white settlement. By this means alone can the wants of the social life of the natives be augmented, inter-tribal barriers broken down, old gross superstitions uprooted, and the way paved for a civilization full and free."

Under the four years' administration of a protectorate by the late Sir Peter H. Scratchley and Hon. John Douglas respectively, a sum of £75,000 more or less

(supplied by the contributing colonies) has been expended, principally in ways and works of a decidedly negative character. Both gentlemen were singularly unfortunate in the general selection of those to whose exploring efforts they extended a helping hand.

For my own part, I have received no assistance of any kind—indeed, the reverse—from both * Commissioners, whose influence (apart from a few honeyed words and idle subterfuges) was in a general way used to thwart, or at all events not to encourage, efforts which, carried out alone and unaided, have been crowned with a solid and lasting success.

Mr. Douglas in turn has been swept away, together with the young, but nevertheless thoroughly effete and meretricious, system in vogue under the protectorate. It remains to be seen what the first Governor of British New Guinea, Dr. McGregor, will make of the country, now that it has been duly constituted a British possession. During the currency of the protectorate the European population of British New Guinea diminished to some *two or three dozen souls alone, all told.* Already, under the long-deferred but at last proclaimed sovereignty, that number has become increased, chiefly, at present, by virtue of the gold "rush," by some tenfold. Should permanent deposits of the precious metal be found, on a payable basis, then of course will the future of New Guinea be assured. Otherwise, and in any case, plantation enterprise must in course of time become a mainspring of the prosperity of this new British possession. In proportion as settlement advances, and the soil is worked, so the pestilential character of the climate

* The late Sir Peter Scratchley and Hon. John Douglas.

on the coast will become modified. At the first breaking up of the land, Europeans are sure to be attacked by fever. Such was the almost invariable rule on sugar plantations in the north of Queensland, on which fever now is almost unknown.

British New Guinea, in my opinion, is one of the richest dependencies of the British Crown. It has already been proved to abound in fertilizing streams and noble rivers; providing not only irrigation, but also ready means of communication to 86,000 square miles * of most fertile soil.

Throughout its whole length are present the Silurian and Devonian series that form the gold-bearing strata which in half a century have served to transform Australia (by their inducements to industry) from a sandy desert into a flower-garden, figuratively speaking.

The Papuan forests teem with valuable timbers, choice gums, medicinal herbs, aromatic spices, and a hundred products which, to win, need only the educated efforts of the aboriginals, for the enrichment of the world's markets.

But, to my thinking, the crowning glory of New Guinea is to be found in its mountain peaks and elevated plateaus. In Australia, the highest mountain, Mount Townsend, is but 7256 feet. In Papua, on the other hand, the same geological formations tower, like Pelion upon Ossa, above the miasmatic plains and "Serbonian bogs" to snow mountains 20,000 feet in altitude. Why, even upon the lower elevations of such highlands the atmosphere is comparatively bracing and invigorating.

As for my own place in the early history of New

* A territory larger than England.

Guinea, that will largely depend perhaps upon the verification or otherwise of the prediction of the premier Australian scientist, Baron Sir Ferdinand Von Mueller, who appended to the description of a plant new to science, obtained by myself, the following epigram:—"I most gladly connect with this beautiful and probably fragrant plant (*Mussaenda Bevani*) the name of the explorer, through whose bravery and skill the regions of the Aird river-system have now become opened up to civilization and commerce, *with the additional hopeful prospect of ready access to high and likely salubrious main ranges for mining and rural enterprises.*"

Yes! Those threefold towering Papuan heights keeping watch and ward to the northward of the vast Australian plain, do they not glitter like some glistening mitre-shaped coronet over the brow of the young Australian dominion —youngest and fairest appanage of that (reader, may I say our?) world-wide Anglo-Saxon Empire, the sun of which has as yet, perhaps, but a little while arisen above the horizon of Time on its journey—whitherward?

APPENDIX A.

An Official Report.

The following is the official report, dated Thursday Island, January 12, 1888, of Mr. H. J. Hemmy, L.S., commissioned by Queensland Government to accompany Mr. Bevan's fifth expedition :—

"Report on the rivers and country traversed on my trip with Mr. Theodore Bevan's exploring expedition in New Guinea during November and December, 1887."

"On November 6, we parted company with the Q.G. s.s. *Albatross* at the mouth of Bell Sound, and made, in the launch *Mabel*, up that river, which keeps a northerly direction, passing through low, swampy country, covered with mangroves and nipa palms, large channels coming from the east and west into the river, the country along which remained the same for about twelve miles up, when, the banks being higher, it gradually changed to loamy soil, covered with dense undergrowth scrub, with patches of sago and coco-nut palms growing near the banks of the river. The river narrowed very much as we advanced, until when we turned back at a distance of about eighteen miles up it was less than fifty yards wide, the banks being about four feet above tidal marks. The water was quite salt and useless for cooking, etc. The channel was deep all the way, three fathoms being the last sounding. Returning to the mouth we shaped our course for the Douglas river, entering through Port Bevan.

"Port Bevan is a large, wide inlet of about three to four miles in width, having a deep channel passing between sand-banks, dry at low water, all the way up to the mouth of the Douglas. A short distance up the Douglas we passed Aird Hills, about thirty miles from Cape Blackwood. These hills, which rise abruptly from the surrounding country, have a channel of water all round them ; the highest peak is about thirteen hundred feet high ; they are covered with dense scrub,

the soil is a rich black loam. Both at and after passing Aird Hills the water of the river was quite *fresh*. There is a good deep channel up this river, but there are numerous mud-banks that make the navigation of it difficult to a stranger. The river widens out as soon as the hills are passed, and there are a great number of small islands in it; it also bears to the west for about six miles, where it diverges. One channel runs south, called by Mr. Bevan the Newbery river; it is the most direct outlet. The Douglas continues wide for about six miles further, when it passes some low hills and narrows down to about six hundred yards. Continuing up some distance, the hills come in on both sides and are of a peculiar formation, being a succession of peaks. About fifteen miles from the Newbery there is a scattered village called Tumŭ, with the houses built on the peaks of the hills, and looks very remarkable when seen from a distance. A few miles further on there is a branch called the Philp, entering which we went up. It is a deep, narrow river, running between high-peaked hills, in some places the sides coming down perpendicular to the river.

"There is some very pretty scenery to be seen here, looking up the river through the gorges in the range, and just catching a glimpse of the distant ranges.

"The ridges are of a limestone formation, the soil is of a light brown colour. The scrub on the ridges is not quite so dense as in the lower country, there being less undergrowth. After proceeding up about twenty miles further, we came to a succession of rapids. Passing one safely in the launch, we grounded on the second; the current catching the launch swept her into shallow water; the river was falling fast, so we were unable to pull her off. During the time we were aground we went for one day up the river in a boat; after a deal of trouble, we managed to get above four or five more rapids. The country was all of the same formation, with ridges on both sides a short distance from the river. On trying a few dishes of gravel from the bed of the river, a few colours of gold were found, but very light, probably washed down from the ridges at the head of the river. High ranges could be seen about fifteen miles off. We had now travelled by the river from Cape Blackwood, a distance of *eighty-seven* miles.

"After a delay of a week, through the launch grounding, the river rose sufficiently for us to pull the launch off; we then returned to Port Bevan, from thence to Port Romilly, which is also a nice large inlet, well sheltered, with a good deep channel into it. The Stanhope and also the Queen's Jubilee rivers make their exit into this inlet. We went up the latter (which may justly be called a *splendid* river),

winding through rich alluvial country. About fifteen miles up there is a large native village called Evorra, where the natives cultivate gardens and fence them in. Tobacco, bananas, and sugar-cane were most noticeably grown. Bread-fruit and coco-nut trees grew in abundance all about. The red hibiscus and variegated crotons were planted before the houses. Proceeding up the river, we passed numerous small villages, evidently only temporary ones, erected for the purpose of getting timber for making canoes with, as there were numbers of logs in front of most of them. The banks of the river are from twelve feet to fifteen feet above high water, and are of a rich chocolate soil. There are native gardens cleared and planted at different places along the banks, which they appear to leave for future use.

"Five large channels diverge from this river, each having a direct channel to the sea, the junction of the most easterly called Woodhouse by Mr. Bevan. North of the head of the delta the river, confined to a single channel, widens to *over half a mile* in places.

"When about ten miles above Woodhouse Junction one morning, the weather clearing for an hour, we got a good view of the mountain ranges; one peak, estimated by me to be sixty miles distant, I found by theodolite to be 13,200 feet high. There are a succession of ranges, one behind the other, to be seen to the north and north-east. We ran this river up into the ridges for *eighty* miles from the coast. The country on this river can be very favourably compared with the Johnstone country in Queensland, both in soil and scrub; there being a greater quantity of land available in New Guinea between the sea and the ranges. The Johnstone river timbers are larger and more plentiful than on the Jubilee, from what one could judge from the river. This country should grow sugar-cane or other farm products well.

"The cost of clearing the scrub would probably be cheaper than in Queensland, viz. £5 to £10 per acre, if native labour were used.

"Returning as far as Woodhouse Junction, we ran down the previously unexplored eastern channel to within sight of the sea, passing through good country for about ten miles, when we got into low, swampy country and—near the coast—thick mangroves and nipa palms. The river near the mouth forms into two channels; the one to the east, called Aivei Movi, has another large channel entering it from the north, called Kalayle; the water in channels is very shallow, but deep passages may be found by survey. Following the river back and out through Port Romilly, we entered Langford Sound, formed by numerous salt-water channels, which, by following, brought us out again at Aird Hills. *En route* we ran three large branches up

towards the hills which we could see at no great distance away. The first channel taken, a large wide one, led by some very large villages, with big, long houses, the natives being very numerous. These villages continue for over two miles. The only high country seen there was what the villages were on, and a view of hills about five miles distant, and that creek seemed to extend no distance inland. The water was too salt to drink. The second branch followed also took us among native villages, but they were not so numerous as in the first—all in low nipa-palm country. The third channel followed bore westerly, passing between low ranges of hills. There were some rocky bars across it, making it very shallow at times; the banks were high and covered with dense scrub, mangroves growing all the way along the edge of the water near the coast. After arriving at Aird Hills, we took the northern channel and came out into the Douglas, which we followed up to the Newbery, running that river down to its mouth. The country passed through for the first six miles was high, in places ridges coming from the west. After that we passed through low, swampy country, meeting high banks occasionally, where the natives had planted coco-nuts. There are a great number of channels at the mouth, making a lot of large islands, on which there are a number of large villages.

"I have noticed during the whole trip that the natives are mostly on the coast, only one permanent village having been found on the *fresh*-water systems—namely, Tumŭ, on the Douglas river. *The interior mountainous country appears to be quite uninhabited.*

"After leaving the Newbery we followed the coast round to another large inlet, which being followed up led into a large wide river, a channel from which connects it with the Newbery. There are a lot of large villages at the mouth of this river. We ran it up for about twenty miles. There was a very strong tide running in and out of this channel, about three knots. It is very wide and shallow, varying in depth from one to three fathoms. It narrowed down to about three hundred yards, the water being of uniform depth at our turning point.

"The weather during the month of November was very mild, the temperature not being above 90° Fahrenheit and below 78°. The sky was clouded over nearly every day, but generally cleared off for some time. We had some very heavy thunderstorms, coming on mostly during the night. In December it was much the same as in November, the rain coming down more steadily. The barometer varied from 29·75 to 30·10. Sometimes the fall and rise were sudden, but generally gradual. Returning to the mouth of the river in

December, we followed the coast of New Guinea westward as far as the Katau river, when we made direct for Thursday Island, reaching there on December 24, 1887.

"The rivers traversed over are navigable for vessels drawing up to twelve feet of water for *great distances inland*, the only difficulty being the finding the right channel at the mouths, as there are sandbanks in different directions. Good channels for deeper draught vessels will probably be found into most of these rivers by making a survey at their mouths.

"The rising and hilly country to the east of the Aivei runs apparently to within a distance of probably only ten miles from the coast, but to the westward, or say between the Aivei and George rivers (one hundred miles along the coast to the west), the ranges are at a greater distance inland, say about forty miles. The ranges run in a north-east and south-west direction.

"*From the Aivei on the east to the George river on the west navigable channels lead from one opening and river into another over an area of one hundred miles, by means of which necessity for going to the open sea is avoided.*

"*I do not consider there is any more danger from fever in New Guinea than in the north of Queensland.*

(Signed) "H. J. HEMMY, L.S."

APPENDIX B.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF PROGRESS IN GERMAN NEW GUINEA, AND RETROGRESSION IN BRITISH NEW GUINEA UNDER THE PROTECTORATE.

"GERMANS IN NEW GUINEA.—The German New Guinea Company has spent already about £250,000 in starting the colonization of New Guinea and adjacent islands. They have erected a great many stations along the coast, started a local government, and surveyed all the harbours; besides, they have been having trials in agriculture, and now, after this experience, have started large plantations in New Guinea. This scheme, we believe, will be the success of the country, owing to the cheapness and abundance of native labour. Already they have five hundred natives from the adjacent islands and two hundred Malays. They are employed in growing cotton, coffee, and tobacco. The company has forbidden home emigration, and has thrown the country open now, wishing the emigration to come from Australia."—Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, March 17, 1888.

* * * * * *

Please compare the above extract—relating to the progress of German New Guinea—with the following, culled from among hundreds of similar animadversions in the Australian press, on the stagnation, and even *retrogression*, in British New Guinea under the protectorate:—

* * * * * *

"The Government has already subscribed large sums towards the expenses of a protectorate, which, to use the words of the Commissioner—freely quoted—has caused the trade which existed in New Guinea at the time of his taking office to dwindle to NIL."—Melbourne *Daily Telegraph*, July 22, 1887.

* * * * * *

"All that the Rev. Mr. Chalmers gave the administration of British New Guinea credit for possessing, as the result of an expenditure of £50,000, was a *gaol* and a *bungalow* at Port Moresby."—Sydney *Morning Herald*, September 6, 1887.

* * * * * *

"British New Guinea is the rankest commercial failure south of the line. The steamers that now run there from Thursday Island are to be discontinued, as it is utterly useless catering for a place where trading is practically *prohibited*."—Sydney paper, March 10, 1888.

APPENDIX C.

A FEW WORDS IN REFERENCE TO THE "TRUE" CHARACTER OF THE INTRUSIVE MALAYS, POLYNESIANS, AND PAPUANS COMPOSING THE NATIVE POPULATIONS OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

WHILE there can be but little doubt that the mixed native population can be raised in course of time to a higher standard of civilization and comfort, there is overwhelming evidence to prove that the Papuans are by nature both treacherous and bloodthirsty. Their character will be best ameliorated by the operations of associations on the lines of the British North Borneo Company, or German New Guinea Company, in both of whose territories whole tribes, once addicted to *head-hunting* and such like savage practices, have now been won over to *agricultural* and *other peaceful pursuits.*

* * * * *

The coast tribes of the Gulf of Papua, New Guinea.—Extracts from paper by Rev. J. Chalmers, published in "Proceedings Royal Geographical Society, London," February, 1887.

"The flooring of the aisle received its high polish from the *blood of victims* dragged along to the end where the most sacred place was. . . . A feast would soon be on, and the *heaps of skulls* would disappear, because all would find their places on the skullery pins. . . . That *headgear* once belonged to *inland* natives who were killed, brought into the *dubu*, presented to the gods, then cooked and eaten."

* * * * *

British New Guinea.—Reports on native affairs by A. Musgrave, jun., Assistant Deputy-Commissioner, published by Government Printer, Brisbane, 1887.

Mr. Musgrave appends to this report an "Approximate return of outrages and massacres *by natives* within the protectorate of British New Guinea" (from dates of first visit of Her Majesty's ships to

June 30, 1886) and adds, "nor does it appear to support the view of the Rev. Mr. Lawes—that on the whole the Papuan native has shown a friendly disposition towards the foreigner in their early intercourse."

Eighty-one distinct outrages and massacres of whites and others are recorded — many unprovoked — resulting in the destruction of *hundreds* of lives and thousands of pounds' worth of property.

The Assistant Deputy-Commissioner states: "When a foreigner settles in a village the *murderous propensities of the natives* at once receive a check. He discourages murder on the part of the villagers with whom he dwells, and outsiders have a wholesome fear of his firearms, which they naturally expect him to use on behalf of his friends."

* * * * *

Mr. Musgrave in the same report quotes the following atrocity:—

"*October* 4.—It was reported to me by Mr. Geo. Hunter, that the brother of the native destroyed by an alligator last month had murdered one of the widows of the latter. This most revolting crime was perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The native taken by the alligator was named Odemobonner, and belonged to the village or district of Merkara, on the Goldie river. He and his brother Vabouri, however, had been dwelling with the natives of a small village, called Kurimune, on the bank of the Laloki river, some ten miles from Port Moresby. The former had two wives, one from the village of Baroné, about two miles north of Granville; and the second, named Merbatta, from the village of Badili, about three miles to the south of the settlement. The natives of Kurimune village, knowing that some of their lives would be demanded by Merkara for the loss of Odemobonner, fled from the village, and scattered in the adjoining bush. Vabouri, equally impressed with the necessity for taking a life for his dead brother, decided to kill one of his sisters-in-law.

"By this course he avoided wounding the feelings of the Kurimune people, with whom he was on friendly terms. He probably also reflected that the villages to which the women belonged were less likely to retaliate, as they are under the influence of the mission teachers. The villagers of Kurimune used formerly to live higher up the course of the river, and I believe a teacher once resided amongst them. Their nomadic habits, however, made it necessary to withdraw him. The Merkara native was seized by the alligator on September 6; on the 25th the murderer, Vabouri, enticed a little boy, the son of Merbatta, to go with him to the Laloki river. The wretched mother, apparently unable to control her anxiety, followed after the boy. On

reaching the river, Vabouri seized an opportunity and speared her, and from the accounts I received, he then deliberately hacked her to pieces while still living. He cut off her hands at the wrists and threw them into the river, doing the same with the arms above the elbows. He severed her feet at the ankles, and the legs above the knees. The breasts and head were treated similarly. The body was ripped open, and the viscera thrown separately into the river. Finally the trunk was cast to the alligators—less sanguinary monsters than this incarnate devil. I should not have described this case so circumstantially, *but it is desirable to realize the characters of these savages as revealed by their conduct to each other.* After some experience of South African natives and North American Indians, I do not remember ever hearing of any such act of barbarity. *Is it to be supposed, in the case of white men—where New Guinea natives can gratify this spirit of superstition and bloodthirst, gaining fame and plunder besides—they will stay their hands if they can kill with impunity?* Certainly I do not entertain confident views on the point."

Mr. Musgrave elsewhere says :—

"This Protectorate, I need hardly say, is no exceptional point of the globe worthy to be jealously guarded in its primitive state. It is no scene where an innocent and united people dwell in conditions of Arcadian simplicity and peace and plenty, which should be sympathized with and respected."

APPENDIX D.

[*From Vol. II. (2nd Series) of the "Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales" (August 31), 1887.*]

NOTES ON SOME INDIGENOUS SAGO AND TOBACCO FROM NEW GUINEA. By J. H. Maiden, F.R.G.S., Curator of the Technological Museum, Sydney.

SAGO.

THIS sample of sago meal or flour was brought by Mr. Theodore Bevan from Evorra village, Jubilee river, sixteen miles north-east of Bald Head. This locality had never, in all human probability, been visited by a white man before.

It is of course of native manufacture, and is from indigenous sago (? *Sabal Adansonii*, which forms forests in New Guinea and New Ireland, or possibly *Sagus Konigii* and *S. laxe*). Mr. Bevan took a photograph of natives engaged in the operation of making sago.* The following description, taken from Balfour's Cyclopædia of India, of the process as carried on in the Archipelago, serves fairly for a description of that which obtains in the interior of New Guinea, as described by Mr. Bevan to me, and as depicted in the photograph alluded to.

"A tree is cut down close to the ground, the leaves and leaf-stalks cleared away, and a broad strip of the bark taken off the upper side of the trunk. This exposes the pithy matter, which is of a rusty colour near the bottom of the tree, but higher up pure white, and about as hard as a dry apple. The pith is cut or broken down into a coarse

* At page 349, vol. x. "Proc. Linn. Soc. N.S.W.," Miklouho-Maclay says that sago, *Sagus sp.* ("Buam"), is regarded as a luxury on the Maclay coast, and is not used commonly as a food. Mr. Bevan, however, reports sago to be plentiful in the district he visited.

powder (1) by means of a club of hard and heavy wood, having a piece of sharp quartz rock (2) firmly imbedded into its upper end. By successive blows, narrow strips of the pith are cut away till it falls down into the cylinder formed by the bark, leaving only a skin not more than half an inch in thickness (3). These pith-strips are then put into a washing-trough made of the large sheathing vases of the leaves, and the strainer is the fibrous covering from the leaf-stalks of the young coco-nut. Water is then poured on the mass of pith, which is pressed against the strainer, and kneaded until all the starch is dissolved (*suspended*, sago, like any other starch, being insoluble in cold water—J. H. M.), and passes through into a trough with a depression in its centre, into which it is deposited, the surplus water trickling away. When the trough is nearly full, the mass of starch, which has a slightly reddish tinge, is made up into cylinders, wrapped up in sago leaves, and is the raw sago or sago meal."

Notes on the above description (communicated to me verbally by Mr. Bevan):—

(1) Chips or small lumps would be better. The men form a heap, and the women gather it up.

(2) No stone was used by the natives Mr. Bevan saw in the act of making sago, only wooden flails or adzes. The chopping is done by men; the women do the whole of the remainder of the sago-process.

(3) The remainder of the process may be described thus:—A spathe of sago palm or coco-nut is supported, the broad end uppermost, on a wooden fork. The women take the chopped pith (see 1) put into the funnel-shaped cavity of the spathe, knead it well with the hands, at the same time allowing water to pass through the mass to carry off the grains of sago which are set free by the operation of kneading.

The following slightly different account of the operation of sago manufacture, as carried on in New Guinea, is taken from "A Voyage to New Guinea, etc.," by Capt. Thomas Forrest, 2nd edition, 1780, p. 39, *et. seq.*:—

"The sago or libby tree has, like the coco-nut tree, no distinct bark that peels off, and may be defined as a long tube of hard wood, about two inches thick, containing a pulp or pith mixed with many long fibres. The tree being felled, it is cut into lengths of about five or six feet. A part of the hard wood is then sliced off, and the workman, coming to the pith, cuts across (generally with an adze made of hard wood called *aneebong*) the longitudinal fibres and the pith together, leaving a part at each end uncut, so that, when it is excavated, there remains a trough, into which the pulp is again put,

mixed with water, and beat with a piece of wood; then the fibres, separated from the pulp, float on top, and the flour subsides. After being cleared in this manner by several waters, the pulp is put into cylindrical baskets, made of the leaves of the trees, and, if it is to be kept some time, those baskets are generally sunk in fresh water to keep it moist."

Another allusion to New Guinea sago (and this refers to a spurious one) is in Hassall's "Food and its Adulterations," in which occurs the passage: "Pereira also states that he received from Professor Guibourt samples of '*Sagou des Maldives de Planche, donné par lui*, and *Sagou de la Nouvelle Guinée, donné par lui*,' and that he found them to be factitious sagos prepared from potato starch. The grains of the New Guinea sago were bright red on one side and whitish on the other."

It is well known that France and Germany first taught Europe how to manufacture "pearl sago" out of potato starch, but the sample now before you is undoubtedly unsophisticated New Guinea sago, procured from a village the natives of which are probably ignorant of the arts of adulteration, which belong only to civilization.

In appearance and texture it reminds one strongly of the "Bath brick" so much used in England by domestics for polishing purposes. It is of a light buff colour, crumbling readily in the fingers into a flour. On keeping, it becomes of a light brown, or even a rusty colour, on the outside.

Mr. Bevan tells me the sample was moist and soft and capable of being cut with a knife when he received it. In that state it is ready to undergo the operation of granulating or "pearling."

This refinement, introduced at Singapore in 1819 by Chinese workmen, but in use in Malacca for many years previously, was known to New Guinea natives at least as early as 1777, Captain Forrest then describing the process in use. Balfour (*loc. cit.*) says that the Malays learnt the art from the natives of Bukit Batu (Siak). It therefore becomes interesting to learn how and when the operation became known to the natives of New Guinea, or whether, in fact, the invention is owing to them.

Every writer on the subject of sago speaks in superlative terms as to the value of the palms as a crop. The matter is so frequently referred to that there is no difficulty in getting particulars on the subject. I will content myself with quoting one recent and eminent authority, viz. Mr. W. B. Pryer, Her Majesty's Consular Agent for Sandakan (Borneo) and Resident in the service of the British North Borneo Company, who referred to the matter on October 25 last,

at a conference at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. After alluding to the fact that three trees yield more nutritive matter than an acre of wheat, and six trees more than an acre of potatoes, he goes on to say, "The main drawback to the investment of capital in sago planting is the length of time that elapses before the trees are ready to cut; but it must be understood that when they once commence yielding, they go on continually without cessation, so that the only expense attending their cultivation, when once they are in bearing, is the upkeep of fencing to keep out pigs. It is also to be added that the expense of planting is very small compared to the returns when once they begin to come in. It has been calculated that a plantation of two thousand acres would give a profit of £15,560 a year. Since this calculation was made the price of sago has declined, but there is no chance of its not yielding a good profit to the grower. It is also to be remembered that the sale value of a newly planted sago plantation would rise heavily yearly."

The soil and climate of Borneo are very similar to that of New Guinea. Does not everything point to New Guinea as suitable for sago planting? The systematic culture of sago and tobacco in this new colony is worth trying, I would suggest; and at present this seems to be the most feasible method of utilizing its resources.

Hygroscopic Moisture.

The mean of my experiments gives 13·29 as the percentage of moisture which can be driven off at a temperature of 100° C.

Starch.

It contains 91·03 per cent. of starch.

The method adopted has been that of Siegert, and consists in the conversion of the sago-starch into dextrose (dextro-glucose) by treatment with dilute sulphuric acid, and the estimation of this sugar by means of Fehling's solution in the usual manner.

Another method adopted was that of Bungener and Fries, which consists in boiling the sago with 1° solution of salicylic acid; in this way all the starch is dissolved out. This gave 95·16 of starch, there being left 4·84 per cent. of a brownish flocculent insoluble substance which was not further examined. This method cannot be considered so satisfactory as the dextrose process; and to ensure absolute accuracy the salicylic solution should be treated with dilute acid, and the dissolved starch converted into dextrose. Its simplicity, however recommends it.

The above experiments were determined upon the sago dried at 100° C.

The only allusion to the quantity of starch in sago I can find, is in Prof. Church's "Foods," in which he gives the percentage for sago (presumably ordinary pearl sago), tapioca, arrow-root, corn-flour, and maizena at 83 (evidently an approximation, and only intended as such). This result refers to sago at the ordinary temperature of the air, and, taking 12 as the percentage of hygrometric moisture, we find the percentage of starch in ordinary sago to be 94·32 (calculated on the substance dried at 100° C).

Microscope.

This sago, as seen under the microscope, presents a very similar appearance to that depicted at Fig. 116 of Hassall's "Food and its Adulterations." The hilum is well marked, the rings though faint are evident, the shape of the grains oval, oblong-oval, truncate-oval, and a few sub-triangular. I cannot resist comparing the shape and markings of some of the granules to fragments of earthworms snipped off with a pair of scissors.

TOBACCO.

Obtained by Mr. Theodore Bevan, the explorer, in April last, from natives belonging to the village of Tumŭ, fifty miles north of Cape Blackwood, Gulf of Papua, New Guinea. It is plentiful.

It is wrapped in portion of a spathe of a sago palm, is sun-cured, and was prepared for local use or tribal barter by natives who, in all human probability, had never seen a white man. It consists of the leaves and petioles, but of no other portions of the plant.

I submitted the sample to Mr. Hugh Dixson, one of our members, than whom, I suppose, there is no higher authority on the subject in New South Wales. He says, "The specimen is evidently, as you surmise, the same species as the tobacco of commerce; if it has been at all crossed by an indigenous species it is to an imperceptible extent. The variety is that grown in the Eastern Seas and China, of which the best is Manila * tobacco. It is essentially a cigar tobacco

* East Indian, Manila, and Turkish tobaccos are the produce of *Nicotiana rustica*, Linn. American tobaccos are the produce of *N. Tabacum*. The leaves of *N. Tabacum* are tapering, oval-lanceolate, and sessile; those of *N. rustica* being ovate, cordate, and stalked. Of these two species the former seems much the hardier, and in most countries, when it is cultivated to any extent, has become acclimatized, springing up in great profusion, self-sown.

in contradistinction to a manufacturing tobacco, having a very decided cigar-tobacco flavour; the strength of this flavour is remarkable, considering as you say, and as it bears evidence of being sun-cured.

"As a merchantable article it is next to useless, but more than interesting as a specimen, as it is almost certain that where that grew, an article would grow that would have at least a fair marketable value in England and the continent."

There is no doubt whatsoever that New Guinea, in common with some other islands of the Eastern Archipelago, is capable of growing tobacco of high quality. I may cite the report on the specimens of raw tobacco exhibited by the colony of North Borneo at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, because the climate and soil of Borneo are so very similar to that of New Guinea. The report states, "The specimens were of a very superior quality, both in aroma and appearance. They are well adapted for cigar-making, and were considered amongst the best in the Exhibition."

I have alluded elsewhere to the desirability of testing New Guinea for the growth of tobacco, and I cannot do better than make the following extracts from the experts' report to which I have above alluded :—

"There is perhaps no more patent fact than that it is practically immaterial what seed is used; it is the chemistry of the soil that can alone ensure good tobacco. Not only does the tobacco raised in one country differ from that obtained in another, from the self-same seed,

The latter form, on the other hand, is rarely found to do this, and is thus met only under cultivation. See reports on the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, Art. "Tobacco."

The species of the genus *Nicotiana* are all indigenous in America, except our *N. suaveolens*, which is to be found all over Australia. The lamina of the largest leaf of the New Guinea tobacco now under examination has a length of nine inches, while the petiole is two inches long. The average length of the lamina is, however, seven inches. They are all ovate-lanceolate, rather obtuse, and none subcordate, which latter characteristic is mentioned by Asa Gray (Syn Flora, North America) as belonging to *N. rustica*. The presence of a longish petiole at once excludes this tobacco from *N. Tabacum*, and of all the species described by Asa Gray it certainly comes nearest to *N. rustica*. It is not very remote (I speak of the foliage alone) from our *N. suaveolens* with its spathulate leaves, but in all the specimens of that species I have examined, the lower portion of the leaf tapers far more into the petiole than is the case with any leaf of this New Guinea tobacco. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bevan or some other explorer will procure whole plants of this far-inland tobacco in flower and fruit.

but this variation may be as great between the produce of one field and another within the same district. It is the merit of one country to produce mild and aromatic tobacco, of another strong tobacco, and even with the most careful manuring it may not be possible to overcome these distinctions. . . . When seed is imported, a mongrel crop is produced the first season, partly flavoured with the soil. In the second year the crop is truer to the seed. The leaves keep in better preservation when ripe. They should not be green nor dead, nor should they be left open, but pressed to preserve the flavour."

For other particulars as to planting, cultivation, and preparation of the leaf, see the admirable report referred to, also "New Commercial Plants," Part i. (Christy), Mr. Christy's paper being translated from a Constantinople original. As in this instance, so in others, I have referred to Turkish tobacco (in the absence of authentic information about Manila), because the species yielding it is probably identical with that from New Guinea.

Note.—All my results have been obtained with the tobacco dried at 100° C.

Hygrometric Moisture.

My experiments give the hygrometric moisture in this tobacco during the first fortnight of August in Sydney, at between 8·11 * and 10·55 per cent.

It is obvious that these figures teach but little, and cannot rigidly be compared with others unless the hygrometric state of the atmosphere at each place of experiment be given in all cases.

Nevertheless it will be interesting to compare the following figures for hygrometric moisture :—Turkey (Dr. Letheby), 12·4 per cent.; his other figures fluctuating between 10·8 for German, and 13·4 for Maryland. Professor Church gives the average percentage of moisture in tobacco at 13 per cent. These results have doubtless all been obtained in the more humid atmosphere of England.

Extract (Water).

It yields 49·36 per cent. of extract to water at 100° C.

Dr. Letheby gives the yield of extract of Turkey tobacco at 60·6, and his sample contained 12·4 per cent. of hygrometric moisture. Calculated upon the dry leaf this would of course give a percentage of 68·1. The other percentages he gives (on the tobacco at 60° F.) vary between 43·4 for Virginian to 64·4 for Maryland.

* This low result was obtained during a week of dry westerly winds.

Swedish tobacco is said to yield 50–64 per cent. of extract (Dingl. Polytech. Journ., ccxxv. 615).

Extract (Ammoniacal Ether).

Hygrometric moisture... ...	10·55
Chlorophyll and fat	6·2
Nicotine	1·8
Total per cent. soluble in ether	18·55

Ash.

It yields 18·7 per cent. of ash.

Dr. Letheby gives the percentage of ash in Turkey tobacco at 10·6, and Watts's Dict. at from 17–23. In this work we have the ash of good Havana 16–16·8 (Letheby 18·6), inferior sorts, 17·8–19·4; Letheby's figures also give German the maximum of 22·6. Professor Church ("Foods," the South Kensington Museum handbook) gives the ash of tobacco at from 13 to 28 per cent.

The nature of the soil has of course much to do with the percentage of ash, as also of the ash-constituents; no information is forthcoming as to the soil on which the sample now under examination was grown.*

Nicotine.

The tobacco contains 1·8 per cent. of nicotine.

The process adopted was that of Schlœsing, and consists in exhausting the leaf with ammoniacal ether in a suitable apparatus. The solvent is then evaporated, and the quantity of alkaloid determined by observing the amount of standard sulphuric acid it is capable of neutralising.

* The soil is rich alluvial drift from volcanic hills.

APPENDIX E.

A few further Remarks on the Physical Geography of the Aird River-system and Queen's Jubilee River, and their Confluence with the Papuan Gulf. By Theodore Bevan, F.R.G.S.

The island of New Guinea, in the portion of which this paper treats, has a medial breadth from Deception Bay to Astrolabe Bay of one hundred and sixty miles. In this district the Bismarck range, of an altitude estimated by German scientists at six thousand metres (over eighteen thousand feet), forms a natural boundary or water-parting between the British and German possessions. In these mountains rise the two main rivers, viz. Aird river-system and Queen's Jubilee river, which disembogue into the Papuan Gulf over one hundred miles of littoral, between east longitude 144° and 145° 40′, through a multitudinous delta. Of these two important systems the Queen's Jubilee river is in some respects the more remarkable.

Though from Bald Head to the highest point yet reached is not more than fifty miles in a right line, the actual distance to be traversed *en route* is nearly double that length. One hundred miles by river-courses inland, almost under the shadow of Mount Joseph, in south latitude 7° 15′, it is a greater river than the Thames at London Bridge; giving soundings in places of ten fathoms (sixty feet) "no bottom." The velocity of the current, which varies according to the season of the year from four to ten knots, has scoured out a channel down to the bed-rock; and the bottom affords no holding ground or anchorage at that distance.

In April, 1887, I noticed flood-marks on the hills twenty feet above the then river level, so that probably after heavy rains, or possibly after melting snow (?), the flood-water comes down like a liquid wall.

Until comprehensive observations have been made at all seasons

of the year no perfectly accurate results can of course be obtained, but it will probably be found that at least one five-hundredth of the liquid volume represents solid matter in suspension. Looking at this approximate estimate, as well as at the relative magnitude of the delta, it would seem improbable that, like the Rhine and many other deltaic rivers, it clears itself in lakes in some part of its upper course.

From its sources amongst tropical-alpine ranges, it winds round the base of mountains till they dwindle down to foothills, and at last emerges on to the extensive alluvial plain, ten miles north of the head of the delta. At Woodhouse Junction it first bifurcates, parting with the Aurarmar or Aivei. Five miles westerly there is another considerable offset. At this point it narrows down from half a mile to three to four hundred yards, and thence traverses the plain in a meandering course, describing immense curves. Finally, after throwing off two other diverging arms, and retaining its freshness to within twelve to fifteen miles from the coast, it is met by westerly affluents connecting with the Aird river-system. The intertwined network of these multitudinous deltas indents one hundred miles of coast-line with at least twenty estuaries.

The delta proper of the Queen's Jubilee river may be described as fan-shaped, or else likened to an irregular triangle—with Woodhouse Junction for its apex and the thirty miles of littoral, viz. from Bald Head to the Aivei estuary, as its base line—giving a total superficial area of nearly one thousand square miles.

Any one not familiar with the vagaries of deltaic rivers must be considerably astonished with the tortuous flexures of the main westerly affluent of the Queen's Jubilee river. In several places it returns almost on its own track, so that, after sailing for ten or fifteen miles, as the case may be, one again arrives at within half a mile or a mile of the starting-point. It might easily happen in flood-time that the isthmus occasioned by two bends thus approaching one another sometimes becomes insulated, and the points of junction may then get choked with snags and sand-bars. In this way the presence of marshes and crescent-shaped lakelets (inhabited by crocodiles, garfish, and waterfowl) may be accounted for, and bear witness to the periodical wanderings of the great river.

A great portion of the delta bordering upon the sea is composed of a labyrinth of creeks filled with salt water, except where they communicate directly with the main trunk channels. What are known as the Sunderbunds of the Bay of Bengal find a counterpart in the almost impenetrable matted jungles and dreary swamps bordering upon Deception Bay.

No substance so coarse as gravel can be found nearer to the sea than on the volcanic cones of Aird Hills, or beyond them again for ten miles, till one reaches the limestone ranges which abut at Barnett Junction, and thence trend easterly to Woodhouse Junction, and follow the Aivei down to the coast near Orokolo.

My recent explorations would tend to show that the delta has neither grown, nor the sea encroached, since Captain Blackwood's surveys were made, nearly half a century ago. The unceasing deposits by rivers frequently swollen with tropical rain meet with an effectual check in the two to three knot tides, which—driven by strong currents—are constantly scouring out the semicircular basin of the Papuan Gulf.

The shape of the bottom of the "muddy" Gulf is very irregular. Soundings vary from three fathoms (with five-fathom channels into most of the estuaries) close in shore to forty fathoms at a distance of ten or twenty miles from the coast.

The ebb and flow causes an average daily variation of twelve feet in the water level of Deception Bay. In the western division of the Gulf, however, it sometimes happens that the tidal action, driven by strong winds from the south-east, produces lofty waves or "bores." Quite recently a schooner was lost in the Fly river from this cause.

Meteorological Synopsis.

Although, speaking generally, the climate of New Guinea is almost as bright as that of Australia, and the scenery far more cheerful and exhilarating on account of the vivid brightness of the rapid vegetation: there the comparison ends. While Australia too often languishes from protracted droughts, New Guinea suffers from an excessive rainfall. Especially on the southern flanks of the Papuan Alps, electrical disturbances and torrential rainfall are experienced, at intervals of a few days at most, all the year round.

As chronicled in my paper contributed to the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," October, 1887—"The mornings in March frequently set in with a breeze from the north-west, veering round to south-west as the day advanced. At the end of April the south-east monsoon began to fume and bluster off the Queensland coast, causing a heavy swell to wash the opposite Papuan shores."

The north-westerly monsoon is generally considered due at the end of October; but in November and December, 1887, frequent calms and south-westerly breezes supervened. On November 27, at a point sixty miles inland, where the river was half a mile wide, fresh-

water spray churned up by a south-easterly gale was washed right over the man at the wheel.

The weather during the months of November and December was very mild, the temperature not exceeding 90° Fahrenheit in the daytime or falling below 76° at night; while during March and April, 1887, "the mean temperature at midday was 86° in the shade, falling occasionally as low as 72° at daybreak." The barometer varied from 29·75 to 30·10, with, as a rule, a gradual rise and fall.

In December the rain came down rather more steadily at nights than in any of the other months mentioned. Striking an average from all the observations taken, I should say that an estimated rainfall on the southern flanks of the ranges nearest to the head of the Papuan Gulf of three hundred inches per annum would not be above the mark.

Statement of some Reasons that may serve to account for the Population of the Littoral of the Great Delta Region.

With the exception of the villages at Tumû and Evorra, and the large settlement a short distance up the Centenary river, the permanent villages of the natives in this district would appear to be almost invariably located on or near the coast of the Papuan Gulf.

It may at first sight seem strange that, in an atmosphere tainted with the noxious decomposition of a rapid and exuberant vegetation, there should dwell—in regions likened to the uninhabitable Sunderbunds of Hindustan—a race which, whether in point of physique or probable longevity, would appear to favourably compare with many of the inhabitants of the temperate zone.

In their small fenced-in clearings the rich vegetable mould and alluvium yield astonishing crops of yams, taro, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, and bananas, while, as every one knows, both sago and coco-nut palms thrive best in a saline atmosphere. It is universally conceded that New Guinea belongs to the Australian zoological province, so that, with the exception of pigs, a few of the smaller marsupials, birds, and reptiles, the land supplies but little *legitimate* animal food. The numerous water-ways afford easy transit into the interior, however; and the frequent forays made by the coast natives usually yield a plentiful supply for their disgusting cannibal feasts.

But the main food staple, and chief reason of the predilection of the natives for the littoral instead of for the highlands, is to be found in the marvellous and inexhaustible supplies of fish which—feeding upon the organic and mineral matter emptied into the Gulf at its

confluence with the great fresh-water rivers — swarm in all the estuaries.

These aboriginals—almost semi-amphibious in their habits—weave spacious and substantial seine nets "wherewith to reap the harvest of the sea;" and at Bald Head, after their return from a fishing excursion, I have seen at a time hundredweights of the finny spoil in their canoes.

Another advantage obtained by their choice of sites is that during the daytime they get the full benefit of the sea-breeze. The height of their pile-supported dwellings (eight to nine feet or more) raises them above the heavy malarious vapours which, all along the coast, float close to the surface of the soil and water after sunset.

Thus situated, and with their canoes close at hand for use in case of need, the natives are probably safer than they would be at any intervening point between the coast and the mountains.

Near Woodhouse Junction unmistakable flood-marks were noticed at considerable distances in from the river banks; and fluviatile loess is continually adding to the depth of strata. It no doubt not unfrequently happens in time of flood that the river, meeting the combined obstruction of a high spring tide and south-easterly gale, overflows its banks. Hence the insignificant huts before referred to as dotting the banks of the deltas are merely used as occasional "makeshift" shelters for tribes in periodical search of supplies—such as sago, medicinal barks, and suitable timber for canoe-building—in those months of the year when the rivers are free from inundation.

Whether the tropical-alpine ranges of the interior are populated or not difficult and dangerous exploration alone will solve. A consensus of explorers' experiences would so far probably tend to show that, at an altitude exceeding three thousand feet, the rugged primary and volcanic mountains are superstitiously shunned in most parts of New Guinea as the dwelling-place of departed spirits, or Papuan Hades.

The cool regions at a height of three thousand feet, and upwards to the frigid plateaus of the Snow Mountains, are, so far as we know, entirely uninhabited.

APPENDIX F.

THE JUBILEE RIVER, NEW GUINEA.

To the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* (Sydney, N.S.W.).

SIR,—The name of a river in New Guinea is not likely to interest many of your readers, but it is undesirable that any should have two names, and it is a universally accepted law that new discoveries should bear the name given by the discoverer.

The river which Mr. Bevan has named the "Queen's Jubilee" was named in 1883 the "Wickham." I reported the discovery of it by my colleague to the Royal Geographical Society at the time, and my letter was duly published in the proceedings of that Society.

The report of Mr. Bevan's last voyage settles the identity of the river beyond the possibility of question. The Aivei is one mouth of the Wickham and it was by it that Mr. Chalmers entered the large river. Mr. Bevan describes the Aivei as an affluent of the Jubilee, and by it he came down from the river to the sea.

Mr. Bevan is wrong in supposing the Aivei to have been previously unexplored. Mr. Chalmers was on it on the above occasion, and in your contemporary, the Sydney *Morning Herald* of December 21 last, is an account of a voyage to that delta region in which the Aivei, Alele, and Panaroa rivers were revisited.

I do not wish to detract from the value of Mr. Bevan's discoveries, but it will be found that the above river, and some mountains renamed by Mr. Bevan, were long ago recorded by the Royal and other Geographical Societies of Europe.

Yours, etc.,

W. G. LAWES.

81, *Queen Street, Woollahra, Sydney, February* 14, 1888.

To the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

SIR,—Under the above heading, the Rev. W. G. Lawes, in a letter published in your columns on Saturday last, says: "The river which Mr. Bevan has named the Queen's Jubilee was named in 1883 the 'Wickham'" (by Mr. Chalmers).

In "Proceedings Royal Geographical Society," published London, February, 1887, will be found a paper by Mr. Chalmers descriptive of his travels in New Guinea, illustrated by a map. Delineated on this map are several large river openings, one of which thus named—"Alele" (Wickham)—is shown extending inland for something *less than ten miles*.

Neither do the rivers described and charted by Mr. Bevan (and now authenticated by Government survey) appear in the map attached to Mr. Chalmers' work, "Pioneering in New Guinea," published London, 1887, nor on the Admiralty charts. (See map in *Daily Telegraph*, February 1, 1888.)

The characteristic of the Jubilee river, as ascertained by Mr. Bevan, is that, coming down in a single noble flood of fresh water from the mountains, it first bifurcates at Woodhouse Junction—*e.g.*, at the head of the delta, a point some *thirty miles* as the crow flies from the coast. Thence it eventually disembogues itself by means of at least seven large main rivers—*viz.*, the opening at Bald Head, the Maivau, Arai, Unta, Panaroa, Aivei, Alele; also by half a hundred minor channels into several estuaries or sounds on the littoral of the great Papuan Gulf.

It is the Alele, followed up for, at the very outside, a distance of ten or a dozen miles, that Mr. Chalmers named the "Wickham," according to his own maps above referred to, while it is the main westerly arm and the great parent river from the head of its delta northwards into the mountains that Mr. Bevan, *the discoverer*, has named the "Queen's Jubilee" river.

As well might Captain Blackwood, of H.M.S. *Fly*, who ascended the Aird river for some twenty miles in 1845, claim to have discovered the Jubilee river on the ground that Mr. Bevan has now linked one river with another by means of deltaic channels or in virtue of the nomenclature of Bald Head.

Now, let us see what position is taken up in the matter by those very Royal and other Geographical Societies of Europe to which Mr. Lawes so confidently refers. In "Proceedings Royal Geographical Society," published London, October, 1887, the place of honour is assigned to an account of the "Discovery of Two New Rivers in

British New Guinea by Theodore F. Bevan," accompanied by a map showing at a glance the respective positions occupied by the Queen's Jubilee river and the Alele ("Wickham"). While the former is charted for nearly one hundred miles of its course running in a general north-westerly direction from Bald Head, the latter is shown as a comparatively insignificant creek situated on the coast thirty miles distant from the nearest point of the Queen's Jubilee river.

Yet another illustration: — One of the chiefest continental geographers, Herr H. Wichmann, co-editor of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*—writing officially from Gotha, under date September 6, 1887, alludes to Mr. Bevan's discoveries as in his opinion the most important since the discovery of the Fly river, "as they cover a great portion of New Guinea, until now a *white* place on the map."

It follows as an indisputable corollary that Mr. Chalmers either suppressed information on the geography of New Guinea of great importance to the scientific world, or that Mr. Lawes now claims for his colleague discoveries never made by him, and which appear in no reliable map or report published before the discoveries made by Mr. Bevan.

Mr. Lawes presumes to make assertions regarding the discoveries of Mr. Bevan which are regrettable as being utterly incorrect and which evince a spirit little in keeping with charity or fair-play.

Mr. Lawes is further evidently in melancholy ignorance of the geography of the country which he ventures to discuss, hopelessly mixing up the Aivei, Alele, and Wickham; and then states that Mr. Bevan is "wrong," as if it were possible that he (Mr. Lawes), who has never been on the spot, could know better than the gallant explorer, Mr. Bevan, the only geographer who has ever reached the river in question.

Maps and plans can be seen at the society's rooms in Phillip Street.

As president of the Royal Geographical Society, Sydney, the parent society at home not unnaturally looks to me, not only to furnish correct information on matters geographical, but also to settle as far as I am able any differences that may arise locally between competitive explorers.

Yours, etc.,

SIR EDWARD STRICKLAND,

President, Royal Geographical Society of Australasia.

Sydney, February 20, 1888.

The Rev. W. G. Lawes, in reply, wrote a long letter, published in the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, of March 10, 1888, in which he refers to

"a map published in 1885, on which the *supposed* position and course of the 'Wickham' is marked."

Mr. Lawes continued :—"Let it be the Jubilee, the Centenary, the Wickham, or anything else, but that it is a very large river discovered in 1883 and explored by Mr. Bevan in 1887 no one who reads the published accounts will for a moment doubt."

To which the following was an answer :—

QUEEN'S JUBILEE *v.* WICKHAM RIVER, NEW GUINEA.

To the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

SIR,—Your issue of the 10th inst. contains a long, rambling rejoinder to my reply to Rev. W. G. Lawes' first letter.

Mr. Lawes, in support of his absurd contention, refers to Mr. Chalmers' account of explorations in South-Eastern New Guinea, published in "Royal Geographical Society Proceedings," London, February, 1887. That work is in my possession, and I am also quite acquainted with all that either of them have at any time written.

Mr. Chalmers' accounts of his travels are characterized by a vagueness that greatly detracts from their geographic value—traverses, astronomical observations, and even estimated distances being conspicuous by their absence.

This very deplorable looseness is now made the very peg upon which they stoop to hang their claims.

All that Mr. Chalmers claims to have done in his account read before the Royal Geographical Society, also in his other voluminous writings, is "to have started from Orokolo after breakfast, paddled up various creeks, seen where the Alele branched off, and then to have turned back, not having gone prepared to make a further ascent."

Careful survey has since shown that where the Alele ("Wickham") does branch off is some *six miles only from the coast.** In "Work and

* In Mr. Lawes' first letter, it will be observed that he says, "The Aivei is one mouth of the Wickham, and it was by it that Mr. Chalmers entered the large river." If the "large river" means anything, it is clearly meant to infer the main trunk river at its nearest point, *i.e.* thirty (30) miles from the coast. Now Sir Edward Strickland's second letter clearly proves that Mr. Chalmers merely took a canoe journey "one morning after breakfast" for at the outside five or six miles up one of numerous estuaries on the coast, and then returned.

As well might the first skipper who skirted the coast of the Bay of Bengal, and took shelter in the mouth of the Hooghly, have claimed the discovery of the Ganges. He, too, would have had to wait, *like Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers*, till some one proved that there was a Ganges.

Adventure in New Guinea, 1877 to 1885," by James Chalmers and W. W. Gill, five river openings are mentioned as being reported by natives as separate mouths of one river, and on an accompanying sketch-plan imaginary hypothetical connecting lines show the way in which they were reported (on native evidence) to join.

If any evidence were needed that native reports possess no scientific value, all that is required is to compare the fictitious map based merely on native reports referred to with the reliable surveys since made by the explorer, Mr. Bevan, authenticated by a licensed surveyor holding the commission of the Queensland Government.

In further proof that native reports *do not constitute discovery*, and of their utter unreliability and misleading character, I have only to quote the following from Mr. Chalmers' "Work and Adventure" above referred to, page 147 :—"At Bald Head is the Maivau. They (the natives) say it is a *distinct* river. All the way up the Maivau river is deep and wide. The people are black cannibals, build large temples, etc."

The absurdity of this is shown by the fact that the Maivau has since been proved to be but an insignificant creek, some ten miles only in length, in the delta of the *same* river-system as the Alele and Aivei.

Yours, etc.,
SIR EDWARD STRICKLAND,
President, Royal Geographical Society of Australasia.

Sydney, March 15, 1888.

APPENDIX G.

VOCABULARIES OF DIALECTS OF NEW VILLAGES AND TRIBES OF THE PAPUAN GULF, OBTAINED BY MR. BEVAN, MARCH AND APRIL, 1887.

English.	Village: Tumū.	Village: Evorra.
Sun	Narrar'	Inamow iperri (whispered).
Water	Ōō ... ... / Nannar.	Erre.
Fern	Bóótōō.	
Earth (soil)	Sappōō.	
Snail shell	Kóótōō.	
Raggiana	... ...	Pīar.
Duck	Kar.	
King-bird (of Paradise) ...	... ...	Narkō.
Tobacco	Shóógōō, Shóógarto	Kóókōō.
Fire	Eebani	Ēēōw.
Woman	Wor.	
Male child	Pōōree makori.	
Female child	Pōōree pīmartōo.	
Cane armlet	Owari	O-kworra.
Shell fig-leaf	Poorarma.	
Breast shell	Poorarma.	
Dog-teeth necklet	Koomargo	Aydēē.
Thunder	Eedar.	
Good night	Kaydarto.	
Good	Nartō, or Narmo.	
Hoop-iron	Koolamana	Eelar.
Dog	Karkar	Orrōkor.
Man	Taunama.	
Banana	Ammagee	Kworilla, Kīwire.
Rope	Kōbiar.	
Knife	Attabī.	
Cloth	Taboora.	

English.	Village: Tumū.	Village: Evorra.
Bow	Kakkaribeeī ...	Annī.
Arrow	Beerar	Erre.
Nose pencil (shell)	Immahē bādō ...	Porkiri.
Shell	Kōeeda.	
Wood	Ēē.	
Canoe	Dō	Bee.
Paddle	Tarēē	Para, Day-ēē.
Bamboo	Sō bī.	
Coco-nut	Ōō	Bēēdar.
Ship and native hill house ...	Vēē.	
We want it	Namī	Namī.
Shield	... ...	Kwia imōōnōō.
Shell necklace	... ...	Imēi.
,, chaplet	... ...	Kaparrī, Arree-ree.
Bag (string)	Tō ôw.	
,, (grass)	Bō-or.	
Lime gourd	Tōō ray	Mīnar.
Areca-nut (betel)	Mōō ray.	
Boar's tusk	Kō-ōō.	
Lime stick	Tōō-hinni	Pōōakka.
Bad, vexatious (Tumū) Deeka	Boys said "Deeka, Deeka," when the dog in their canoe howled. They took it ashore and came off again.	
Pepper stick, or equivalent ...	Kahar.	
Hat	Woddōō.	
Skin	Sevvētow.	
Bark waistbelt	Harrar	Ōrri.
Walk(ing)	Tōō-hēē	Arrēē.
Bail out water	Hō-hwee-nar.	
Kill, or club	Wottoo.	
Cassowary-feather chaplet ...	Tōō-har	Worrī.
Grass leg mocassin	Daggainō.	
Ship's mast	Bee-a goi.	
To play on a fife or make music	Forree forro.	
Waterworn round ironstone pebble	Worrabō.	
Ironstone sand	Keeginni.	
Bone-lime knife	Tar.	
Throw it!	Tīyō.	
Will you come? or, Come! ...	Oomwee ya.	
Hair (top of head)	Owbardi	Keemarri.
Beard	... ...	Awunōō tōō.
Hand	Sēē	Ebbi.
Foot	Dar	Harree.
Nose	Yū	Beenar.

English.	Village: Tumŭ.	Village: Evorra.
Eye	Eē	Inarmō.
Ear	Kwōparti	Kaparra.
Mouth	Oōlēē.	
Teeth	Margōō	Neeiri.
Man's grass girdle	Kamo.	
Leaves	Keewar.	
Leaf	... ...	Inarra.
Sky	Norro	Namôw.
Sleep	Kīdar	Ōōkōō.
Drink	Ōōborra	Kamoori.
Eat	Kayee	Nanni(a).
Feather (worn on head) ...	Maharebarta.	
Fly	... ...	Morrapō.
Sore	... ...	Ōmewar.
Small red beads	Eeginni	Kireeī.
String lacework chaplet ...	Eeginni.	
Land-snail shells	Koödōō koödōō.	
Sugar-cane	Kamo	Lilar.
Twine	Kar.	
Cut up tobacco	Fōō.	
Butterfly	Boi boi	Boi boi.
Centipede	I-a-mōō.	
Potato	Nacumorra.	
Beetle	Ôôbōō	Imôônōō.
Large locust	Hikinni, Kaddi ...	Tēērar.
Fish	Narmoo	Erre immikki.
Tobacco (smoke)	Shôógōō ahēēnū ...	Kôókōō.
Fishing-net	Narmo-beeda kar.	
Edible fungus and mushrooms	Keena.	
Pearl-shell breast-plate ...	Keeamo	Mīri.
Pig	Kutter, or Weeda.	
Cassowary feathers	Wī-ar-gōo.	
Give it me *	Terema terema ...	Mee manna, Niamech.
Go (waving us away)	Ōōtōō.	
Pipe	... ...	Tōō tōō.
Big	... ...	Wakkee.
Small	... ...	Nēē.
Bone dagger	... ...	Ōrare.
Croton	... ...	Napeeri.
Carving on bark	... ...	Imôônōō.
Yam	... ...	Marhō.
Village chief	... ...	Pīri amoor.
Bamboo holder (red paint) ...	... ...	Innar.
Frond bag	... ...	Kapiee.

* As the boy said, when handing bone-tipped arrows, wanting hoop-iron in exchange, and we kept him there (sharpening pieces on grindstone) for photographic purposes. In return, he helped himself to another piece for being kept waiting so long.

English.	Village: Tumū.	Village: Evorra.
Breast	... ...	Ammee.
Sago stick	... ...	Pōō.
Mussel shell	... ...	Kwō-wī.
Mask	... ...	Imōōnōō.
Penis	... ...	Karrēē.
Earring	... ...	Kaporra.
Trees	... ...	Imarra?
Son	Natuna	Narto.
Cut and fight	... ...	Ōōrōō.
Kill and fight	... ...	Baddina.
Village	... ...	Rōobōō.
We wish you to go away ...	Paddi kummata ootoō.	
Good-bye	... ...	Kummabwōōe

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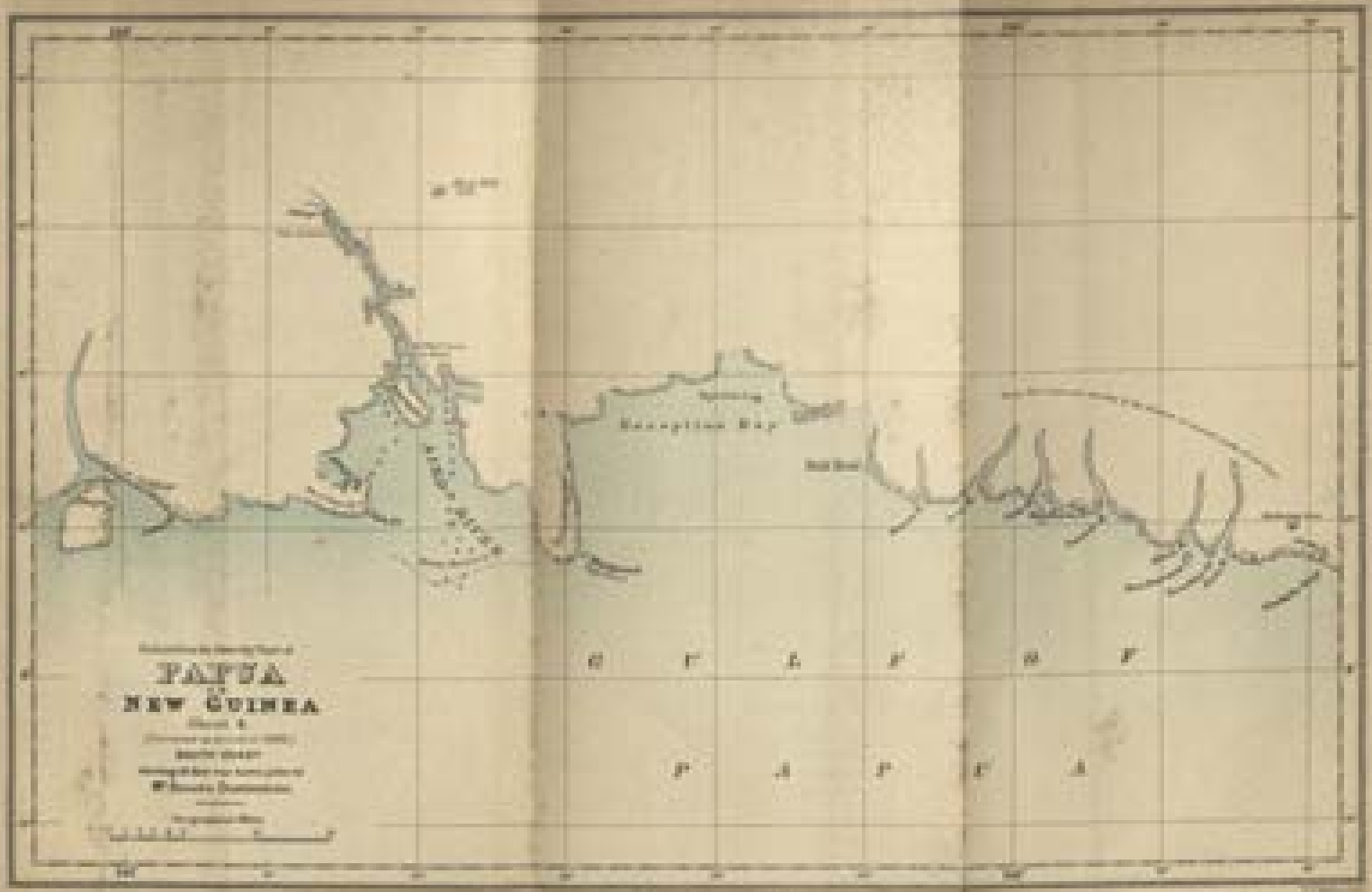
NEW GUINEA

JUBILEE and PHILP RIVERS
and their Tributaries
NEW GUINEA.
GULF OF PAPUA
AUSTRASIA
NEW GUINEA


Geelvink Bay
PAPUA
OR
NEW GUINEA

MAP
BRITISH NEW GUINEA
GULF OF PAPUA
Longitude East of Greenwich

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